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# MACLEAN'S

December

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# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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Vol. XXX DECEMBER, 1916 No. 2

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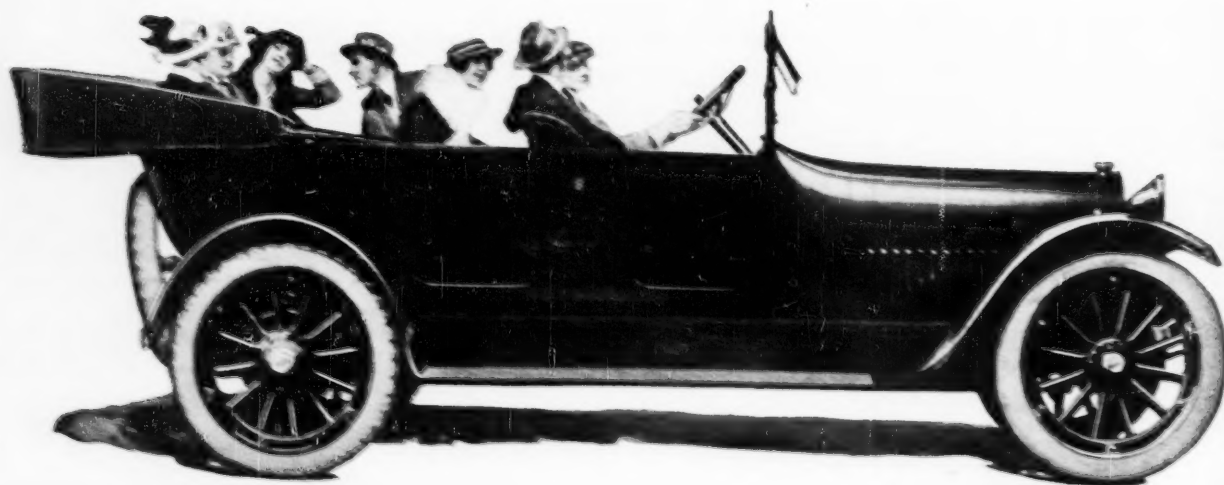
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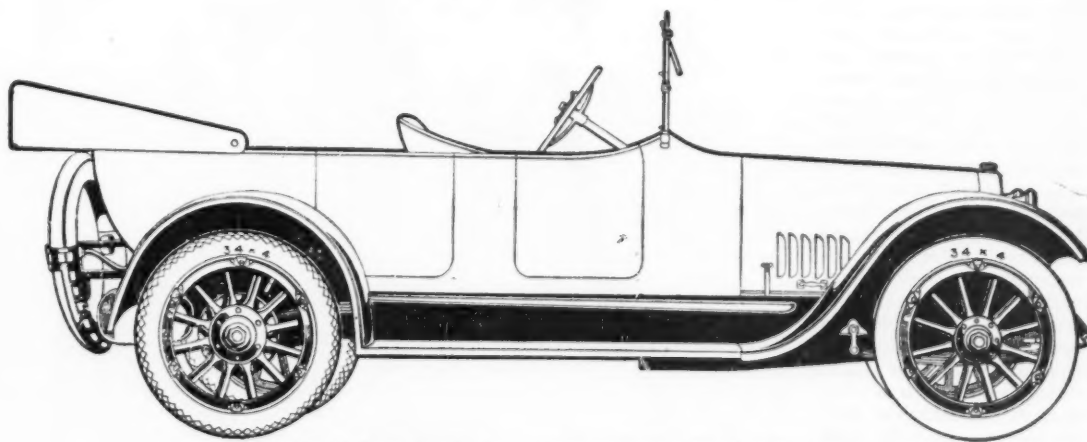
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# The most famous skin treatment ever formulated

*First the lather, then the ice, then  
gradually but surely the charm  
of "a skin you love to touch"*

**I**S there some condition of *your* skin that is keeping it from being the attractive one that you want it to be?

Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or excessively oily?

Perhaps your complexion is being marred by that disfiguring trouble—conspicuous nose pores.

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*—it can be changed!*

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Here it is:

*First the lather—then the ice.*

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers, work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then—finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. Always be particular to dry the skin well.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin

*Tear out this cake as a reminder to get Woodbury's today.*

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. Use it persistently, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and *charm* which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this famous skin treatment. Get a cake to-day and begin at once to get its benefits for *your* skin.

*Write today for a week's-size cake.*

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c, the week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write to-day! Address **The Andrews Jergens Co., Ltd., 171 Sherbrooke St., Perth Ontario, Canada.**

*First, rub the cleansing  
antiseptic lather in  
—then finish with  
a brisk ice  
rub.*



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# MACLEAN'S

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ MAGAZINE ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Volume XXX

DECEMBER, 1916

Number 2

## Peaches and Lemons

### A Word on National Policies After the War

By H. F. Gadsby

Who wrote "Conserving the Conservatives," "Ribbing Up the Liberal Party," etc.

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

Johnny took the one I wanted,  
The best one on the tree.  
Johnny took the one I wanted—  
Make him give it back to me.

(Popular Song)

**F**OR many years after the war Canadian statesmen will walk thoughtfully in a grove of peaches and lemons. The peaches are the good policies, the lemons are the others. The proof is in the eating. If the fruit puckers the mouth it's a lemon.

It is not as easy as one might suppose—sorting peaches from lemons. For lemons, look you, are green at one stage and so are peaches—and so are statesmen. Likewise lemons turn yellow when they are ripe and so do peaches and so, sometimes, do statesmen. Moreover, a green statesman will sometimes pluck a yellow lemon or a yellow statesman will grab off a green peach. All of which makes choice confusing and results uncertain. Really there is no way of telling what one has picked except by trying it out.

This is what I mean when I say that Canadian statesmen will walk thoughtfully and carefully among the boscage, being heedful to pull down nothing that might start trouble. Remember what Eve did through not knowing that the apple she wished on Adam was a Northern Spy! And even at that our statesmen are going to have a hard time because it's all guess work anyway.

The poor fellows have only a blurred idea of what they are looking for. They have no absolute method of distinguishing peaches from lemons because they don't know what a peach is in the first place. It all depends on the angle—so they say. From this corner it's a peach, from that corner, it's — well, it's different. One statesman makes the good of the country

his point of view, another the good of his party. Complications like these baffle decision. Without setting up as an authority on peaches and

lemons, much less dogmatizing as to which are which, let me expound a few of the problems our Canadian statesmen will be called upon to solve in the near future.

**F**IRST on Sir Robert Borden's and Sir Wilfrid Laurier's list of pressing matters, as it is first on every sensible man's, is the financial question. The financial question is at the bottom of everything. Canada's financial question includes a current annual expenditure on public works and services of two hundred million dollars and up, pensions perhaps twenty million dollars, charges on a national debt of one billion dollars and the possible assumption of two billion dollars more if certain railways are nationalized and the alienated Crown lands repurchased for the benefit of new settlers. Calculators, the most modest, reckon on at least fifty million dollars a year additional taxation. Other calculators, not so modest, look forward to twice as much with as much more to follow not yet but soon.

At all events a lot of money. How is it to be raised? It must be raised some way because the lack of money is the root of as much evil as the love of it to a lusty young nation like Canada. How raise it then? Loans? Yes, some—the United States fairly itches to accommodate Canada at five per cent. and up—so do our

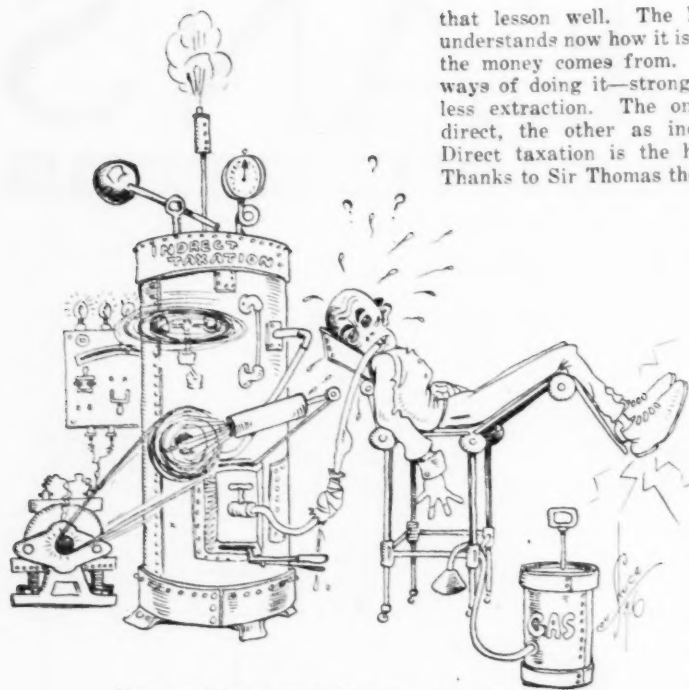


Sir Thomas has introduced us to forty-seven varieties of taxes, and is said to have more up his sleeve.

own people. But taxes, mostly. What kind of taxes? All kinds. Sir Thomas has introduced us to forty-seven varieties and is said to have more up his sleeve. He has given us a liberal education and two years actual practice in most of the common or garden taxes and hasn't pulled his biggest stuff yet — income tax, land tax and such.

Sir Thomas has been a blessing in disguise. Finance used to be caviare to the general, taxation a great mystery. Now the humblest knows all about it. He has learned the lesson through his pocket. Sir Thomas's variegated taxes have been his teacher. Truly, as Solomon says, the heart leapeth to wisdom swifter than the understanding. To feel is to know and everybody has felt and is due to feel more.

Sir Thomas has struck the scales from our eyes. Ignorance can never be bliss again. This entitles him to a vote of thanks. For the first time since Confederation the people will take an intelligent interest in public affairs. The interest is intelligent because the people realize that they pay for it. They want to see how their money is spent. The more they are taxed the more they will look into it. Thus, the war has made a great benefactor of Sir Thomas White. His deft financing has endowed all and sundry with the knowledge of good and



*You can take an awful lot away from a man by indirect taxation before his vacuum begins to hurt.*

evil. We have seen the wheels going round and we won't lose track any more.

Sir Thomas has had to do a lot of plain and fancy borrowing lately, with the result that the subject is no longer the Sybilline book it was before the war jolted our wits free. Sir Thomas has been obliged to borrow so prodigiously that he might almost be spoken of as the man who put the "tick" in "politics." He has borrowed from the usual sources, from England, from the United States and from home. From home, moreover, in a very intimate sense—not so much from the banks, though they have had their share, as from the common people, from the millions of little savers, who will from now on have a stake in the country and a personal interest in its public affairs, which will grow in proportion as they invest in the other offerings which Sir Thomas makes from time to time.

IN due course the war loans will probably be followed by Dominion land bonds, and Dominion railway bonds, available in small denominations to the general purchaser. In this way Canada's national debts of one kind and another will become a source of profit to Canadian citizens, who thereafter will keep a close eye on the men who are handling their money. This should make for honest government. With so many five-per-cent. critics watching, Ottawa will need to be careful. Interest will beget interest, as it were. Viewed in this light our national debt which has the outward aspect of a lemon, may well turn out a peach of the most luscious quality—the mainstay of widows and orphans and such others as find safe nourishment in trustee funds.

Not only is the machinery of lending and borrowing apprehended as it never was before, but taxation is no longer a secret. Sir Thomas has taught Canada

that lesson well. The lowest forehead understands now how it is done and where the money comes from. There are two ways of doing it—strong arm and painless extraction. The one is known as direct, the other as indirect taxation. Direct taxation is the hardest to take. Thanks to Sir Thomas the people of Can-

ada understand the difference quite well now.

Until the war upset the old arrangements, Canada knew nothing of direct taxation—federal Canada, that is to say. The provinces had nibbled at it here and there, but federal Canada held it at arm's length. Ottawa statesmen treated it as a bogey. To

be in sight of direct taxation was according to them to be in sight of the last calamity. They didn't want to look at it through their fingers. They didn't want anybody else to look at it either. Of course, there was a reason. The reason was that direct taxation is the only way that brings the taxpayer face to face with the two important facts, how much he pays and what he pays it for. Granted these two facts the chances are that he will take a competent interest in the third fact—what becomes of his money after he has forked it over. Experience shows that you can take an awful lot away from a man by means of indirect taxation before his vacuum begins to hurt.

THIS was our torpid frame of mind until the Parliaments of 1915-16, when Sir Thomas began to prod us with special taxes of direct impact on small things at first, like patent medicines and perfumery, but working up at the last to business and war profits—a rich vein by the way, which may have to stand further tapping. Direct taxation has worked well so far. It is capable of great extensions. Meanwhile the people have got used to it. On closer inspection it is not the lemon that it looks.

A high tariff, high as Haman's gallows and then some, is the supreme expression of indirect taxation. Tariffs, in the U.S. for instance, become so high that they smell that way. It is hard to see how the Canadian tariff could be made any higher without calling in the health officer. Sir Thomas, who knows what the tariff will stand, would hardly think of giving the poor thing another squeeze. One more twist would kill it. Its eyes bulge now, its breath comes in quick, short pants, and mortification has already set in in the Inland Revenue Department. Nothing

more can be done with the tariff along the lines that have been followed so far. Another application of pressure and it won't be indirect taxation at all. It will be assault and battery, and the people will stop buying. Thus, at least, argue those who favor more direct forms of taxation.

Who is the genius that will convert our tariff into a scientific tariff which will develop our natural resources and at the same time protect the industries which spring from them? If Canada had a scientific tariff our nickel matte would not be going to the United States to be manufactured there for the aid and comfort of the Hun, our enemy. With a scientific tariff Canada would be manufacturing those things which she can manufacture cheapest and best, not fostering artificial industries or assisting waste and business incapacity. Something vital would inhere. There would be real growth, not mere tumescence.

THERE is talk now of a trade Zollverein of the Allies after the war, which may or may not come to pass. If it does it will be based on a comprehensive survey of resources. Statistics derived from such a wide trade area will look more like positive knowledge than the fragmentary stuff from which we draw our conclusions now. If such a thing as a scientific-tariff is ever possible it will only be so when the facts in hand approximate complete and final accuracy. But who is to operate on our Canadian tariff? Who is to wave the fairy wand which will cause it to bourgeon in such beauty that it will neither displease the manufacturer nor the ultimate consumer? Will it be Mr. Cockshutt or Mr. Kemp? I think not. It might be Sir George Foster—he began as a free trader—or A. K. Maclean—somebody at all events, not wedded to the old formulas.

Not that I am fond of tariffs. Indeed, my views lie the other way. Tariffs are like bailiffs—necessary nuisances—but if we must have a tariff for revenue I want it scientific enough to encourage our natural resources at the same time. If it did that I might consent to love it in spite of its faults. Of course, many people blame the tariff for the high cost of living and no doubt a forty per cent. tariff has something to do with the matter. Something but not everything. For instance, there is the tremendous drain of the armies in the field, the crop shortages and the price of labor. These things hang together. When the war ceases the economic waste stops, the workers are released again for their usual occupations, wages adjust themselves, and the cost of living comes down with a run.

Meanwhile a Government which can be blamed, according to one's mood, for everything from infantile paralysis to religious unbelief comes in for a certain amount of reproach for cherishing a forty per cent. tariff which makes a limited few rich and the multitude poor. However, it makes the farmer rich, too. Don't forget that. The farmer is not suffering. He gets his bit, not perhaps as big a bit as the shell profiteers, but a generous bit nevertheless. Forty-five cents a pound for butter, forty-five cents



a dozen for eggs — these are summer prices. Consequently the farmer is a factor in the high cost of living. Can you blame him? A forty per cent. tariff makes him pay dearly for everything he buys. What Government would have the nerve to say to him, "Buy high but sell low?" It can't be done.

**T**HERE is no reason why the high cost of living, which is somewhat of a lemon for the Government in power, should not be made more palatable by intelligent treatment. For example, cold storage, which creates scarcity, prices and indigestion could be so regulated that it would be a real blessing instead of the curse it has become in the hands of the manipulators. For example, an egg which goes to jail for being fresh or some other trivial offence like that should be stamped with the date of its commitment so that when it comes out two years later, a pallid valetudinarian, full of resentment against human society, the purchaser might have some idea of what he was getting and make appropriate deductions. Moreover, the law should be relaxed so that those who can't afford butter may buy Oleo-Margarine—this being the quickest way to bring butter to reason.

Under such discipline the high cost of living would yield, at least in spots, and as time went by the breach could be widened. Moreover, the high cost of living would disappear if the dollar kept pace with commodity values. This ought to be a simple matter. There is a bureau in Ottawa which states from month to month the fluctuating status of the dollar. Why not place this bureau on the same footing as Old Probs and utilize its prognostications to slide wages up and down accordingly. As matters stand the men who sell the necessities of life keep closer track of the shifting dollar than the men who buy, with the result that the working-man's wages are from six months to a year behind commodity values. It is this gap which makes the high cost of living. If wages went up or down synchronously with the commodity value of the dollar the high cost of living would pinch nobody.

As I said before, the Government should be able to regulate this, either by automatic adjustments between the wage scale and the purchasing value of the dollar or by fixing a comparatively rigid standard for the dollar. One thing is certain. If Canadian export trade is ever to amount to anything the dollar must be given a higher value than it has in Canada to-day.

Incidentally those who talk of social justice and a "living wage" for the worker, meaning thereby him who works with his hands, should not forget the chief victim of the high cost of living—the man on salary, the unlucky intellectual who works with his brain as a school-teacher or a parson, or a book-keeper, and is ill rewarded. He has no trade union to back him up. He cannot strike to improve his lot. Dull submission is his

fate—a grinding between the upper and nether millstones. The humanitarians must not overlook him when they are recasting the scheme of things after the war. Who will strike off his chains?

**T**HE financial question on its liability side takes in everything, as we have seen, from the nationalization of railways to cold storage. What are the assets? Taxes, taxes, more taxes. Taxes indirect like the tariff. Taxes direct—income tax, perhaps, and land tax, at least on agricultural land kept out of tillage. Critics have raised the objection that the Parliament of Canada has no right to impose an income tax, this being a perquisite of the provinces which sooth to say, take ample advantage of it. But the British North America Act is not like the laws of the Medes and Persians. It is a flexible instrument when need is. If it can be amended to extend the life of Parliament it can also be amended to enable Parliament to carry on the King's government by raising money where it is easiest found. A federal tax on incomes of three thousand dollars and upwards is not unlikely. This will probably be helped out by a land tax more or less adaptable in its scope. Somehow or other the till must be kept filled.

**I**F the federal Parliament imposes an income tax it will call the attention of the taxpayers to three outstanding and irritating facts—first, that three legislative bodies have the power to tax their incomes; second, that this is too many; third, that there is too much government in this country anyway. If the federal Parliament imposes a land tax it will call the attention of the taxpayers to another important fact—namely, that the city is overtaxed and the country is undertaxed and that a certain amount of equalization is needed. For instance, the city man who is taxed one hundred dollars on a twenty-five foot frontage and perhaps another twenty-five dollars on an exiguous income which strains hard to make both ends meet, taxed simply because the assessor can get at him without

trouble—such a man, I repeat, is likely to complain at the farmer who doesn't pay twenty-five dollars all told on his hundred acres.

What is the answer? Well, the city man will say, "I can't take on any more burdens. Give it to him." And he will be right. The farmer has drawn his share and more lately, and there is no reason why he shouldn't pay his share, particularly now that there are all sorts of expensive schemes afoot to attract immigrants, increase production and make the countryside a heaven with hydro-radials, good roads, expert demonstrators, extensive lectures, community centres and such. In short, the time has arrived when the farmer will be expected to loosen up. *Quid pro quo* brother! It comes hard but you will feel better when you realize that you are doing your full duty as a citizen—that is to say, paying a fair return for what you get. All of which portends that farms will pay taxes bearing some reasonable relation to their value and that farm lands held out of cultivation for speculative purposes will pay considerably more.

This is what I meant when I spoke a paragraph ago of a land tax of adjustable scope. As the city man is soaked the limit already, some municipalities squeezing him as hard as thirty-five mills, he will probably escape further exactions. The federal Government will be like Robin Hood—it will not rob the poor because they have no money, but it will insist on an equitable division with those rich city corporations which overtax their victims and blow in the money. For example. Citizen "A" of Toronto pays one hundred and fifty dollars into the city treasury, of which fifty dollars is riotously mispent. Instead of worrying Citizen "A" with a federal tax on his real estate and his income, which are already well bled by the city, the Government will simply say to the City Treasurer, "Twenty-five dollars of that is ours"; and let it go at that.

This will be good for Toronto because it will mean seventeen per cent. less money to squander. It will be good for the Government which will levy a two million dollar ransom on the Queen City and other town and city ransoms in proportion—perhaps an aggregate of a hundred extra millions a year, enough to pay all the new charges. And it will be good for Citizen "A" who is used to being gouged and may thank God that it isn't any worse.

Moreover, this accumulation of taxes, these mingled threats of three separate and distinct taxing powers will inevitably direct the taxpayers' eyes to the dodgers; and new regulations may come into being. Judges, customs inspectors, Government officials, sacrosanct slackers of one kind and another will have to pay up like little men. The exemption list will be abolished. Churches and other religious clubs and institutions which are not polite enough now to clean



There are too many knights in Canada—One can hardly put foot outdoors without tripping over them.

the snow from their sidewalks in return for the immunities they enjoy will contribute their just share and look pleased about it if they can. At first sight the average statesman may regard this movement as a lemon, but if he takes it up and pushes it along he will be surprised to find how popular it becomes. It is only another phase of equal rights, and equal duties; a policy which has made more than one Canadian statesman famous.

**A**MONG other things the financial question involves is economy. If Canada is to take over railways and alienated lands and pay for them on the easy instalment plan; if Canada is to treat her returned soldiers as well as they deserve, giving them pensions if they are disabled and lands or Government jobs if they are well and strong; if Canada is to import, personally conduct, locate, instruct and substantially assist with seed, stock, machinery, expert advice and rural credit, the new settlers of Anglo-Saxon blood who are to create business for the railways and ultimately develop into copious taxpayers, who will make charges on a national debt of one billion dollars look light as thirty cents; if Canada is to teach the workingman such skill of hand and eye as German artisans never knew; if Canada is to improve agriculture to the degree of an exact science, and garnish it with urban elegancies like cement roads, automobiles, electric lights, hot water heating, grand pianos and the higher criticism; if Canada is to spend such money on public works and services as befits her growth; if Canada is to have money for all these things and more, somebody will have to save somewhere.

And if Canada wants another trifle, say fifty million dollars a year, to lavish on the latest European novelties, such as old age pensions, unemployment insurance and motherhood subsidies, why then somebody must save that much more. Another bagatelle is Imperialism of the Lionel Curtis sort—contributions to the British Navy, some suitable easement of England's war debt, perhaps altogether forty millions a year. Lionel has another guess coming. It would be a brave statesman indeed who would toy with this lemon, or with that other one equally sour, union with the United States, the home of one hundred million free, brave people who are too proud to fight, but not too proud to make money out of it. The argument I have heard urged is that a billion dollars debt is a big load for little Canada to shoulder, but that an adult giant like Uncle Sam wouldn't feel it any more than a feather. I don't think much of the argument. I don't think any more of it than I do of Lionel Curtis' argument. For the next few years to come Canada is going to be very much occupied minding her own business and others are entitled to do the same.

**E**CONOMY will be the great watch-word after the war. Until quite recently no Government, and no opposition for that matter, ever thought of economy as anything but an academic subject. The House of Commons regarded it as a topic

of debate for full days—something *pour passer le temps*. It has been the custom on both sides of politics to deplore extravagance, but never to overtake it, to preach thrift and practise the opposite. The last thing a responsible Canadian statesman expected of economy when he came into power was that his words should be taken seriously and that he should be asked to work at it. In theory economy has always been a peach, in practice it has always been a lemon because it interfered with patronage and the judicious distribution of new post



*The farmer is not suffering. He gets his bit.*

offices, armories, and other public buildings which we really couldn't afford.

But the war has changed all that. Economy is going to be half the battle of reconstruction. The statesman or statesmen who take it up in earnest will make a great hit with the people. This country is bound to have economy for two good reasons — one because it will have no money to be profuse with, the other because the citizens of Canada, now largely bondholders of the national debt, will watch closely and insist on carefulness and thrift. They will not sanction any monkey tricks with their investment. They will help Ottawa to be honest by keeping a sharp eye on the public accounts.

Besides it is only a question of months until one party or the other gives us proportional representation. This sensible plan of election which gives the minority a square deal has hitherto been treated as a lemon by both parties because it in-

terfered with their jerrmandering propensities, but the pressure of the times forces it upon them. Proportional representation will be a great blessing. There is nothing like a close majority to put a Government on its good behavior. Moreover, prohibition bids fair to spread and, no strong liquor being at hand to fuddle with, a clear-eyed people, in a more or less irritable frame of mind due to abstinence, will slake to the full the only thirst the law has left them—the thirst for full and complete information in regard to our public affairs. This will also tend to keep things checked up.

Economy will take shape first as a retrenchment of expenditure on public works. Canoe-canals, sawdust wharves and other superfluities will be cut out. The Minister of Public Works, heretofore chosen for his skill in human nature, will cease to be known as the horn of plenty. He will have a hard heart and a gift of pinching pennies. Indeed, his office may be abolished altogether. Why shouldn't each department look after its own public works? Retrenchment may even go the length of calling in efficiency experts to recast the Civil Service, inside and outside, with a view to preventing overlapping of departments and weeding out redundant employees.

As matters stand there are departments at Ottawa right now overstaffed to a degree where three men are drawing pay for half a man's work. Economy will tackle this wasteful system of patronage — appointments will be on merit plus an examination. Professor Shortt, chairman of the Civil Service Commission, is the very thing the doctor ordered. He is strong on examinations and he can always make the examinations stronger if necessary. There is nothing like a good stiff examination to keep the crowd back. Economy is bound to regard Professor Shortt as an automatic and highly effective safety clutch.

**H**AVING wreaked its first fine careless rapture on the waste under its immediate eye at Ottawa, economy may well take a wider ranger. It may eventually grasp the idea that Canada has too much and too expensive Government for a country of eight million people and that a little amalgamating would be a wise thing. We have in this be-governed land of ours ten Parliaments, eight hundred and forty legislators costing two million dollars a year in sessional indemnities and nine Lieutenant-Governors drawing \$6,000 a year up—mostly up—for doing nothing, or, well, nearly nothing. If France has multiplied authorities as we have, no wonder Premier Briand speaks of centralizing after the war. The three Maritime Provinces, numbering less than half the population of Ontario, have three separate legislatures, three Lieutenant-Governors, and one hundred and thirty-seven M.P.'s, which is ten more than Ontario can boast. The Maritime Provinces ought to get together and save money. Why, the Lieutenant-Governor of little Prince Edward Island costs almost as much as the entire legislature.

*Continued on page 90*



# The Ballad of Jean Desprez

By Robert W. Service

*Author of "Songs of a Sourdough," "The Haggis of Private McPhee," "The Man from Athabaska," etc.*

Oh, ye whose hearts are resonant, and ring to War's romance,  
Hear ye the story of a boy, a peasant boy of France;  
A lad uncouth and warped with toil, yet who when trial came,  
Could feel within his soul upheav and soar the sacred flame;  
Could stand upright, and scorn and smite as only heroes may;  
Oh, listen and I'll try to tell the tale of Jean Desprez.

With fire and sword the Teuton horde was ravaging the land,  
And there was darkness and despair, grim death on every hand;  
Red fields of slaughter sloping down to ruin's black abyss.  
The wolves of war ran evil-fanged—Oh, little did they miss!  
And on they came with fear and flame to burn and loot and slay,  
Until they reached the red-roofed croft, the home of Jean Desprez.

"Rout out the village, one and all!" the Uhlan Captain said;  
"Some unseen hand has fired a shot—my trumpeter is dead.  
Now shall they Prussian vengeance feel; now shall they rue this day.  
For by this sacred German slain ten of these dogs shall pay."  
They drove the cowering peasants forth, woman and babes and men,  
And from the last, with fiendish joy, the Captain chose he ten;  
Ten simple peasants bowed with toil, they stood, they knew not why,  
Against the grey wall of the church, hearing their children cry;  
Hearing their wives and mothers wail, with faces dazed they stood;  
A moment only—*Ready! Fire!* They weltered in their blood.

But there was one who watched the crime, who heard the frenzied cries,  
Who saw these men in sabots fall before their children's eyes;  
A zouave wounded in a ditch, and knowing death was nigh,  
He laughed with joy: "Ah! here is where I settle ere I die."  
He clutched his rifle once again, and long he aimed and well—  
A shot! Beside his victims ten the Uhlan Captain fell.

They dragged the wounded zouave out; their rage was like a flame;  
With bayonets they pinned him down until their Major came.  
A big, full-blooded man he was, and arrogant of eye;  
He stared to see with shattered skull his favorite Captain lie.  
"Nay, do not finish him so quick, this foreign swine!" he cried;  
"Go, nail him to the big church door—he shall be crucified."

With bayonets through hands and feet they nailed the zouave there,  
And there was anguish in his cry, and horror in his stare.  
"Water! A single drop!" he moaned; but how they jeered at him,  
And mocked him with an empty cup, and saw his eye grow dim;  
And, as in agony of death his lips with blood were wet,  
The Prussian Major jeered at him, and lit a cigarette.  
But mid the white-faced villagers who cowered in horror by,  
Was one who saw the woeful sight, who heard the piteous cry:

"Water! For love of Christ who died! One little drop, I pray"—  
It was the little Jean Desprez who turned and stole away;  
It was the little bare-foot boy who came with cup a-brim,  
And walked up to the dying man, and gave the drink to him.

A roar of rage! They seize the boy; they tear him fast away.  
The sneering Major swings around—no longer is he gay.  
His teeth are wolfishly a-gleam, his face a-flame with spite:  
"Quick! Shoot the brat," he snarls, "that dare defy our Prussian might.  
Yet hold! I have another thought. I'll kindly be, and spare:  
Go, give the lad a rifle charged, and stand him point-blank there,  
And bid him shoot, and shoot to kill. Quick! Make him understand.  
The dying dog he fain would save shall perish by his hand;  
And all his kindred they shall see, and all shall curse his name,  
Who bought his life at such a cost, the price of death and shame."

They brought the boy, half stunned with blows; they made him understand;  
They stood him by the dying man, a rifle in his hand.  
"Make haste," said they. "The time is short, and you must kill or die."  
The Major puffed his cigarette, amusement in his eye.  
And then the dying zouave heard, and raised his woful head:  
"Shoot, son, it will be best for both; shoot straight and swift," he said;  
"Aim at my heart; fire first and last, for lost to hope am I,  
And I will murmur: 'Vive la France!' and bless you as I die."

With eyes a-stare the boy stood there; he seemed to swoon and sway;  
Yet in that moment's anguish woke the soul of Jean Desprez.  
He saw the woods go sheening down, the larks were singing clear;  
Oh, how the sights and sounds of Spring were suddenly so dear!  
He felt the scent of new-mown hay, a soft breeze fanned his brow;  
Oh, God! The paths of peace and toil, how precious were they now!  
The summer days and summer ways, so bright with hope and bliss,  
The Autumn such a dream of gold—and it must end in this—  
This shining rifle in his hand, and shambles all around,  
The zouave there with dying glare, the blood that slaked the ground,  
The brutal faces round him ringed, the evil eyes a-flame,  
That Prussian bully lounging by as if he watched a game.  
"Make haste and shoot," the Major sneered; "A minute more I give;  
A minute more to kill your friend if you yourself would live."

They only saw a bare-foot boy, with white and twitching face;  
They did not see his heart a-flame with the glory of his race;  
The glory of a myriad men who for fair France have died,  
The glory of self-sacrifice that will not be denied.  
Yet he was but a peasant lad, and oh, life was so sweet!  
"Your minute's nearly gone, my boy," he heard a voice repeat;  
"Oh, shoot," the dying zouave moaned. "Shoot! Shoot!" the soldiers said;  
Then Jean Desprez reached out and shot—the Prussian Major dead.

# The Soul of Nanook

By Alan Sullivan

Author of "Blantyre Alien," "Oul-i-But," etc.

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

WHEN Ephraim Battersby went north, his anaemic body was supercharged with goodwill. It survived the disappearance of the smiling fields of Ontario and even the gradual transmutation of city dweller into farmer, farmer into prospector, prospector into trader, trader into Indian and finally from Indian into the rotund and oleaginous Husky of Whale River. From which it may be safely assumed that Battersby's heart was in the right place. Being a missionary, he was also human, and by the time the east coast of Hudson Bay was locked tight in the death grip of winter, he confessed to recurrent comparisons between a radiator-heated room in a certain theological college and the somewhat odoriferous corner assigned to him in the rough-hewn habitation of a Whale River fur trader.

It was not only that the whole place was redolent of raw, if precious, fur, soggy sealskin boots, fish, and the unnameable odors of the brown-skinned people who were his own particular charge, but the food, as well, was something from which the walls of his stomach had already begun to shrink. Green bacon is the salvation of the north. But Ephraim Battersby failed to find in it that for which his system yearned with a crepuscular tingling, and of late he had been forced into the grudging admission that north of the fifty-fifth parallel the stomach acquires a strategic importance undreamed of in warmer latitudes.

FOR all of this Ephraim Battersby was proud to be a missionary. The very thought of it invariably sent a glow into his thin, wistful face, and a pulse of determination throbbed in the lean and angular body that so desperately lacked the comforting and protective tissues which nature provides for those with whom she loves to battle on the roof of the world. He was, in short, of the stuff of which martyrs are made.

Within a few miles of the Post clustered the shining roofs of a group of igloos, where lived a band of nomad Huskies. In summer time they travelled far in kayak and komatick, the latter being the great, skin boat in which the women voyage, and even journeyed in majestic deliberation on drifting fields of ice that, borne by deep sea currents, slid slowly along the interminable coast. But in winter, as often as not, they lived on the bleak shore through which Whale River finds its way to the wind-whipped waters of Hudson Bay. The first time Ephraim Battersby had seen the igloos, and they were the first he had ever seen, he was filled with romantic delight. It was all working out just as he expected. The books he had read, the tales he had heard, the pictures he had seen, were here

reproduced to the very life. But when he got down on hands and knees and crawled into the somewhat aristocratic dwelling of Nanook, the Bear, he experienced a violent revulsion. Nanook himself was seated on a block of snow, chewing stolidly at a long strip of blubber which fell, pendant and quivering between his knees. On other blocks the same occupation was being steadily pursued by two women, one considerably older than the other, and it was only with a supreme effort that Ephraim conquered an ejaculation of disgust, which, by the way, would have ruined his professional chances, when Nanook with a grunt and a smile of greasy affability extended a fourth strip to the visitor. He was prepared to suffer, but not in this manner. For the rest of it, the air was thick, and tainted not only with the rancid smell of the blubber, but also with the indescribable emanations of three unwashed and brown-skinned bodies. Ephraim Battersby recoiled and breathed deeply, but in the next moment decided that to breathe deeply might, for the present, be safely postponed.

A WEEK later, however, his physical education had so progressed that he could enter an igloo without wincing, and emerge an hour later with a mere sense of thankfulness for fresh air. This, to say the least of it, was a triumph; but added to it was the feeling that between himself and Nanook there had been established a distinct cordiality. Battersby was wise enough not to talk to a hungry man, whereby it will be seen that he had absorbed one great lesson of the North. And with a good deal of tactical skill his visits had begun to coincide with the arrival of fresh meat from the sealing grounds in the offing. By now, through the aid of an excellent interpreter, the thin edge of the clerical wedge that would separate Nanook from paganism was being delicately introduced.

As time went on he got glimpses, more and more frequent, of the amazing simplicity of the mind with which he grappled. It was educative, he admitted, to realize that here was a man, primal beyond belief, one to whom wind, weather, ice and food were the determining factors of life, and who attacked all subjects but these with a naked and unadorned simplicity that, as often as not, cut the ground from beneath Ephraim Battersby's feet and left him groping for some new and more atavistic method of approach. Ultimately the time came when Nanook was sufficiently aroused for him to question on his own account, and it was a bitter day in December, when the radiator-heated room was pictured with unusual distinctness in the mind of Battersby, that the squat and black-eyed

hunter stared straight into his face and asked why he had come so far for the mere purpose of talking.

"You do not hunt or fish," he went on reflectively, "nor have you any wife, nor house, nor rifle. I do not understand."

BATTERSBY'S heart leaped within him, for this was the moment toward which he had yearned. "I came," he answered thankfully, "to tell you something that will make you happy, just as it has made so many people happy all over the world."

"But still I do not understand. And also I did not ask to know."

"It is to save your soul," put in Battersby quickly. There was a moment during which the interpreter made strange noises in his throat.

"My soul," said Nanook. "What is that?"

Battersby wondered swiftly just how the interpreter had put it. He himself admitted the difficulty, then inspiration came in a flash. "Your soul is the part of you that does not die."

At that Nanook nodded vigorously. "Now I understand, but what have you to do with that? It is all arranged. When I get sick and am about to die, the tribe will build me a fine new igloo out on the ice, and put skins in it, and food, and fishing lines; and there will be a feast, and after the feast my friends will say goodbye and seal up the igloo tight and put a walrus tusk on top to show that it is the place of death. After that they will go away until my spirit has departed. And as for me, I shall fish for a little while, and eat and sleep, and by and by I shall die and wake up again in a place where there is good hunting and much food and where my friends are waiting for me."

Nanook paused as though in satisfied contemplation of such a programme. Finally he glanced curiously at Battersby's watery eyes. "You do not want me to do anything else, do you?"

THE missionary pondered. He had, it appeared, undertaken to upset a point of view to which Nanook and those like him looked placidly forward through all their arduous lives. It occurred to him, presently, that if, in some kindly and simple fashion, he could introduce into this primordial mind the hunger for something even better than these happy hunting grounds, it would be good tactics. There moved somewhere in his memory an admonition, he wondered if it were not St. Paul's, that one must not destroy a man's faith unless one were sure of replacing it with something better.

"Are you certain your friends will be there?" he asked tentatively.

Nanook stuck out a heavy jaw. "If they are not, then they too are mistaken



and they are somewhere else, and that is where I would go myself."

Very patiently, and with infinite kindness, Ephraim Battersby explained in monosyllabic words how it was that a man's actions in this life bore so great a relation to the other life that was to come. He went over this two or three times, glancing frequently into the black orbs that moved so smoothly in their narrow sockets. "This," he concluded, "is the message that I am sent to give you."

"But," said Nanook, questioningly, "what can I do that I am not doing?"

"Be always honest and truthful. And," he added in a burst of enthusiasm, "be good to your wife."

At this Nanook learned forward. "To which wife?"

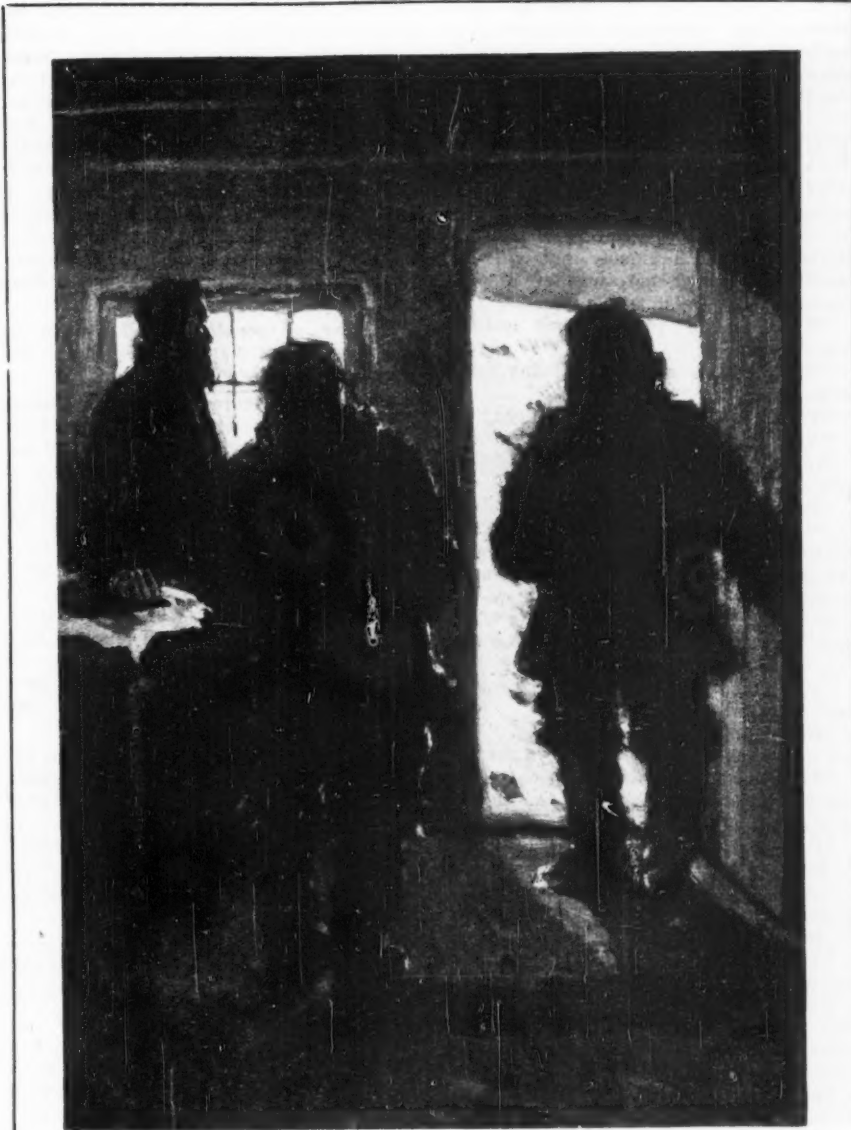
"You have two?" said Battersby, startled.

Nanook nodded with a touch of pride. "Yes, I am a rich man, but—" he hesitated and went on slowly—"there is something in what you say. It is hard to be kind to two wives. Cunayou, the Sculptin, is old and she talks too much. There are many nights when she talks all night. It would be easier to be kind to the young one."

The spirit of Battersby rose in instant protest. "You must let one go at once."

"I am very willing," said Nanook, "and have asked Cunayou many times to go. The trouble is she will not go. But if"—here he paused again and a smile settled on his broad thick lips—"but if you can say words to Cunayou that will make her go, I will believe what you say about the part of me that does not die."

THAT night Ephraim Battersby lay sleepless for hours. However he might retrace his college course, there was no fraction of it to be found applicable to this most recent phase of his missionary efforts. He began to wonder whether, in the gradual steps that had armed him for the conflict of creed and the disputations of the theologian, there had been strangely omitted some simple and fundamental element, which, had he grasped it, would have invested him with the ability to meet the brown people of the North as now he saw they must be met. The church history with which he was saturated was no use here. Church government was, in every debatable phase, remote from the shores of Hudson Bay. If, instead of being a keen doctrinarian, imbued by some queer twist of temperament with the missionary spirit, he had been a sound-bodied, strong-legged, disciple of the truth, with a smattering of medical knowledge and an inherent love for the out of doors, it would not be so difficult to establish with Nanook a physical, if sporting, comradeship out of which great things might grow. He began to perceive that, in order to deal with elemental minds, one must reflect an understanding of elemental life, and that just so long as his arms were weak and his eyes watery and he was helpless to do the least of the things which Nanook had done from childhood, there might yawn between them a gulf which no endeavor could ever bridge. But just as this was burdening his spirit there came to him,



*The door opened and Kanahluk stepped stolidly in. "There is trouble," he said, with an angry look at Nanook.*

as there comes at times to all brave and lonely souls, the abiding faith that, in the ultimate, it is part of the Divine scheme that the invisible things are those which in the end must triumph and that it is not revealed to the soul of any man just where or how he has either failed or succeeded.

IT was at noon next day that Nanook reappeared, his eyes unusually merry, his flat face wreathed into an oily grin. "It is well, and my friend is a wise man. Last night I had much thought. It was hard to think, because Cunayou would not stop talking, but after a while I told her that she must go to her brother Kanahluk, the Rain."

Ephraim Battersby flushed happily. "I'm glad you did that, very glad."

A reminiscent shadow dawned in Nanook's gaze. "But it was not easy. Cunayou got very angry and said she would not go, so I put her out. It is hard," he

added, "to push an angry old woman through the tunnel of an igloo without hurting her, and she scratched my neck, here." He turned back his fur hood and shewed the marks of long, claw-like nails. "But after a while, having said many things, she went across to the igloo of her brother Kanahluk, and there, too, I heard much talking." He glanced cheerfully at Battersby's brick-red face. "And now I would see the pictures of which you spoke."

Ephraim drew a long breath and turned with relief to a pile of papers which had been thrust into his dunnage bag during his last few moments in civilization. In recent months they had taken on a new and precious meaning. By now he had most of them by heart, for in the wilderness that which is in print has a significance not dreamed of in the haunts of men. On top of the pile was a copy of the *London Graphic*. He was conscious

of a curious pride of possession as he picked it up. Opening it at random there lay before Nanook's narrow eyes a double page drawing of a notable engagement on the British front.

FOR a long time the round-faced hunter stared at it in silence till his strong short forefinger went out and he began touching figure after figure, each of them locked in desperate struggle. Battersby noted anxiously that wherever the finger touched there was left a small, round, greasy patch.

"What is it?" said Nanook wonderingly.

"It is a battle—a big fight, many, many miles away."

"They are all white men that fight?"

"Yes, all of them."

Nanook paused for a moment. "But why do they fight?"

"Because," said Battersby hesitatingly, "they are fighting—that is," he added hastily, "our men are fighting, for good things." He wondered for a moment whether in the Husky language there was a word for "the ideal," or even for "freedom." But something about Nanook told him there was not.

"Then the other men are bad men?" said the hunter thoughtfully.

"No," admitted the missionary, "they are not all bad. But why did you ask?"

"Then good men are fighting with good men?" persisted Nanook with a queer note in his voice.

"I am afraid that sometimes good men do fight with good men," Battersby had an inward admonition that here of all places in the world he must stick rigidly to the truth.

"You told me last night," continued Nanook dubiously, "that I must be good and not fight, and now you show me a picture of good white men killing each other. I do not understand. Those men who are on the ground, are they all dead?"

Battersby gulped at a lump in his throat. "Yes, I am afraid so."

"Then there are more people killed in this place in one day than on Hudson's Bay in a hundred winters," said the Husky sturdily.

EPHRAIM BATTERSBY'S weak eyes grew more watery than ever while he assailed the interpreter with explanations, but somehow he seemed to get no further. Then Nanook began to talk and there came back from him in broken English the fact that the men of the Husky tribes did not fight like these white men on the paper, but that only for a good cause, such as theft of woman or dogs or food, did they battle. Even while he spoke it seemed that he was visibly sliding back into the depths of the paganism from which Battersby had so ardently labored to pluck him. The missionary, blaming himself bitterly, felt again caught up in a storm of personal doubt. Had he come here, he wondered, to escape the greater battlefield? Was Nanook, pagan though he might be, better off in his ignorance than with the jumbled medley of things contradictory and utterly beyond comprehension? Had destiny designed him as a sort of human

outpost, thrust by civilization against the terrors of the Arctic, wrestling a precarious existence from sea and plain, blessedly oblivious of the harassment of doubt and the essential meaning of sin, and slipping at the last, untutored and unafraid, into the mysterious womb of the North? Who was he, Battersby now asked himself, to trouble the profound depths of this man's untamed but unquestioning spirit? His mental horizon was growing dark when the door opened and Kanahluk, the brother of Cunayou, stepped stolidly in.

"There is trouble," he said with an angry glance at Nanook. "Much trouble, and I would talk with this man."

Nanook gurgled contentedly. "I think I know what is the matter. You have not slept well, but it is nothing. I did not sleep for many nights."

"You are a fool," Kanahluk's voice rose angrily. "And you know that no man can sleep while Cunayou talks. I have come now to tell you that you must take her back."

Nanook shrugged his broad shoulders. "I cannot take her back. The white man has told me that I must only have one wife. If there is not enough food I have plenty of seal meat and will give you some."

"It is not the stomach of Cunayou, but my own ears of which I think," snapped Kanahluk hotly. "And you have listened to her so long that you are used to it. As for me I will not listen to it any longer."

"Once again," came back Nanook, "I'm sorry, but—" he broke off with a baffling glance at Ephraim Battersby.

"Your sorrow will not stop Cunayou's tongue," Kanahluk's eyes grew hard and his hand stole toward his long knife. "Come! let us settle it."

A MIST rose before Battersby's gaze, through which he heard Nanook grunt in placid acquiescence. The door opened again and the two hunters rolled silently out. He stood for a moment divided between physical dread and a ghastly sense of personal failure. However well meant, consistent and even prayerful had been his efforts, they now resulted only in the preparation by two pagans to fight to the death. It seemed that his own life, with all its training, self sacrifice, good intentions and wistful faith, had been a mockery. Suddenly there arose in his brain a fierce and elemental protest. These men should not fight. If he himself did nothing else but prevent that which he had so unwillingly caused, there might even in this be something of service and value. His heart began to beat violently and he dashed out.

At a little distance, on the packed snow, stood the hunters. On one side was the interpreter, tense with interest. The long knives were bare and each man crouched, springing gently on his toes. Even as Battersby looked, Kanahluk lunged and Nanook stepping swiftly sideways, launched an answering stroke. There was a glitter of wicked steel that found no mark, and again the squat figures turned to the attack.

AT this moment Battersby sprang forward and caught at the tall man's lifted arm. Simultaneously his shoulder hurled itself in front of Nanook's advancing weapon. There darted through him a sharp stinging pain, in the midst of which he caught a hoarse shout of astonishment. Then the two figures seemed to come very close to him and fade away in the most mysterious fashion possible. It seemed to be centuries later that a great roaring sounded in his ears and he returned to consciousness in his own bunk, while the Scotch trader leaned over him anxiously and assured him with impressive earnestness that there was no particular damage done.

"Ye ken," he said gruffly, "that naebody but a pairfeet fule would step in betune twa quarreling Huskies. Man alive! They're like the dogs they drive, and juist as quarrelsome. It's twenty years now that I've been in the North and I've lairned onything it's to let these folk alone to settle their ain deeficulties. Old Nanook did'na mean to hurt ye and he's juist breaking his brown heart over it the noo. 'Tis naething but a scrape along your ribs and a week fra noo will see ye on your legs again."

And with that he tramped off to concoct a comforting mixture not usually found in theological colleges.

AS it happened the trader was right. For such is the amazing purity of the northern atmosphere that wounds heal with incredible swiftness. In three days Battersby was on his feet, and just a week later he essayed an uncertain walk toward the group of igloos round which the snow was now deeper than ever. In this wavering progress there dawned in his mind the conception that in some curious way he had come nearer to his heart's desire. Nanook, so far as he knew, was still pagan, and indeed, as Battersby was forced to admit, there was every reason for it; but it appeared, nevertheless, that in the past week Battersby himself had achieved some undecipherable spiritual advance. The only thing he could make out of it was that he had suffered, and that perhaps in his suffering had paid just a fraction of some price which he was meant to pay, the remainder of which was still to be discharged.

As he puzzled over this there loomed through the lightly falling snow the short figure of Nanook, and at the sight of him a faint thrill stirred in Ephraim Battersby's breast.

"There is something," said the hunter, "that for many days has laid on my mind like a stone on the stomach. Many things have been told me that I do not understand, but perhaps it is because I am not a white man. There is one thing, however, that I do understand, and that is a brave man. When you ran between me and Kanahluk, you ran very near death, but you did not care. I used to think that because you were not strong you were not therefore brave, but now I see that I was wrong. So I was coming to tell you that perhaps also you were right when you told me about the part of me that did not die, and I am ready to do what you say. I have spoken also to others and they



too will listen when you talk." And with that Nanook turned on his heel and strode off toward the land ice where the rounded domes of the igloos shone luminous in the pale arctic light.

BATTERSBY stared after him, his lips moving inaudibly. Far in the north there glowed and glistened a great shimmering curtain of flame through which waves of tender and exquisite colors palpitated with ever changing beauty. Watching it, he seemed to find in its mysterious radiance a semblance to an ineffable something which now

gleamed in his own spirit. Not to be understood of men, it hung high in the heavens, touching the widespread desolation of this wilderness into an unearthly beauty, just as that great and more tender Light had illumined the lonely places of his own soul. A month ago he had asked himself whether Providence had really intended that he should sacrifice training and education in order to wrestle with pagan minds on the roof of the world, but now he asked himself, in a depth of humility, whether he was worthy even for this.

Slowly, and still plunged in profound

thought, he toiled back to the Post. The trader was hanging a young spruce tree from the rough-hewn roof of the store. Stepping back, he regarded it with critical and approving eyes, till, opening a drawer, he took out a few small candles and fastened them one by one to the thick, green branches. At the sight of him Ephraim Battersby caught his breath.

"You don't mean to say—" He broke off, while a new warmth glowed within him.

"Man," said the trader quizzically, "you're the first missionary that I ever saw get so far astray in the calendar."

# Vision and Opportunity

## How Canadian Industrial Captains Have Won Success

By William Byron

CANADA being young, so young in fact, that her largest industrial corporations are still rather generally regarded as "infant industries," has had to depend for manufacturing development on a rare quality of leadership. It takes big men — big in every way, mentally, morally, physically — to build an industry up to large proportions in the face of the handicaps invariably encountered in a young and growing country; handicaps that arise out of the scattered population served, the relatively limited field and high manufacturing costs and the high horsepower concentrated competition it is necessary to meet.

Canada has had her full share, luckily, of men of this calibre; and, as a result, her industries have grown rapidly. The growth of a large industry is a spectacular event. Like a snowball rolling down hill, it gathers momentum as it goes, branching out into new lines, amalgamating, absorbing competitors, developing new resources and creating new markets, until it becomes a many-million-dollar corporation, with huge plants here, there and yonder, owning and operating special sources of supply—perhaps, even controlling a railroad or two, or a steamship line. And when the consummation of such a modern miracle as this has been witnessed it can be taken for granted that back of it all, back of the big opportunity that made it possible, back of the negotiations and the long business battles, was a personality—a driving force, a brain, that wrought the miracle. Canada has a number of such industries; and, it follows, a number of such personalities.

Perhaps the most vital, certainly the most interesting, question that can be

raised, therefore, is a discussion of the qualities that make for success in the industrial world. Why is it that a few men carry the concerns they control to dizzy peaks of power and profit? To what qualities can their remarkable successes be ascribed?

NOT so many years ago there were two large carriage companies situated in close-by towns, which enjoyed a healthy rivalry in the creation of dividends out of neat buggies with stripped spokes, and more plebeian carts for farm traffic. The president of A— Company was a business man *par excellence*—a hard worker, a nailer at driving a bargain, and an excellent salesman. When the automobile began to develop from the first asthmatic, intractable gasoline gig to a machine that would actually run with regularity, the president of A— Company viewed the new development with equanimity and refused to see any threat to the carriage business.



*Success has come only where absolute thoroughness has been the rule.*

"Hurt us?" he scoffed. "People will be riding in buggies when these contraptions have been put back to where they belong—as playthings for freaks and the idle rich!"

The president of B— Company was perhaps not so obviously a good business man as his more dynamic rival. He hadn't the same sharp and decisive air, he couldn't make up his mind as quickly or drive quite as shrewd a bargain. He had, in fact, a rather studious bent and took an interest in matters of scientific research. It was perhaps natural that he became a close student of the development of the automobile. When the automobile began to shape up as one of the greatest factors in the industrial world, the president of B— Company lost no time in adapting his organization to new conditions. He effected an arrangement with an American motor car concern, converted part of his plant and went into the manufacture of autos. Out of this humble start grew a large and prosper-

ous industry with a future that, in a prospectus at least, could be termed boundless.

The plant of A—Company still operated—though not always full time. The old president is still at the helm, as keen, as brisk, as businesslike as ever. He is still thought to be one of the best business men the country has produced; although his output has shrunk and, alas, his earnings are less plethoric than of yore. This, they say, is due entirely to circumstances, to the whirligig progress of civilization which is always bringing something new to the fore. There is B—Company, of course—but that was sheer luck—a gamble that turned out well!

The one man had *Vision*, the other hadn't.

The business man who makes a big success, particularly in a young and growing country, must possess vision above everything else. He must be able to see far enough ahead to anticipate, to plan for a day when conditions will be different and opportunities broader. If vision had not gone hand in hand with politics, there would be no glittering bands of steel from coast to coast to-day—and no West worth mentioning. If Vision had not plucked the rubber bands from cautious capital, we would still be dependent on the outside world for our steel, and reading the names of foreign manufacturers on our kitchen ranges and sugar barrels. It has required Vision to develop Canada industrially; and it still requires it. Our captains of industry are all men who have that remarkable combination of qualities, foresight with horse sense.

IT is one thing to be able to sense opportunity; it is another thing to be able, as the saying is, to "put it across." The man who builds a manufacturing venture to gigantic proportions must have the power to shape the present with a view to the future and to overcome the obstacles which invariably arise when anything but present considerations are regarded. In the dynamic vocabulary of present-day business, this quality is known as "driving force."

It would be possible to dip into the annals of Canadian industry and bring forth many cases where expansion was due to the determination of the head to build for the future in spite of associates who lacked his vision, and stockholders who preferred a comfortable dividend in the hand to a fabulous yield in the bush. There was C—, for instance, a millionaire now, and looked up to as a regular Moses of manufacture, who used his control of a medium-sized plant to sink back profits into expansion schemes despite

the frantic threats of his minority stockholders. Few were the dividend sops that he administered during the fifteen years that elapsed between the time when he assumed control and the rather momentous day when he signed himself president of an amalgamated venture that has proven wonderfully successful. His old stockholders, clipping fatter coupons than they had thought possible, to-day regard C—as the marvel of the steel age. But if he had lacked an ounce of his "driving power," they would have dragged him down to small dividend-making mediocrity.

IT CAN be laid down as a rule that Canada's captains of industry are men with rare vision and great driving force. In those respects they are all alike; in other matters, of course, they differ widely. Some are quiet and unobtrusive, others are always in the limelight. Some believe in sedulous attention to detail, others are not often at their offices. Some are cool, unemotional, others excitable and nervous; some are genial, others gruff.

Behind the peculiarities and variations of personality, again are found certain qualities, however, which are necessary for success. The president of the largest publishing house in Canada spends long hours at his desk, reading reports, signing vouchers, attending conferences, immersing himself in the multifarious interests of the business. The head of one of the large steel concerns keeps comparatively short hours at the office and sees few people. Nevertheless, he keeps very closely in touch with results, leaving methods to his department managers. The result in both cases is practically the same, however. Both men keep their fingers on the pulse of the business, the one by infusing his personality into it, the other through his department heads. Both are thorough in their way.

It is probable that there are more successful men in Canada who follow the first method than the second. The difficulties that accompany growth are such that the active touch of the guiding hand is needed. Certainly no concern has prospered and expanded in Canada where the head did not keep in touch with its affairs. Thoroughness has been, and still is, an absolute essential.

IT is sometimes averred that Canadian business men are too unapproachable, that they barricade themselves behind closed doors and have at least one watchful Cerberus to fend off the obtrusive visitor. It may be that the necessity for concentration on the problems of successful expansion in a country on the flank of such a powerful and ambitious commercial rival as the United States does

not permit our industrial heads to give much time to visitors. There are exceptions, of course. One of the best known of Canadian industrial captains, a knight, a hobbyist, and a plunger all in one, maintains an open and amiable front, is on easy terms with his associates and calls members of his sales force by their first names. Most of the "big fellows," the opinion quoted to the contrary, are quite accessible when the occasion warrants, are quite lacking in ostentation and are less mandatory and brusque than most men in minor positions. It is noteworthy, in fact, that "side" and success seldom go together. It is a fact that the big man can always be reached provided that it can be shown that the matter in hand warrants it—no fuss, or feathers, no pomp.

This, then, is another quality that the big men have in common, an unsullied viewpoint, a sense of fairness and perspective untouched by success.

FINALLY, and most important of all, our industrial giants are men of rectitude. Their tastes and habits are, in a more or less degree, Spartan-like and rigid. It can be stated as a fact that the prohibition movement has the hearty endorsement of practically all manufacturers; for, personal views aside, they realize that abstinence means more efficiency on the part of their employees. The same principle definitely lines them up on the side of right living in every essential. Good business can only be done with good living back of it. A man with the burdens and responsibilities of a big plant needs to be able to think clear; and clear thinking seldom goes with excesses of any kind.

It is possible to pick out a number of men from the list of notable successes who lead more or less dissipated lives, who seek their relaxation amid the bright lights and rally round the flag on every occasion; but for every one such it is possible to point to a dozen who keep regular hours, drink seldom, if at all, and eat sparingly. Many, in fact, keep themselves as rigidly in training for business as the athlete does for his track work and the pugilist for his next bout. They have to; for the outstanding success in business must be sound physically and possess well trained powers of endurance.

What has been said has been applied directly to the biggest men in Canadian industry. It is true also, however, of the great mass of business men from amongst whom will rise the coming giants of Canadian industry. The eyes of the man in business must be fixed on those who occupy the topmost rungs, for it is by modeling himself on them that he will be able to climb to eminence beside them.

## A SERIAL BY SIR GILBERT PARKER

In the next issue a splendid new serial story by Sir Gilbert Parker will start. It is a typical Parker story, laid in his familiar Askatoon and bringing in the Young Doctor, Father Roche, the MacMahon's and other familiar Askatoon characters. Watch for the next number.



# Abdul Aziz Has His

## The Adventures of a Canadian Professor in the Yildiz Kiosk

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "Sunshine Sketches of a Small  
Town," "Literary Lapses," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

None of the rude Turk-  
ish soldiers had offered  
to lay a hand on me.

"COME, come, Abdul," I said, putting my hand, not unkindly on his shoulder, "tell me all about it."

But he only broke out into renewed sobbing.

"There, there," I said, soothingly. "Don't cry, Abdul. Look! Here's a lovely narghileh for you to smoke, with a gold mouth-piece. See! Wouldn't you like a little latakia, eh! And here's a little toy Armenian—look! See his head comes off, snick! There, it's on again, snick! Now it's off! Look, Abdul!"

But still he sobbed.

His fez had fallen over his ears and his face was all smudged with tears.

It seemed impossible to stop him.

I looked about in vain from the little alcove of the hall of the Yildiz Kiosk where we were sitting on a Persian bench under a lemon tree. There was no one in sight. I hardly knew what to do.

In the Yildiz Kiosk—I think that was the name of the place—I scarcely as yet knew my way about. In fact, I had only been in it a few hours. I had come there—as I should have explained in commencing—in order to try to pick up information as to the exact condition of things in Turkey. For this purpose I had assumed the character and disguise of an English governess. I had long since remarked that an English governess is able to go anywhere, see everything, penetrate the interior of any royal palace and move to and fro as she pleases without hindrance and without insult. No barrier can stop her. Every royal court, however splendid or however exclusive, is glad to get her. She dines with the King or the Emperor as a matter of course. All state secrets are freely confided to her and all military plans are submitted to her judgment. Then, after a three weeks' residence, she leaves the court and writes a book of disclosures.

This was now my plan.

And up to the moment of which I speak, it had worked perfectly.

I HAD found my way through Turkey to the royal capital without difficulty. The poke bonnet, the spectacles and the long black dress which I had assumed had proved an ample protection. None of the rude Turkish soldiers among whom I had passed had offered to lay a hand on

me. This tribute I am compelled to pay to the splendid morality of the Turks.

They wouldn't touch me.

Access to the Yildiz Kiosk and to the Sultan had proved equally easy. I had merely to obtain an interview with Codfish Pasha, the Secretary of War, whom I found a charming man of great intelligence, a master of three or four languages (as he himself informed me) and able to count up to seventeen.

"You wish," he said, "to be appointed as English, or rather Canadian governess to the Sultan?"

"Yes," I answered.

"And your object?"

"I propose to write a book of disclosures."

"Excellent," said Codfish.

An hour later I found myself, as I have said, in a flagstoned hall of the Yildiz Kiosk, with the task of amusing and entertaining the Sultan.

Of the difficulty of this task I had formed no conception. Here I was at the outset, with the unhappy Abdul

bent and broken with sobs which I found no power to check or control.

Naturally, therefore, I found myself at a loss. The little man as he sat on his cushions, in his queer costume and his long slippers, with his fez fallen over his lemon colored face, presented such a pathetic object that I could not find the heart to be stern with him.

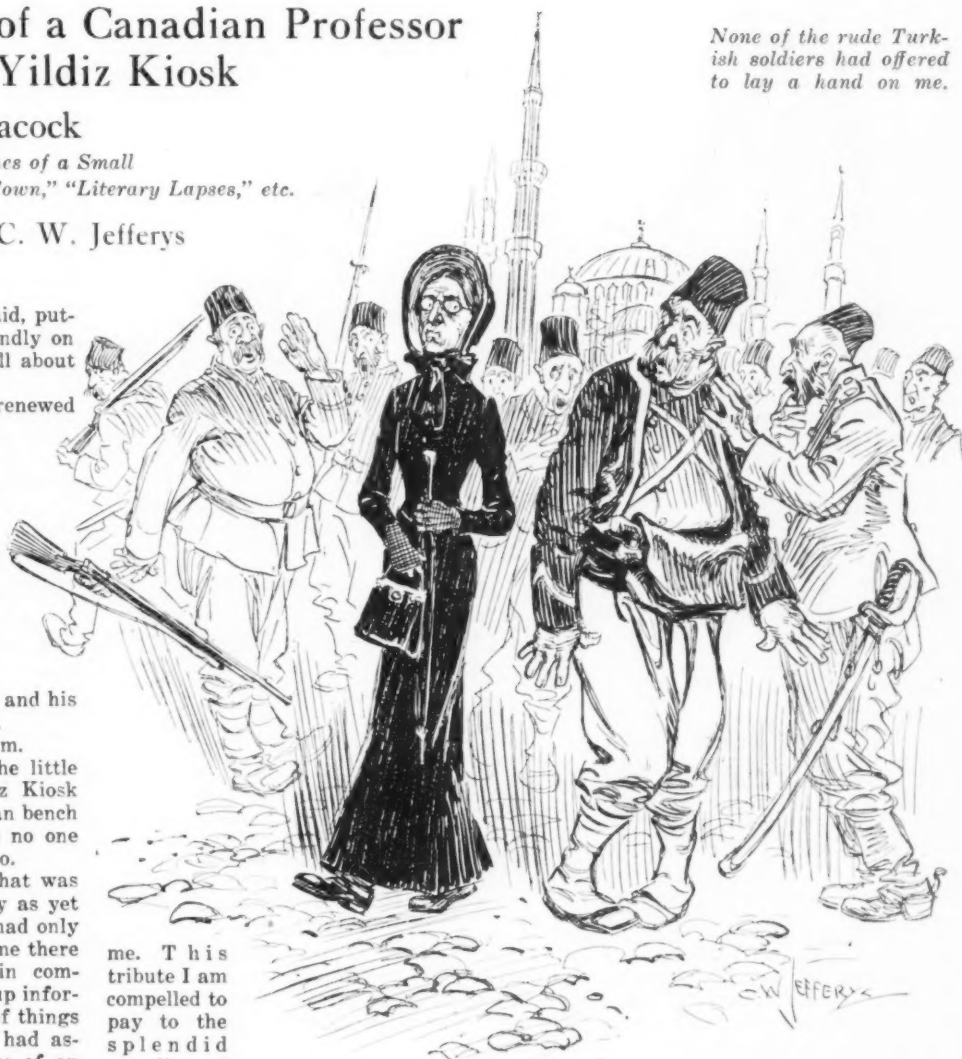
"Come, now, Abdul," I said, "Be good!"

He paused a moment in his crying:

"Why do you call me, Abdul?" he asked. "That isn't my name."

"Isn't it?" I said. "I thought all you Sultans were called Abdul. Isn't the Sultan's name always Abdul?"

"Mine isn't," he whimpered, "but it doesn't matter." And his face began to crinkle up with renewed weeping. "Call me anything you like. It doesn't matter. Anyway I'd rather be called Abdul than be called a W-W-War Lord and a G-G-General when they won't let me have any say at all——"



"Majestät!"  
he said,  
"Salaam! I  
kiss the  
floor at  
your feet."



And with that the little Sultan burst into unrestrained crying.

"Abdul," I said firmly, "if you don't stop crying I'll go and fetch one of the Bashi Bazooks to take you away."

The little Sultan found his voice again. "There aren't any Bub-bub-bashi bazooks left," he sobbed.

"None left?" I exclaimed. "Where are they gone?"

"They've t-t-taken them all aw-way—"

"Who have?"

"The G-G-G-Germans," sobbed Abdul. "And they've sent them all to P-P-P-Poland."

"Come, come, Abdul," I said, straightening him up a little as he sat. "Brace up! Be a Turk! Be a Mohammedan! Don't act like a Christian."

THIS seemed to touch his pride. He made a great effort to be calm. I could hear him muttering to himself: "Allah, Illallah, Mahommed rasoul Allah!" He said this over a good many times, while I took advantage of the pause to get his fez a little straighter and wipe his face.

"How many times have I said it?" he asked presently.

"Twenty."

"Twenty? That ought to be enough,

shouldn't it?" said the Sultan, regaining himself a little. "Isn't prayer helpful, eh? Give me a smoke?"

I filled his narghileh for him, and he began to suck blue smoke out of it with a certain contentment, while the rose water bubbled in the bowl below.

"Now, Abdul," I said, as I straightened up his cushions and made him a little more comfortable, "what is it? What is the matter?"

ners and conferences, especially after the military manoeuvres and the autumn massacres — me and the diplomats all with stars and orders, and me in my white fez with a copper tassel—and hold discussions about how to reform Macedonia."

"But you spoil it all, Abdul," I protested.

"I didn't, I didn't!" he exclaimed almost angrily. "I'd have gone on for ever. It was all so nice. They used to present me—the diplomats did—with what they called their Minimum, and then we (I mean Codfish Pasha and me) had to draft in return our Maximum — see? — and then we all had to get together again and frame a *status quo*.

"But that couldn't go on for ever," I urged.

"Why not," said Abdul. "It was a great system. We invented it, but everybody was beginning to copy it. In fact, we were leading the world, before all this trouble came. Didn't you have anything of our system in your country—what do you call it—in Canada?"

"YES," I admitted, "now that I come to think of it, we were getting into it. But the war has changed it all—"

"Exactly," said Abdul, "there you are! All changed! The good old days, gone forever!"

"But surely," I said, "you still have friends—the Bulgarians."

The Sultan's little black eyes flashed with anger as he withdrew his pipe a moment from his mouth.

"The low scoundrels!" he said between his teeth. "The traitors!"

"Why, they're your Allies!"

"Yes, Allah destroy them! They are. They've come over to our side. After centuries of fighting they refuse to play fair any longer. They're on *our* side! Who ever heard of such a thing. Bah! But, of course," he added more quietly, "we shall massacre them just the same. We shall insist, in the terms of peace, on retaining our rights of massacre. But then, of course, all the nations will."

"But you have the Germans"—I began.

"Hush, hush," said Abdul, laying his hand on my arm, "some one might hear."

"You have the Germans," I repeated.

"The Germans," said Abdul, and his voice sounded in a queer sing-song like that of a child repeating a lesson, "the Germans are my noble friends, the Germans are my powerful allies, the Kaiser is my good brother, the Reichstag is my foster sister; I love the Germans; I hate the English; I love the Kaiser; the Kaiser loves me—"

"Stop, stop, Abdul," I said, "Who taught you all that?"

Abdul looked cautiously around.

"They did," he said in a whisper. "There's a lot more of it. Would you like me to recite some more. Or, no, no, no, what's the good! I've no heart for reciting any longer." And at this Abdul fell to weeping again.

"But Abdul," I said, "I don't understand. Why are you so distressed just now. All this has been going on for over

"Why," he answered, "they've all g-g-gone—"

"Now, don't cry! Tell me properly."

"They've all gone b-b-back on me! Boo! hoo!"

"Who have? Who've gone back on you?"

"Why, everybody. The English and the French and everybody."

"What do you mean?" I asked with increasing interest. "Tell me exactly what you mean. Whatever you say I will hold sacred, of course."

I saw my way already to a volume of interesting disclosures.

"They used to treat me so differently," Abdul went on, and his sobbing ceased as he continued. "They used to call me the Bully Boy of the Bosphorus. They said I was the Guardian of the Golden Gate. They used to let me kill all the Armenians I liked, and nobody was allowed to collect debts from me and every now and then they used to send me the nicest ultimatums—Oh! you don't know," he broke off, "how nice it used to be here in the Yildiz in the old days! We used to all sit round here, in this very hall, me and the Diplomats—and play games, such as 'Ultimatum, ultimatum, who's got the Ultimatum.' Oh, say, it was so nice and peaceful! And we used to have big din-



two years. Why are you so worried just now?"

"Oh," exclaimed the little Sultan in surprise, "you haven't heard! I see — you've only just arrived. Why, to-day is the last day. After to-day it is all over." "Last day for what?" I asked.

"For intervention. For the intervention of the United States. The only thing that can save us. It was to have come to-day, by the end of this full moon—our astrologers had predicted it — Smith Pasha, Minister under Heaven of the United States, had promised to send it to us at the earliest moment. How do they send it, do you know, in a box, or in a paper?"

"Stop," I said as my ear caught the sound of footsteps. "There's someone coming now."

The sound of slippers was distinctly heard on the stones in the outer corridor.

Abdul listened intently a moment.

"I know his slippers," he said.

"Who is it?"

"It is my chief secretary, Toomuch Koffi. Yes, here he comes."

AS the Sultan spoke the doors swung open and there entered an aged Turk, in a flowing gown and colored turban, with a melancholy yellow face, and a long white beard that swept to his girdle.

"Who do you say he is?" I whispered to Abdul.

"My chief secretary," he whispered back. "Toomuch Koffi."

"He looks like it," I murmured.

Meantime, Toomuch Koffi had advanced a little further across the broad flagstones of the hall where we were sitting. With hands lifted he salaamed four times, east, west, north, and south.

"What does that mean?" I whispered. "It means," said the Sultan, with visible agitation, "that he has a communication of the greatest importance and urgency, which will not brook a moment's delay."

"Well, then, why doesn't he get a move on?" I whispered.

"Hush," said Abdul.

Toomuch Koffi now straightened himself from his last salaam and spoke:

"Allah is great!" he said.

"And Mohammed is his prophet," rejoined the Sultan.

"Allah protect you! And make your face shine," said Toomuch.

"Allah lengthen your beard," said the Sultan; and he added aside to me in English, which Toomuch Koffi evidently did not understand, "I'm all eagerness to know what it is—it's something big, for sure." The little man was quite quivering with excitement, as he spoke. "Do you know what I think it is? I think it must be the American Intervention. The United States is going to intervene. Eh? What? Don't you think so?"

"Then hurry him up," I urged.

"I can't," said Abdul. "It is impossible in Turkey to do business like that. He must have some coffee first and then he must pray and then there must be an interchange of presents."

I groaned, for I was getting as impatient as Abdul himself.

"Do you not do public business like that in Canada?" the Sultan continued.

"We used to. But we have got over it," I said.

MEANWHILE a slippered attendant had entered and placed a cushion for the Secretary, and in front of it a little Persian stool on which he put a quaint cup filled with coffee black as ink.

A similar cup was placed before the Sultan.

"Drink!" said Abdul.

"Not first, until the lips of the Commander of the Faithful—"

"He means 'after you,'" I said. "Hurry up, Abdul."

Abdul took a sip. "Allah is good," he said.

"And all things are of Allah," rejoined Toomuch.

Abdul unpinned a glittering jewel from his robe and threw it to the feet of Toomuch: "Take this poor bauble," he said.

Toomuch Koffi in return took from his wrist a solid bangle of beaten gold. "Accept this mean gift from your humble servant," he said.

"Right!" said Abdul, speaking in a changed voice as the ceremonies ended. "Now, then, Toomuch, what is it? Hurry up. Be quick, what is the matter?"

Toomuch rose to his feet, lifted his hands high in the air with palms facing the Sultan.

"One is without," he said.

"Without what?" I asked, eagerly, of the Sultan.

"Without—outside, don't you understand Turkish? What you call in English—a gentleman to see me."

"And did he make all that fuss and delay over that?" I asked in disgust.

"Why with us in Canada at one of the public departments at Ottawa all that one would have to do would be to send in a card, get it certified, wait in an anteroom, read a newspaper, send in another card, wait a little, send in a third, and then—"

"Pshaw!" said Abdul. "The cards might be poisoned. Our system is best. Speak on, Toomuch. Who is without? Is it perchance a messenger from Smith Pasha, Minister under Heaven of the United States?"

"Alas, no!" said Toomuch. "It is HE. It is THE LARGE ONE!"

As he spoke he rolled his eyes upward with a gesture of despair.

"HE!" cried Abdul, and a look of terror convulsed his face. "The Large One! Shut him out! Call the Chief Eunuch and the Major Domo of the Harem! Let him not in!"

"Alas," said Toomuch. "He threw them out of the window. Lo! He is here. He enters."

AS the Secretary spoke a double door at the end of the hall swung noisily open, at the blow of an imperious fist and, with a rattle of arms and accoutrements, a man of gigantic stature, wearing full military uniform and a spiked helmet, strode into the room.

As he entered, an attendant, also with

a uniform and a spiked helmet, who accompanied him, called in a loud strident voice that resounded to the arches of the hall.

"His High Excellenz Feld Marechal von der Doppelbauch, Spezial Repräsentant of His Majestät William II., Deutschen Kaiser and King of England!"

Abdul collapsed into a little heap. His fez fell over his face. Toomuch Koffi had slunk into a corner.

Von der Doppelbauch strode noisily forward and came to a stand in front of Abdul with a click and rattle after the Prussian fashion.

"Majestät," he said in a deep thunderous voice. "I greet you. I bow low before you. Salaam! I kiss the floor at your feet."

BUT in reality he did nothing of the sort. He stood to the full height of his six feet six and glowered about him. "Salaam!" said Abdul, in a feeble voice.

"But who is this?" added the Feld Marechal, looking angrily at me. My costume, or rather my disguise, for, as I have said, I was wearing a poke bonnet with a plain black dress—seemed to puzzle him.

"My new governess," said Abdul. "She came this morning. She is a professor—"

"Bah!" said the Feld Marechal. "A woman a professor! Bah!"

"No, no," said Abdul in protest, and it seemed decent of the little creature to stick up for me. "She's all right. She is interesting and knows a great deal. She's from Canada!"

"What!" exclaimed von der Doppelbauch. "From Canada! But stop! It seems to me that Canada is a country that we are at war with. Let me think, Canada? I must look at my list." He pulled out a little set of tablets as he spoke. "Let me see—Britain, Great Britain, British North America, British Guiana, British Algeria—Ha! Of course, under 'K'—Kandahar, Korfu—no, I don't seem to see it. Fritz," he called to the aide de camp who had announced him. "Telegraph at once to the Topographical Staff at Berlin and find out if we are at war with Canada. If we are"—he pointed at me—"throw her into the Bosphorus. If we are not, treat her with every consideration, with every distinguished consideration. But see that she doesn't get away. Keep her tight, till we are at war with Canada, as no doubt we shall be, wherever it is, and then throw her into the Bosphorus."

The aide clicked his heels and withdrew.

"And now, your Majesty, now," continued the Field Marshall turning abruptly to the Sultan. "I bring you good news."

"More good news," groaned Abdul miserably, winding his clasped fingers too and fro. "Alas! Good news again!"

"First," said von der Doppelbauch, "the Kaiser has raised you to the order of the Black Cock. Here is your feather."

"Another feather," moaned Abdul. "Here! Toomuch, take it and put it among the feathers!"

"Secondly," went on the Field Marshall,



checking off his items as he spoke. "Your contribution, your personal contribution, to His Majesty's Twenty-third Imperial Loan is accepted."

"I didn't make any!" sobbed Abdul.

"No difference," said von der Doppelbauch. "It is accepted anyway. The telegram has just arrived accepting all your money. My assistants are packing it outside."

**A**BDUL collapsed still further into his cushions.

"Third—and this will rejoice your Majesty's heart. Your troops are again victorious!"

"Victorious!" moaned Abdul. "Victorious again! I knew they would be! I suppose they are all dead as usual?"

"They are," said the Marshall. "Their souls," he added reverently with a military salute, "are in Heaven!"

"No, no," gasped Abdul, "not in Heaven! Don't say that! Not in Heaven! Say that they are in Nirhvāna, our Turkish paradise!"

"I am sorry," said the Field Marshall, gravely. "This is a Christian war. The Kaiser has insisted on their going to Heaven."

The Sultan bowed his head. "Ishmilah!" he murmured. "It is the will of Allah."

"But they did not die without glory," went on the Field Marshall. "Their vic-

tory was complete. Set it out to yourself—" And here his eyes glittered with soldierly passion. "There stood your troops—ten thousand! In front of them the Russians—a hundred thousand. What did your men do? Did they pause? No, they charged!"

"They charged!" cried the Sultan in misery. "Don't say that! Have they charged again! Just Allah!" he added, turning to Toomuch. "They have charged again! And we must pay, we shall have to pay—we always do when they charge—Alas, alas, they have charged again. Everything is charged!"

"But how nobly," rejoined the Prussian. "Imagine it to yourself! Here, beside this stool, let us say, were your men. There, across the cushion were the Russians. All the ground between was mined. We knew it. Our soldiers knew it. Even our staff knew it. Even Prinz Rattelwitz Halfstuff, our commander, knew it. But your soldiers did not. What did our Prinz do? The Prinz called for volunteers to charge over the ground. There was a great shout—from our men, our German regiments. He called again. There was another shout. He called still again. There was a third shout. Think of it! And again Prinz Halfstuff called and again they shouted."

"Who shouted?" asked the Sultan, gloomily.

"Our men, our Germans."

"Did my Turks shout?" asked Abdul.

"They did not. They were too busy tightening their belts and fixing their bayonets. But our generous fellows shouted for them. Then Prinz Halfstuff called out, 'The place of honor is for our Turkish brothers. Let them charge!' And all our men shouted again."

"And they charged?"

"They did—and were all gloriously blown up. A magnificent victory. The blowing up of the mines blocked all the ground, checked the Russians and enabled our men—by a pre-arranged rush—to advance backwards—taking up a new strategic—"

"Yes, yes," said Abdul. "I know—I have read of it, alas! only too often. And they are dead! Toomuch," he added, quietly, drawing a little pouch from his girdle. "Take this pouch of rubies and give them to the wives of the dead general of our division—one to each. He had, I think, but seventeen. Allah give him peace."

"Stop," said von der Doppelbauch, "I will take the rubies. I myself will charge myself with the task and will myself see that I do it myself. Give me them."

"Be it so, Toomuch," assented the Sultan humbly. "Give them to him."

**"A**ND now," continued the Field Marshall, "there is yet one other thing further still more." He drew a roll of paper from his pocket. "Toomuch," he said, "bring me yonder little table, with ink, quills and sand. I have here a manifesto for His Majesty to sign."

"No, no," cried Abdul in renewed alarm. "Not another manifesto. Not that! I signed one only last week."

"This is a new one," said the Field Marshall, as he lifted the table that Toomuch had brought, into place in front of the Sultan, and spread out the papers on it. "This is a better one. This is the best yet."

"What does it say?" said Abdul, peering at it miserably. "I can't read it. It's not in Turkish."

"It is your last word of proud defiance to all your enemies," said the Marshall.

"No, no," whined Abdul. "Not defiance. They might not understand."

"Here you declare," went on the Field Marshall, with his big finger on the text, "your irrevocable purpose. You swear that rather than submit you will hurl yourself into the Bosphorus."

"Where does it say that?" screamed Abdul.

"Here beside my thumb."

"I can't do it, I can't do it," moaned the little Sultan.

"More than that, further," went on the Prussian, quite undisturbed. "You state hereby your fixed resolve, rather than give in, to cast yourself from the highest pinnacle of the topmost minaret of this palace."

"Oh, not the highest, don't make it the highest," moaned Abdul.

"Your purpose is fixed. Nothing can alter it. Unless the Allied Powers withdraw from their advance on Constanti-

*Continued on page 77.*



# The Pride of Pauline

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Right of Way," "The Weavers," etc.

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

"**B**UT I'm white; I'm not an Indian. My father was a white man. I've been brought up as a white girl. I've had a white girl's schooling."

Her eyes flashed as she sprang to her feet and walked up and down the room for a moment, then stood still, facing her mother—a dark-faced, pock-marked woman, with heavy, somnolent eyes—and waited for her to speak. The reply came slowly and sullenly:

"I am a Blackfoot woman. I lived on the Muskwa River among the braves for thirty years. I have killed buffalo. I have seen battles. Men, too, I have killed when they came to steal our horses and stole in on our lodges in the night—the Crees! I am a Blackfoot. You are the daughter of a Blackfoot woman. No medicine can cure that. Sit down. You have no sense. You are not white. They will not have you. Sit down."

The girl's handsome face flushed; she threw up her hands in an agony of protest. A dreadful anger was in her panting breast, but she could not speak. She seemed to choke with excess of feeling. For an instant she stood still, trembling with agitation, then she sat down suddenly on a great couch covered with soft deerskins and buffalo robes. The habit of obedience to this somber but striking woman before her was strong in her. She had been ruled firmly, almost oppressively, and she had not yet revolted. Seated on the couch, she gazed out of the window at the flying snow, her brain too much on fire for thought, passion beating like a pulse in all her lithe and graceful young body, which had known the storms of life and time for only twenty years.

**T**HE wind shrieked and the snow swept past in clouds of blinding drift, completely hiding from sight the town below them, whose civilization had built itself many habitations and was making roads and streets on the green-brown plain where herds of buffalo, shaking the earth with their tread, had stamped and streamed not long ago. The town was a mile and a half way, and these two were alone in a great circle of storm, one of them battling against a tempest which might yet overtake her, against which she had set her face almost ever since she could remember, though it had only come to violence since her father died two years before—a careless, strong, wilful white man, who had lived the Indian life for many years, but at last had been swallowed by the great wave of civilization streaming westward and northward, wiping out the game and the Indian, and overwhelming the rough, fighting, hunting, pioneer-life for ever. He had made money, by good luck chiefly, having held land here and there

which he had got for nothing, and had then almost forgotten about it, and, when reminded of it, still held on to it with that defiant stubbornness which often possesses improvident and careless natures. He had never had any real business-instinct, and to swagger a little over the land he held and to treat offers of purchase with contempt was the loud assertion of a capacity he did not possess. So it was that his vanity and stubbornness, beneath which was his angry protest against the prejudice felt by the new people of the West for the Squaw-man—the white pioneer who married an Indian, and lived the Indian life, giving it, however, something it never had before—so it was that this gave him competence and a comfortable home after the old trader had been driven out by the railway and the shopkeeper. With the first land he sold he sent his daughter away to school in a town farther east and south, where she had been brought in touch with a life that at once cramped and attracted her; where, too, she had felt the first chill of racial ostracism, and had proudly fought it to the end, her weapons being talent, industry, and a hot, defiant ambition.

**T**HERE had been three years of bitter, almost half-sullen, struggle, lightened by one sweet and perfect friendship with a girl whose face she had since drawn in a hundred different poses on pieces of brown paper, on scraps of all kinds, on the walls of the big, well-lighted attic to which she retreated for hours every day, when she was not abroad on the prairies, riding the Indian pony that her uncle, Piegan Chief, Ice Breaker, had given her years before. Three years of struggle, and then her father had died, and the refuge for her vexed, defiant heart was gone. While he had lived she could affirm the rights of a white man's daughter, the rights of a daughter of a pioneer who had helped the West; and her pride in him had given a glow to her cheek and a spring to her step which made people always look at her, no matter how many others might be present. In the chief streets of Portage la Proulx men would stop their trafficking and women nudge each other when she passed, and wherever she went she stirred interest, excited admiration, or aroused prejudice—the prejudice did not matter so long as her father, Joel Renton, lived. Whatever his faults, and they were many—sometimes he drank too much, and swore a great deal, and bullied and stormed—she blinked at them all, for he was of the conquering race, a white man who had slept in white sheets and eaten off white table-cloths, and used a knife and fork, since he was born; and the

women of his people had had soft petticoats and fine stockings and white clothes for their beds, and silk gowns for festal days, and feathered hats of velvet, and shoes of polished leather, always and always, back through many generations. Indeed, yes, she had held her head high, for she was of his women, of the women of his people, with all their rights and all their claims. She had held it high till that stormy day—just such a day as this, with the surf of snow breaking against the house—when they carried him in out of the wild turmoil of wind and snow, laying him on the couch where she now sat, and her head fell on his lifeless breast, and she cried out to him to come back to her.

Before the world her head was still held high, but in the attic-room, and out on the prairies far away, where only the coyote or the prairie-hen saw, her head drooped, and her eyes grew heavy with pain and somber protest. Once, in an agony of loneliness, and cruelly hurt by a conspicuous slight put upon her at the Portage, by the wife of the Reeve of the town, who had daughters twain of pure white blood got from behind the bar of a saloon at Winnipeg, she had thrown open her window at night with the frost below zero, and stood in her thin night-dress, craving the death which she hoped the cold would give her soon. It had not availed, however, and once again she had ridden out in a blizzard to die, but had come upon a man lost in the snow, and her own misery had passed from her, and her heart, full of the blood of plainmen, had done for another what it would not do for itself. The Indian in her had, with strange, pure instinct, found its way to Portage la Proulx, the man, with both hands and one foot frozen, on her pony, she walking at his side, only conscious that she had saved one, not two lives that day.

**H**ERE was another such day, here again was the storm in her heart which had driven her into the plains that other time, and here again was that tempest of white death outside.

"You have no sense. You are not white. They will not have you. Sit down—"

The words had fallen on her ears with a cold, deadly smother. There came a chill upon her which stilled the wild pulses in her, which suddenly robbed the eyes of their brightness, and gave a fixed, drawn look to the face.

"You are not white. They will not have you, Pauline." The Indian mother repeated the words after a moment, her eyes grown still more gloomy; for in her, too, there was a dark tide of passion moving. In all the years that had gone, this girl had always turned to the white

father rather than to her, and she had been left more and more alone. Her man had been kind to her, and she had been a faithful wife, but she had resented the natural instinct of her half-breed child, almost white herself, and with the feelings and ways of the whites, to turn always to her father, as if to a superior guide, to a higher influence and authority. Was not she the descendant of Blackfoot and Piegan chiefs through generations of rulers and warriors? Was there not Piegan and Blackfoot blood in the girl's veins? Must only the white man's blood be reckoned when they made up their daily account and balanced the books of their lives, credit and debtor—misunderstanding and kind act, neglect and tenderness, reproof and praise, gentleness and impulse, anger and caress—to be set down in the everlasting record? Why must the Indian always give way? Indian habits, Indian desires, the Indian way of doing things, the Indian point of view, Indian food, Indian medicine—was it all bad, and only that which belonged to the white life good?

"Look at your face in the glass, Pauline," she added at last. "You are good-looking, but it isn't the good looks of the whites. The lodge of a chieftainess is the place for you. There you would have praise and honor; among the whites you are only a half-breed. What is the good? Let us go back to the life out there beyond the Muskwat River—up beyond. There is hunting still, a little, and the world is quiet, and nothing troubles. Only the wild-dog barks at night, or the wolf sniffs at the door, and all day there is singing. Somewhere out beyond the Muskwat the feasts go on, and the old men build the great fires, and tell tales, and call the wind out of the North, and make the thunder speak; and the young men ride to the hunt or go out to battle, and build lodges for the daughters of the tribe; and each man has his woman, and each woman has in her breast the honor of the tribe, and the little ones fill the lodge with laughter. Like a pocket of deerskin in every house, warm and small and full of good things. *Hai-yai*, what is this life to that! There you will be head and chief of all, for there is money enough for a thousand horses; and your father was a white man, and these are the days when the white man rules. Like clouds before the sun are the races of men, and one race rises and another falls. Here you are not first, but last; and the child of the white father and mother, though they be as the dirt that flies from a horse's heels, is before you. Your mother is a Blackfoot!"

AS the woman spoke slowly and with many pauses, the girl's mood changed, and there came into her eyes a strange, dark look which was deeper than anger. She listened with a sudden patience which stilled the agitation in her breast and gave a little touch of rigidity to her figure. Her eyes withdrew from the wild storm without and gravely settled on her mother's face, and with the Indian woman's last words understanding pierced, but did not dispel, the somber and ominous look in her eyes.

There was silence for a moment, and then she spoke almost as evenly as her mother had done.

"I will tell you everything. You are my mother, and I love you; but you will not see the truth. When my father took you from the lodges and brought you here, it was the end of the Indian life. It was for you to go on with him, but you would not go. I was young, but I saw, and I said that in all things I would go with him. I did not know that it would be hard, but at school, at the very first, I began to understand. There was only one, a French girl—I loved her—a girl who said to me: 'You are as white as I am—as anyone—and your heart is the same, and you are beautiful.' Yes, Manette said I was beautiful."

She paused a moment, a misty, far-away look came into her eyes, her fingers clasped and unclasped, and she added—"And her brother, Julien—he was older—when he came to visit Manette, he spoke to me as if I were all white, and was good to me. I have never forgotten, never. It was five years ago, but I remember him. He was tall and strong, and as good as Manette—as good as Manette. I loved Manette, but she suffered for me, for I was not like the others, and my ways were different—then. I had lived up there on the Warais among the lodges, and I had not seen things—only from my father, and he did so much in an Indian way. So I was sick at heart, and sometimes I wanted to die; and once—but there was Manette, and she would laugh and sing, and we would play together, and I would speak French and she would speak English, and I learned from her to forget the Indian ways. What were they to me? I had loved them when I was of them, but I came on to a better life. The Indian life is to the white life as the *parfiche* pouch to—to this." She laid her hand upon a purse of delicate silver mesh hanging at her waist. "When your eyes are opened, you must go on, you cannot stop. There is no going back. When you have read of all that there is in the white man's world, when you have seen, then there is no returning. You may end it all, if you wish, in the snow, in the river, but there is no returning. The lodge of a chief! Ah, if my father had heard you say that—!"

THE Indian woman shifted heavily in her chair, then shrank away from the look fixed on her. Once or twice she made as if she would speak, then sank down in the great chair, helpless and dismayed.

"The lodge of a chief!" the girl continued in a low, bitter voice. "What is the lodge of a chief? A smoky fire, a pot, a bed of skins, *aihi-yi*! If the lodges of the Indians were millions, and I could be head of all, and rule the land, yet would I rather be a white girl in the hut of her white man, struggling for daily bread among the people who sweep the buffalo out, but open up the land with the plough, and make a thousand live where one lived before. It is peace you want, mother, peace and solitude, in which the soul goes to sleep. Your days of hope are over, and you want to drowse

by the fire. I want to see the white men's cities grow, and the armies coming over the hill with the ploughs and the reapers and the mowers, and the wheels and the belts and engines of the great factories, and the white woman's life spreading everywhere, for I am a white man's daughter. I can't be both Indian and white. I will not be like the sun where the shadow cuts across it and the land grows darker. I will not be half-breed. I will be white or I will be Indian; and I will be white, white only. My heart is white, my tongue is white, I think, I feel, as white people think and feel. What they wish, I wish; as they live, I live; as white women dress, I dress."

She involuntarily drew up the dark red skirt she wore, showing a white petticoat and a pair of fine stockings on an ankle as graceful and shapely as she had ever seen among all the white women she knew. She drew herself up with pride, and her body had a grace and ease which the white woman's convention had not cramped.

Yet with all her protests, no one would have classed her as English. She might have been Spanish, or Italian, or Roumanian, or Slav, though nothing of her Indian blood showed in purely Indian characteristics, and something sparkled in her, gave a radiance to her face and figure which the storm and struggle in her did not smother. The white women of Portage la Proue were too blind, too prejudiced, to see all that she really was, and admiring white men could do little, for Pauline would have nothing to do with them till the women met her absolutely as an equal; and from the other half-breeds, who intermarried with each other and were content to take a lower place than the pure whites, she held aloof, save when any of them was ill or in trouble. Then she recognized the claim of race and came to their doors with pity and soft impulses to help them. French and Scotch and English half-breeds, as they were, they understood how she was making a fight for all who were half-Indian, half white, and watched her with a furtive devotion, acknowledging her superior place, and proud of it.

"I will not stay here," said the Indian mother with sullen stubbornness. "I will go back beyond the Warais. My life is my own; I will do what I like with it."

The girl started, but became composed again on the instant. "Is your life all your own, mother?" she said. "I did not come into the world of my own will. If I had, I would have come all white or all Indian. I am your daughter, and I am here, good or bad—is your life all your own?"

"You can marry and stay here, when I go. You are nineteen. I had my man, your father, when I was seventeen. You can marry. There are men. You have money. They will marry you—and forget the rest."

WITH a cry half of rage, half of misery, the girl sprang to her feet and started forward, but stopped suddenly at sound of a hasty knocking and a voice asking admittance. An instant later a huge, bearded, broad-shouldered man



stepped inside, shaking himself free of the snow, laughing half-sheepishly as he did so, and laying his fur cap and gloves with exaggerated care on the wide window-sill.

"John Alloway," said the Indian woman in a voice of welcome, and with a brightening eye, for it would seem as if he came in answer to her words of a few moments before. With a mother's instinct she had divined at once the reason for the visit, though no warning thought crossed the mind of the girl, who placed a chair for their visitor with a heartiness which was real—was not this the white man she had saved from death in the snow a year ago? Her heart was soft towards the life she had kept in the world. She smiled at him, all the anger gone from her eyes, and there was almost a touch of tender anxiety in her voice as she said:

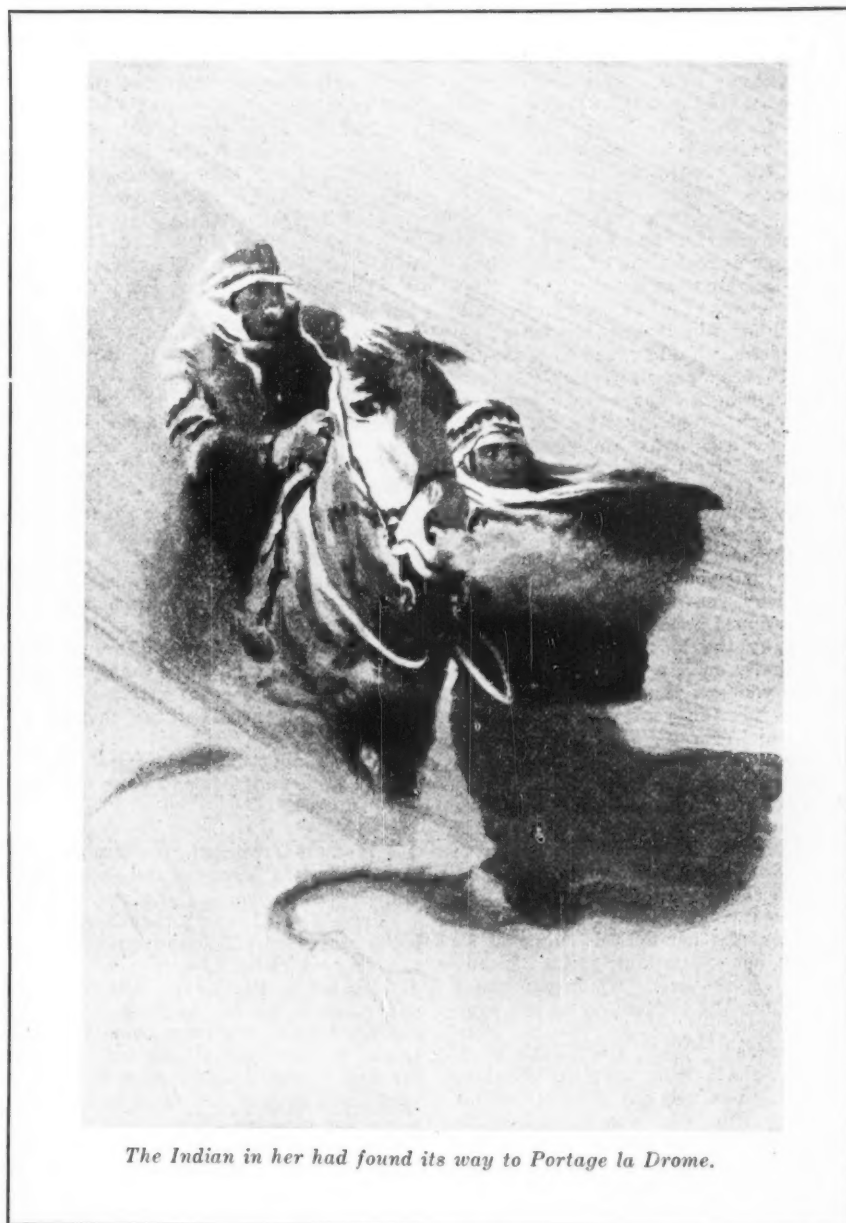
"What brought you out in this blizzard? It wasn't safe. It doesn't seem possible you got here from the Portage."

The huge ranchman and auctioneer laughed cheerily. "Once lost, twice get there," he said, with a quizzical toss of the head, thinking he had said a good thing. "It's a year ago to the very day that I was lost out back"—he jerked a thumb over his shoulder—"and you picked me up and brought me in; and what was I to do but come out on the anniversary and say, 'Thank you?' I'd fixed up all year to come to you, and I wasn't to be stopped, 'cause it was like the day we first met, old Coldmaker hitting the world with his whips of frost, and shaking his ragged blankets of snow over the wild West."

"Just such a day," said the Indian woman after a pause, as Pauline remained silent, placing a little bottle of cordial before their visitor, with which he presently regaled himself, raising his glass with an impressive air.

"Many happy returns to us both!" he said, and threw the liquor down his throat, smacked his lips, and drew his hand down his great mustache and beard like some vast animal washing its face with its paw. Smiling, and yet not wholly ill at ease, he looked at the two women and nodded his head encouragingly, but whether the encouragement was for himself or for them he could not have told.

His last words, however, had altered the situation. The girl had caught a suggestion in them which startled her. This rough, white plainsman was come to make love to her, and to say—what? He was at once awkward and confident, afraid of her, of her refinement, grace, beauty and education, and yet confident in the advantage of his position, a white man bending to a half-breed girl. He was not conscious of the condescension and majesty of his demeanor, but it was there, and his untutored words and ways must make it all too apparent to the girl. The revelation of the moment made her at once triumphant and humiliated. This white man had come to make love to her, that was apparent; but that he, ungrammatical, crude, and rough, should think



*The Indian in her had found its way to Portage la Drome.*

he had but to put out his hand, and she in whom every subtle emotion and influence had delicate response, whose words and ways were as far removed from his as day from night, would fly to him, brought the flush of indignation to her cheek. But she responded to his toast with a pleasant nod and said:

"But if you will keep coming in such wild storms, there will not be many anniversaries."

She laughed, and poured out another glass of liqueur for him.

"Well, now, p'raps you're right, and so the only thing to do is not to keep coming, but to stay, stay right where *you* are."

THE Indian woman could not see her daughter's face, which was turned to the fire, but she herself smiled at John Alloway and nodded her head approvingly. Here was the cure for her own trouble and loneliness. Pauline and she, who

lived in different worlds, and yet were tied to each other by circumstances they could not control, would each work out her own destiny after her own nature, since John Alloway had come a-wooing. She would go back on the Warais, and Pauline would remain at the Portage, a white woman with her white man. She would go back to the smoky fires in the huddled lodges; to the venison stew and the snake dance; to the feasts of the Medicine Men, and the long sleeps in the summer days, and the winter's tales, and be at rest among her own people; and Pauline would have revenge of the wife of the prancing Reeve, and perhaps the people would forget that her mother was an Indian woman.

With these thoughts flying through her sluggish mind she rose and moved heavily from the room, with a parting look of encouragement at Alloway, as if to say: "A man that is bold is surest."

With her back to the man, Pauline

watched her mother leave the room, saw the look she gave Alloway; and when the door was closed she turned and looked Alloway in the eyes.

"How old are you?" she asked suddenly.

He stirred in his seat almost nervously. "Why, fifty, about," he answered with confusion.

"Then you'll be wise not to go looking for anniversaries in blizzards, when they're few at best," she said with a gentle and dangerous smile.

"Fifty—why, I'm as young as most men of thirty," he responded with an uncertain laugh. "I'd have come here to-day if it had been snowing pitchforks and chain-lightning. I made up my mind I would. You saved my life, that's dead sure; and I'd be down among the conies if it wasn't for you and that Piegan pony of yours—Piegan ponies are wonders in a storm, seem to know their way by instinct. You, too—why, I bin on the plains all my life, and was no better than a baby that day; but you—why, you had Piegan in you, why, yes—"

He stopped short for a moment, checked by the look in her face, then went blindly on.

"And you got Blackfoot in you, too; and you just felt your way through the tornado and over the blind prairie like a bird reaching for the hills. It was as easy to you as picking out a maverick in a bunch of steers to me. But I never could make out what you was doing on the prairie that terrible day. I've thought of it a hundred times. What was you doing, if it aint cheek to ask?"

"I was trying to lose a life," she answered quietly, her eyes dwelling on his face, yet not seeing him; for it all came back to her, the agony which had driven her out into the tempest to be lost evermore.

He laughed. "Well, now, that's good," he said; "that's what they call speaking sarcastic. You was out to save, and not to lose, a life; that was proved to the satisfaction of the court." He paused and chuckled to himself, thinking he had been witty, and continued: "And I was that court, and my judgment was that the debt of that life you saved had to be paid to you within one calendar year, with interest at the usual per cent. for mortgages on good security. That was my judgment, and there's no appeal from it. I am the great Justinian in this case!"

"Did you ever save anybody's life?" she asked, putting the bottle of cordial away, as he filled his glass for the third time.

"Twice certain, and once dividin' the honors," he answered, pleased at the question.

"And did you expect to get any pay, with or without interest?" she asked.

"Me! I never thought of it again. But yes—by gol, I did! One case was funny, as funny as can be. It was Ricky Wharton over on the Muskwa River. I saved his life right enough, and he came to me a year after and said, 'You saved my life; now what are you going to do with it? I'm stony broke. I owe a hundred dollars, and I wouldn't be owing it if you hadn't saved my life. When you

saved it I was five hundred to the good, and I'd have left that much behind me. Now I'm on the rocks, because you insisted on saving my life; and you got to take care of me! I insist!' Well, that knocked me silly, and I took him on—blame me, if I didn't keep Ricky a whole year till he went North looking for gold. Get pay—why, I paid. Saving life has its responsibilities, little gal!"

"You can't save life without running some risk yourself, not as a rule, can you?" she said, shrinking from his familiarity.

"Not as a rule," he replied. "You took on a bit of a risk with me, you and your Piegan pony."

"Oh, I was young," she responded, leaning on the table, and she began drawing on a piece of paper before her. "I could take more risks, I was only eighteen."

"I don't catch on," he rejoined. "If it's eighteen or—"

"Or fifty," she interposed.

"What difference does it make? If you're done for, it's the same at eighteen as fifty, and vicey-versey."

"No, it's not the same," she answered. "You leave so much more that you want to keep when you go at fifty."

"Well, I dunno. I never thought of that."

"There's all that has belonged to you. You've been married, and have children, haven't you?"

HE started, frowned, then straightened himself. "I got one girl—she's East with her grandmother," he said jerkily.

"That what I said; there's more to leave behind at fifty," she replied, a red spot on each cheek. She was not looking at him, but at the face of a man on the paper before her—a young man with abundant hair, a strong chin, and big, eloquent eyes; and all around his face she had drawn the face of a girl many times, and beneath the faces of both she wrote *Manette and Julien*.

The water was getting too deep for John Alloway. He floundered towards the shore. "I'm no good at words," he said, "no good at argument; but I've got a gift for stories—round the fire of a night, with a pipe and a tin basin of tea; so I'm not going to try and match you. You've had a good education down at Winnipeg. Took every prize, they say, and led the school, though there was plenty of fuss because they let you do it, and let you stay there, being half-Indian. You never heard what was going on outside, I s'pose. It didn't matter, for you won out. Blamed foolishness, trying to draw the line between red and white that way. Of course, it's the women always, always the women, sticking out for all-white or nothing. Down there at Portage they've treated you mean, mean as dirt. The Reeve's wife—well, we'll fix that up all right. I guess John Alloway aint to be bluffed. He knows too much, and they all know he knows enough. When John Alloway, 32 Main Street, with a ranch on the Katanay, says, 'We're coming! Mr. and Mrs. John Alloway is coming,' they'll get out their cards *visite*, I guess."

Pauline's head bent lower, and she

seemed laboriously etching lines into the faces before her—Manette and Julien, Julien and Manette, and there came into her eyes the youth and light and gayety of that memory, the days when Julien came of an afternoon and the riverside rang with laughter; the dearest, lightest, days she had ever spent.

The man of fifty went on, seeing nothing but a girl over whom he was presently going to throw the lasso of his affection and take her home with him, yielding and glad, a white man, and his half-breed girl—but such a half breed!

"I seen enough of the way some of them women treated you," he continued, "and I sez to myself 'Her turn next. There's a way out,' I sez, 'and John Alloway pays his debts. When the anniversary comes round, I'll put things right.' I sez to myself. 'She saved my life, and she shall have the rest of it, if she'll take it, and will give a receipt in full, and open a new account in the name of John and Pauline Alloway.' Catch on? See—Pauline?"

Slowly she got to her feet, a look in her eyes such as had been in her mother's but a little while before, but a hundred times intensified, a look that belonged to the flood and flow of generations of Indian life, yet controlled in her by the order and understanding of centuries of white men's lives, the pervasive, dominating power of race.

FOR an instant she turned her face towards the window. The storm had suddenly ceased, and a glimmer of sunset light was breaking over the distant wastes of snow.

"You want to pay a debt you think you owe," she said, in a strange, lustreless voice, turning to him at last. "Well, you have paid it. You have given me a book to read which I will keep always. And I give you a receipt in full for your debt."

"I don't know about any book," he said dazed. "I want to marry you right away."

"I am sorry, but it is not necessary," she replied suggestively. Her face was very pale now.

"But I want to. It aint a debt. That was only a way of putting it. I want to make you my wife. I got some position, and I can make the West sit up and look at you and be glad."

Suddenly her anger flared out, low and vivid and fierce, but her words were slow and measured.

"There is no reason why I should marry you—not one. You offer me marriage as a prince might give a penny to a beggar. If my mother were not an Indian woman, you would not have taken it all as a matter of course. But my father was a white man, and I am a white man's daughter, and I would rather marry an Indian who would think me the best thing there was in the light of the sun, than marry you. Had I been pure white, you would not have been so sure; you would have asked, not offered. I am not obliged to you. You ought to go to no woman as you came to me. See, the storm has stopped. You will be quite safe going



back now. The snow will be deep, perhaps, but it is not far."

She went to the window, got his cap and gloves, and handed them to him. He took them, dumbfounded and overcome.

"Say, I aint done it right, mebbe, but I meant well, and I'd be good to you and proud of you, and I'd love you better than anything I ever saw," he said shamefacedly, but eagerly and honestly, too.

"Ah, you should have said those last words first," she answered.

"I say them now,"

"They come too late; but they would have been too late in any case," she added. "Still, I am glad you said them."

She opened the door for him.

"I made a mistake," he said humbly. "I understand better now. I never had any schoolin'."

"Oh, it isn't that," she answered gently. "Good-by."

Suddenly he turned. "You're right—it couldn't ever be," he said. "You're—you're great. And I owe you my life still!"

For a moment Pauline stood motionless in the middle of the room, her gaze fixed upon the door which had just closed; then, with a wild gesture of misery and despair, she threw herself upon the couch in a passionate outburst of weeping. Sobs shook her from head to foot, and her hands, clenched above her head, twitching convulsively.

**P**RESENTLY the door opened and her mother looked in eagerly. At what she saw her face darkened and hardened for an instant, and then the girl's utter abandonment of grief and agony convinced and conquered her, and some glimmer of the true understanding of the problem which Pauline represented got into her heart, and drove the sudden selfishness from her face and eyes and mind. She came over heavily and, sinking upon her knees, swept an arm around the girl's shoulder. She realized what had happened, and probably this was the first time in her life that she had ever come by instinct to a revelation of her daughter's mind and the logic of inner facts, or the faithful meaning of incidents of their lives.

"You said 'No' to John Alloway," she murmured.

Defiance and protest spoke in the swift gesture of the girl's hands. "You think because he was white that I'd drop into his arms! No—no—no!"

"You did right, little one."

The sobs suddenly stopped, and the girl seemed to listen with all her body. There was something in her Indian mother's voice she had never heard before—at least, not since she was a little child, and swung in a deerskin hammock in a tamarack tree by Renton's Lodge, where chiefs met and the West paused to rest in its onward march. Something of the accents of the voice that crooned to her then was in the woman's tones now.

"He offered it like a lump of sugar to a bird—I know. He didn't know that you have great blood—yes, but it is true. My man's grandfather, he was of the blood of the kings of England. My man had the proof. And for a thousand years my



*Pauline found him partly covered by the falling snow.*

people have been chiefs. There is no blood in all the West like yours. My heart was heavy, and dark thoughts came to me, because my man is gone, and the life is not my life, and I am only an Indian woman from the Warais, and my heart goes out there always now. But some great Medicine has been poured into my heart. As I stood at the door and saw you lying there, I called to the Sun: 'O great Spirit,' I said, 'help me to understand, for this girl is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, and Evil has come between us!' And the Sun Spirit poured the Medicine into my spirit, and there is no cloud between us now. It has passed away, and I see. Little white one, the white life is the only life, and I will live it with you till a white man comes and gives you a white man's home. But not John Alloway—shall the crow nest with the oriole?"

**A**S the woman spoke in slow, measured voice, full of the cadences of a heart revealing itself, the girl's breath at first seemed to stop, so still she lay; then as the true understanding of the words came to her, she panted with excitement, her breast heaved, and the blood flushed her face. When the slow voice ceased, and the room became still, she lay quiet for a moment, letting the new thing find secure lodgment in her thought; then suddenly she raised herself and threw her arms round her mother in a passion of affection and relief.

"Lalika! Oh, Lalika!" she said tenderly, and kissed her again and again. Not since she was a little girl, long be-

fore they left the Warais, had she called her mother by her Indian name, which her mother and father had humorously taught her to do in those far-off happy days by the beautiful, singing river and the exquisite woods, when, with a bow and arrow, she had ranged, a young Diana who slew only with love.

"Lalika, mother, 'Lalika!' It is like the old, old times," she added softly. "Ah, it does not matter now, for you understand."

"I do not understand altogether," murmured the Indian woman gently. "I am not white, and there is a different way of thinking; but I will hold your hand, and we will live the white life together."

**C**HEEK to cheek they saw the darkness come, and after, the silver moon steal up over a frozen world, in which the air bit like steel and braced the heart like wine. Then, at last, before it was nine o'clock, after her custom, the Indian woman went to bed, leaving her daughter brooding peacefully by the fire.

For a long time Pauline sat with hands clasped in her lap, her gaze on the tossing flames, in her heart and mind a new feeling of strength and purpose. The way before her was not clear, she saw no farther than this day, and all that it had brought, yet she was one that has crossed a direful flood and finds herself on a strange shore in an unknown country, with the twilight about her, yet with so much of danger passed that there was only the thought of the moment's safety.

*Continued on page 75.*

# Saskatchewan's New Premier

## The Man Who "Comes Back With the Ball"

By Norman Lambert

**T**HE first chapter of Saskatchewan's political history has been completed. The eleven-year-old province has seen its first Premier come and go. Hon. Walter Scott having sacrificed his health in the service of the present Saskatchewan, which he did so much to create, has passed into retirement, and a younger man full of the promise of which the West is symbolical, has taken his place. William Melville Martin, who for eight years has represented the constituency of Regina in the House of Commons, has been selected to carry on the leadership of the Liberal Government of Saskatchewan.

A new chapter has been opened in the history of the great, stalwart, central province of the Middle West. The very last pages which have just been turned, have been bespattered somewhat with the dirt of sordid scandal—an unfortunate conclusion to the regime of a man whose public career has been scrupulously clean, and whose work has been of permanent value to his country. The fresh page lies open, clear and white and the man who has been called to leave his impress upon it enters his new office with a record as big and fine and clean as young Canada could wish it to be.

The announcement on October 19 of W. M. Martin's appointment to the Premiership of Saskatchewan, and the appearance everywhere in the daily press of his strong, cleanly-cut features, brought to one's mind with particular vividness an incident which occurred on the lacrosse field of a Western Ontario town, some fifteen years ago. It was during one of the keen games which the rivalry between the amateur teams of certain neighboring small towns always developed in the old days on the occasion of every league match. A high board fence surrounded and enclosed the field in the town referred to, and in the course of the game, the ball had been thrown widely from one player to another, and had fallen far beyond the centre of action, close against the bottom of the fence. Before the ball had reached the ground two opposing players were racing toward the spot where it was bound to fall. One of the men was tall, raw-boned, and sinewy, with the stride of a Goliath, while the other was heavier, more muscular, but not possessing his opponent's athletic physique. One was a college student enjoying his vacation, and the other was a burly blacksmith defending his home town against eager lacrosse enthusiasts from the neighboring district. Both were bent, with all the determina-

tion that two strong runners could summon, upon reaching the fence first and securing the ball, but both arrived at the critical spot practically at the same time. Two bodies crashed together, a portion of the fence gave way, and the husky smithy plunged headlong through the breach and out of bounds.

The man who returned with the ball was the present Premier of Saskatchewan.

**I**T is some time now since "Billy" Martin played lacrosse. At forty years of age he prefers golf, and happily the good old Scottish game is not played on the inside of high-board fences. But the ability "to return with the ball" has been a striking feature of W. M. Martin's career, off the athletic field as well as on it. Examples of progress in public life such as that afforded by the young Premier of Saskatchewan are very few in this country. The only other men to be chosen as the first citizens of their provinces, within the age of two score years, so far as one can remember, were Sir Richard McBride, the retired Premier of British Columbia, and Hon. Walter Scott, of Saskatchewan. The leaders in the House of Commons have never yet been under fifty years of age. While referring to this point of youthfulness in public men, the name of Charles A. Dunning, the new Provincial Treasurer of Saskatchewan, naturally arises. He was taken into the Ministry on the same day that W. M. Martin became Premier. Mr. Dunning only a short time ago celebrated his thirty-first birthday, and he promises to break the speed record even of his newly appointed chief-tain.

Hon. W. M. Martin is one of the many good men which old Ontario has given to Western Canada; and to go further back still, he is the descendant of one of the innumerable, worthy families which Scotland gave in the first place, to many districts in the Eastern provinces. The head of the Saskatchewan Administration was born in Norwich, Ontario, in a Presbyterian manse. His father is Rev. William Martin, who lives now at London, and is clerk of the London Presbytery. The Martin family first established itself in this country at the little Scotch town of Fergus. There, John Martin and



*Hon. William M. Martin, "the detestable Lloyd George of the Prairies" and now Premier of Saskatchewan.*

his wife, Jean Munro, raised a family of five sons and three daughters. Two of the sons lived to represent their native County of Wellington in the House of Commons. These were the late Thomas Martin, M.P., and the late Alexander M. Martin, M.P., of Mount Forest. Two other sons, Donald and William, became ministers in the Presbyterian Church, while the fifth son, Robert, migrated to Saskatchewan, and entered business. The three daughters and the five sons of John Martin and Jean Munro, born during the pioneering days of Wellington county, have in their turn given many children to the new districts of Western Canada. The new Premier is one of them, and one of a hundred or more cousins who have established themselves in Saskatchewan, all within a short distance of Regina. The "Martins" and the "Balfours" are more familiar family names to-day in central Saskatchewan than they are in north Wellington, in Ontario, where the first of the line in Canada resided.

**N**OT long after the arrival of "William Melville," at the manse in Norwich, the Rev. William Martin moved to Exeter, in the County of Huron. Between the common school in Exeter and the high school in the neighboring town of Clinton, W. M. Martin secured his early education. In the fall of 1894, he went up to the University of Toronto, and determined to study classics in the Faculty of Arts. He graduated with the highest honors in his classical course, in 1898, after having enjoyed a college career in which the University College "Lit." and the athletic activities of the campus figured quite as prominently as the class-room. After securing a specialist's certificate for the teaching of classics, Mr. Martin took



the position of classical master in the Harriston high school for two years. In 1901 he entered Osgoode Hall and commenced the study of law, being connected for a period of two years, in Toronto, with the firm of Robinette and Godfrey. Mr. Robinette, speaking to the writer about Martin's appointment as Premier of Saskatchewan, and recalling his student days in the law office, said: "Whenever anyone wanted him, nearly always he was to be found in the library. He was absorbed rather with the theory and study of law in those days than with the actual practice of it." This bit of testimony coincided with the fact that the student in question, during his course at Osgoode Hall, managed to capture two scholarships; and the words of Mr. Robinette also constitute an interesting sidelight on the man who blossomed forth into public life on the Western plains a few years after leaving Toronto.

During that period of study at the law school, young Martin paid his own way. The savings of two years as a teacher were supplemented by current earnings realized from tutoring three evenings a week in a night school, and from the reporting of Osgoode Hall news for one of the city dailies. His goal was law from the day he entered high school, and his career has been a good example of success waiting upon the man who from his youth has been guided by a definite objective.

THE West claimed W. M. Martin in 1903, when he went to Regina and entered a partnership in law with his cousin, James Balfour. The Province of Saskatchewan was just being formed at that time, and the City of Regina, then, was not much more than a large prairie town. The problems of the West have really developed since the first years of the present century, and W. M. Martin, instinctively stirred by the pioneer's interest in the new virgin country about him, with its thousands of new peoples, took root instantly and naturally on the prairie. He liked the country and the people, and they soon liked him. The radical progressiveness of Western life, the unlimited aspirations of a new society, found a receptive and sympathetic mind in the young lawyer whose forbears in the early 'fifties had come up out of the forests of old Ontario. In the quiet and peaceful rural districts of north-western Ontario, at the University of Toronto, and during the days of study in Osgoode Hall, this man was getting at first principles, which were reserved almost in toto for application in the West. He went West when his preliminary training was complete, without feeling the touch of practice in the East. He was fresh and ready for the West, and the country re-

ceived and treated him well from the very first.

With the creation of the two new provinces, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and the withdrawal of Walter Scott from the House of Commons to become the first Premier of Saskatchewan, W. M. Martin first stepped into the political arena. He was chosen to succeed Mr. Scott at Ottawa, as the Liberal representative from Regina, and in 1908, exactly five years after leaving Ontario, he was returned to the Federal Parliament with a majority over his opponent of more than 700 votes. In 1911, Mr. Martin was re-elected from the same constituency by a majority of more than 1100. For eight years he has been an active member at Ottawa. Not long after he had first taken his seat in the House of Commons, the member for Regina was referred to, more or less, bitterly by an opponent as "that detestable young Lloyd George from the prairies." Although there is no more physical resemblance between the "little Welsh giant" and the Hon. W. M. Martin than there is between a mountain and a mole hill, that allusion to the latter, made some years ago at Ottawa, during the course of debate, has stuck fast. It no doubt was provoked by the intensity of the Regina member's speeches on that, as well as every other, occasion in which he was called upon to address the House. His style in debate, and on the public platform resembles in spirit that of the lacrosse player of fifteen years ago, dashing to the attack, with every ounce of energy in action, and determination written in every line of face and body. In the House of Commons, W. M. Martin was not a frequent speaker. He never rose from his seat to take part in debate unless he had something to say, and unless he had that particular something clearly outlined and prepared to his mind. Consequently whenever his six feet three inches of stature towered over the floor of the House, the press men, as well as his fellow members, knew that there was good "copy" coming.

The words of his speech pour forth in a torrent of language which is always well chosen and indicative of the workings of a classically trained mind. Behind the mere qualities of diction, W. M. Martin's speeches reveal the forceful power of conviction, reflected in the stern expression of a fine face, in the glow of fire through eyes which usually are in genial repose, and in the strong resonant tones of a splendid voice. The whole personality of the man is expressive of an honest, rugged strength, which could never fail in leading those who might follow him, in a clean, straight course.

In Saskatchewan as well as the other Middle Western provinces, the place of

the women in the community is just a little more important than it is elsewhere in the Dominion. To vote in all matters pertaining to the Administration of the province, is now the right of women, as well as men, in Saskatchewan. Women, moreover, may be elected to the Legislature of that province, if they so desire. A sketch of the present Premier of Saskatchewan would be incomplete, therefore, if it omitted reference to that other first citizen of the province, his wife. W. M. Martin was not so much of a Westerner that he did not return to Ontario in 1906 to marry the lady of his choice—Violetta Thompson, the daughter of the late Walter Thompson, of Mitchell. She, like her husband, found congenial soil in Western Canada where the need of a woman's influence is still even greater than that of men. Her interest in the affairs of Saskatchewan and the West from the very first has been active and genuine. Despite the duties involved in the rearing of a family of three young boys, Mrs. Martin has been able to do valuable service amongst the women of her country, as provincial president of the Daughters of the Empire, whose story she told so well at the big Dominion convention of that Imperial Order, in Toronto, last May. Capable, efficient, and possessing a personal charm which has won for her many friends at Ottawa, Toronto and elsewhere in Ontario, and most of all, in her own Province of Saskatchewan, the Premier's wife readily enters her new position of responsibility with qualifications as equally deserving as those of her distinguished husband.

W. M. Martin has taken office in Saskatchewan at a critical time both in the affairs of his party and of his province. The investigations which have been in progress under the direction of Royal Commissions, during the past six months, have disturbed the public mind, and although not the slightest personal reflection has been cast as yet on the old Scott ministry, the next election in Saskatchewan which is due within the coming year, will be undoubtedly a severe test for the present Liberal Government. It is a prospect which calls for the leadership of a strong man, and in the new Premier, the reins of office have been placed in the hands of one who in the past has never been displeased or disheartened over the indications of a lusty fight. All he will ask is that the contest may be a fair one, and to the more deserving side go the honors. As was said at the beginning, W. M. Martin thus far in a short but full career, has shown a marked ability "to return with the ball."

Can he do it again in Saskatchewan, in the biggest league match in which he has ever participated?

## A FINE NEW SERIAL—SOON

A new serial story by Arthur E. McFarlane, "The Great Mogul," will start in an early issue. It is decidedly the best he has ever written, brimful of mystery, adventure and romance, starting in Canada and ending in India—the kind of story that makes the month that elapses between instalments seem a long time indeed.

# The Anatomy of Love

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Counterfeiters," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

## Concluding Instalment

"AND the bug intervened, in the nick of time," answered Anne, without looking at him.

"Anne," he went on more passionately now, "can't you see that I need you and want you, from the bottom of my heart! I have always needed and wanted you. But now I know I couldn't live and be happy without you! I've just had my eyes opened to what it means, to what it may do, this love you have brought out into the light. I know I can't offer you much, Anne—I've lost and surrendered so many things. But I can't lose and surrender you! It's you—you—you—"

"Oh, are you sure of that?" she asked, a little tremulously.

"I know it as surely as I know that you're too good and pure and noble-hearted for me. I know it as surely as I know that all my life would go toward trying to make your life as full and happy and complete as it ought to be!"

It was from no momentary tumult of the blood that he was speaking, he knew only too well; it was builded on foundations that lay deeper than feeling. It was no boyish emotion that had shaken him out of that old encysting shell of his former life. It was hunger and want made manifest. It was a propulsion, mysterious, implacable, that henceforth for good or evil must rule all his life.

"Can't you learn to love me, Anne?" he pleaded.

"But, there would always be the bugs!" she mocked, laughing now a little. He could see though it was through her tears.

She had not intended to surrender to him at that moment, or in that way; but to her sudden bewilderment she found herself in Macraven's subjugating arms. And as suddenly, almost, time and the world, the past and the future, fell away from her, forgotten, obliterated. For his lips had met hers, and she had quivered and relaxed and paled under his first kiss of passion.

She drooped and started away from him, with a little gasp, staring at him out of sad yet startled eyes.

"Oh," she mourned. "Oh! Oh!" And she knew that hopeless little cry was the requiem of her lost girlhood. She had scarcely expected that, from him. He had not been kind to her; she was suddenly almost afraid of the dominating fierceness through which he had swayed her.

Yet she was not altogether afraid, nor altogether sorry. Nor did her first shame still submerge her. For when he caught her still again, and held her there in his

arms, it was her unresisting mouth that he kissed, over and over again: "Oh, I do love you, my own, I do—I do!"

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### THE TOWER OF ASPIRATION.

THE evening train that connected the Arcadian and hill-muffled village of Cedar Hills with a hurrying and fretting outside world was an "accommodation," apparently touched with the tranquility of the quiet valleys through which it crept. For this train seemed always to go its own sweet way in its own slow time, as though reluctant to plunge into the quicker currents of life awaiting it just beyond the calms of Chatboro Junction.

Yet Anne and Macraven, alone on the back platform of the last coach, seemed to find their rate of travel quite fast enough. They sat side by side, on the dusty car-steps, as they twined and rumbled past farmlands and odorous forests of pine, and blue little valleys cut with the silver blade of a single stream, and wide and rolling hills that lost themselves in the darkness of the gathering night.

They did not talk much, that solitary couple, but their very silences seemed companionable and eloquent of things unuttered, as they sat there hand in hand, swaying to the movement of the car-trucks along the roughly ballasted road-bed.

Anne was gazing out at the scattered lights of the little hamlets, as their train crawled in and out between the enveloping hills, and at the solitary lighted windows of the lonely country homesteads, blinking solemnly out of the blackness of the night at them.

"To think that people—people neither you nor I know, live there—and there—and there!" murmured Anne, as they threaded their way through the darkness.

"And every light a home," said Macraven.

"It makes me frightened and lonesome, in some way," answered Anne. And she sighed on her lover's shoulder, oppressed by the complexity and vastness of earthly life. "It's so big and wide and blind, this awful world—it frightens me!"

"I wonder," asked Macraven, "if sometime somebody will see *our* lights, down at Amboro, and feel lonesome as he goes on again through the night?"

She clasped his arm, gratefully, at this strangely consoling thought. After all, he was all she had now, she told herself, forlornly.

Suddenly in the midst of the hills, their train came to a stop. They neither knew nor cared why, as

they sniffed the warm and odorous night air, with its musky smell of marshlands, and its heavier perfumes of wet grass and wild-flowers. They listened to the quiet country noises, the bark of a dog, the lowing of distant cattle, the thin, insistent piping of katydids and crickets, and a vast sense of peace possessed their souls.

Macraven looked upward at the stars. Anne followed the direction of his gaze, pinning her dark travelling-veil close up over her hat-brim.

"That is Venus, see, marching up out of the East," he said. "And those are the Pleiades, there, just above us. And there, to the North is the Great Bear, wheeling about the Polar Star—"

"As Life wheels about Love," interrupted Anne, with almost a coo of content.

"No, as I must always wheel about you," solemnly corrected Macraven. "For that is the North Star, and it never moves. It is as true and steadfast as—as Anne herself. And that is the way my life shall always turn and revolve about her, from this day on!"

"Do you know that you're a rhapsodist, after all?" crooned Anne, happily.

"Then you made me one!"

"Silly!" she said, on his shoulder.

"Sybil said I was a bug-hunter," he demurred. It seemed very long ago, those last days with Sybil. He still wondered at the girl's passionate outbreak, as she said good-bye to Anne and him. He was still a little disturbed, too, at that impulsive farewell kiss through her incongruous tears.

"Poor Sybil," he said, aloud.

"Yes, poor Sybil," murmured Anne. "After all, she was sorry to see us go!"

Macraven was vaguely and idly wondering which of the sibyls of old she might have stood for, Erythrean, Delphian, or Phrygian?

"And you were never really jealous of Sybil?" asked the man of truth, a little uneasily.

Anne looked up from his shoulder.

"Of course not," she answered. "No more than I could be of a bunch of lilacs that took your mind off your work, or a bird that made your holiday seem brighter. No, I'm glad of Sybil. I feel grateful to think that you knew her—for it was Sybil who helped to bring us to—to each other!"

"Who helped me," he corrected.

THERE was silence for a moment or two, and then he said: "I must see what I can do for young Sewell, when I get back, for her sake."



The pressure of Anne's hand on his arm was her grateful response to this.

"Which did you say were the Pleiades?" she asked, at last, turning her face up so that her profile stood close and clear-cut against the muffling gloom.

The happy young Professor of Anthropology pointed out to her the fabled seven daughters of Atlas.

"Merope, you see, is the dim one, because she married a mortal. There's a moral in that, Anne, for you and me."

Before she had time to answer he had noticed her upturned veil and had stooped and kissed her starward looking face.

"You are a rhapsodist!" said Anne, with conviction.

"Wasn't it you who quoted to me what Herbert Spencer wrote about being a boy as long as you can?" demanded Macraven.

"I wish we could," said Anne, simply, waywardly saddened at the thought that all their earlier youth was over and done. With them, now it could never be the rapture and abandon of life's riotous sunrise. It would be the soft and luminous beauty of afternoon, always, touched, perhaps, with strange and passing regrets, but all the more poignantly appealing, perhaps, because of those more autumnal enriching moods.

"Oh, if we could never grow old!" cried out the happy woman, wistfully, with her eyes still on the timeless stars. "If we could only go on and on and on, like this, being always happy! If we could only always be young, you and I, dear, and never let the years take the beauty out of our lives, and the poetry out of our souls! If we could always be young and hopeful in heart, just as we are now!"

"But why can't we?" asked the man at her side, touched into wonder by the wistfulness of her voice.

"Oh, we can, I know we can, if we want to!" declared Anne, passionately. "For after all," she continued, softly, "youth is in the heart. It is an attitude, a feeling of the soul, and not an accident of years!"

"It's a secret, that comes with love," contended the man of science.

"No, not through love alone," said honest Anne. "But it's a secret that we can hold and hug to our breasts. It's a secret that Sybil, with all her youth, knew something of."

"She knew, but she never knew that she knew," qualified the man of thought. "And it's that that makes it better and richer."

"That's why we must march with the young," admitted Anne, "just to keep young. That's why—why children make life so full and deep. That's why every woman, without knowing it, sometimes, wants children."

"Do you?" suddenly asked the young Professor of Anthropology, with a quaver in his voice.

"We need them," said honest Anne, in a whisper.

Still again a silence fell over them, and again they could hear the quiet country sounds through the darkness.

"Do you know, I should love to study astronomy with you, sometime, when we are back at Amboro," said Anne, with her gaze sweeping the lonely heavens.

"Wouldn't it be fine, from the top of the



To her sudden bewilderment she found herself in Macraven's subjugating arms.

Tower, on clear nights like this," said Macraven. In the darkness, however, he winced imperceptibly at the memory of Waggles.

"I think it would make us more content, more serene, more lifted out of all our little worries and passions, don't you?"

MACRAVEN was gazing at Arcturus, glowing with its reddish light low on the horizon. He saw the Milky Way, rising like a luminous arch from the southern skyline and passing overhead between Orion and the Twins, fringing the white-glowing Capella as it dipped down the north again, traversing Cassiopeia and finally disappearing behind the lonely ramparts of the world.

"I think every one should study astron-

lost world of ours only one of them, and omy," he said, as he felt Anne's gaze following his own. "See, there is the giant Orion lifting his club of clustered stars to smite Taurus, there Taurus, the huge bull with vivid red Aldebaran glimmering from between his horns, that has tossed the seven Pleiades, tossed them like a toreador's spangled scarf across his broad flank. There he goes, like a bull, too, down the course of its arena, swinging and charging round the curve of the Zodiac, seeming to fling the star-dust aside as he goes!"

"Oh, it makes me feel so little and lonely," Anne complained, leaning closer to him.

"And Ball claims there are thirty millions of them, of knowable existence. Thirty millions of them, and this little

you and I only two tiny points of life lost on all that crowded world again! I wonder, Anne, how many of them have men and women on them, and if they are happy—as happy as we are, and if they ever look out on us, as we are looking out on them?”

Anne shuddered a little.

“You are making me *miserable*!” she wailed, clinging to him with a sudden piteous inadequacy, feeling a shadow creep across her hour of too full and too contented happiness.

AS they sat there the train started on its way again, and Anne felt vaguely grateful for the movement, bringing her, as it did, once more back to materialities. She huddled closer to Macraven, who in turn caught at the brake-rod to steady himself.

Silence fell over them still again, at the soothing and rhythmic chant of the homeward hurrying wheels along the rails.

It seemed a new and unknown and untried world into which that rumbling car was carrying the young Professor of Anthropology. Yet it was a world as old as men and women, as old as life and the stars themselves. He let his uncoordinated thoughts of it lead and lure him on, careless of where each path and by-way of emotion wandered, contented with the passing moment, thoughtless of the

strangeness of each new vista that was opening out before the eyes of his languid wonder.

He paused only once, with his old habit of life reasserting itself, and that was to draw up and marvel at the mysterious anaesthesia which the culminating period of courtship seemed to impose on consciousness, in the mating or newly-mated being. He would make a note of the phenomenon, for future use.

Then he wondered, absently, if it was actually advantageous for the student of psychology to experience those more disrupting emotional states which were usually studied and observed objectively in others. From this time forward, he was afraid, he would find it hard to see the forest for the trees.

THEN, coming back to earth, he felt Anne at his side, and decided that psychology, after all, was a matter of little importance. It was a thing for the classroom. He would let the future take care of itself. Even Psyche had been represented with wings, he warned himself.

“Do you know,” he said to Anne, “I always used to think that we had to look down on life from one of two towers, I mean from one of two opposing and incongruous heights. One was built of granite, huge and grim and hard—I sup-

pose you would call it the tower of labor.”

“It stood just beyond the Deanery gardens, didn’t it?” interrupted Anne.

“But the other tower was different,” went on Macraven. “It was made of ivory, tall and fragile and slender. And it always seemed to me like the tower of dreams, the home of beauty and aspiration. But now I know there should and can be only one tower in every man’s life. It must be of granite beneath—it must be bedded on actualities—but it should be tipped with the fairest of ivory—crowned and beautified, I mean, with young-heartedness and happiness.”

“What made you think of that?” she asked.

“It was you who taught it to me,” was his answer.

“Anne,” he said, out of the ensuing silence.

“What is it, my own?” asked Anne.

“How long is it since you kissed me?”

“Silly!” she murmured, happily, against his supporting shoulder. Then there was silence again. And the seven daughters of Atlas, from their starry height, seemed to look down and draw nearer, and Venus, enisled in her lonely seas of space, seemed to know that two lonely mortals, on a lonely and far away world, had found and fathomed love.

THE END.

# The White Comrade

By Katherine Hale

With Painting by C. Arnold Slade

A CANADIAN SOLDIER INVALIDED TO ENGLAND SPEAKS.

AND so we left Valcartier, and stole out across the ocean—that long line of ships  
“The New Armada,” trailing slowly out across that bridge of water to the land where life and death indeed had met as one.  
And each man as he smoked and shuffled cards,  
Or drilled his squad upon the sunny deck,  
Each man was conscious through that great good time  
That into life a nobler friend had come  
To be denied or loved as each one chose.

A strong inevitable friend, so near  
That we should touch him in the passing soon:  
That young-old friend that life has long named Death.

At Salisbury we lived and moved in mud.  
Talked mud, felt mud, and slept in it knee-deep.  
England we felt not. Only lived the day,  
And fell at night to leaden dreams of home.

Then France, and sudden springtime burgeoning.

Oh, burgeoning, indeed, with ardent hopes!

I cannot tell you what that change was like:

I wish that words were colors or were notes

Then I would go past red to violet tones  
To give you back that vibrancy of air,  
That selfless, sacrificing, vital mood,  
That almost jocund feeling of rebound  
Towards the great fight for liberty and right.

That animated France those first spring days.

The year was young, and in the lovely land

New life was waking ardent, eager-eyed:  
The very air called welcome, and we left Homesickness far behind. We summoned mirth

And whistled down those roads all poplar lined.

We laughed at mud that April winds would dry,

And in that grey square Market Place at—

Where we marched past the staff and gave salute,

There was baptized a new affinity,  
Young Canada with France and England blent.

I tell you hearts beat faster, hopes rode high,

The air was lighter, keener, there was joy,  
Great joy, in our swift entrance to the fight

That closed about us fast those April hours.

I think that never in its hottest hour  
Was love so lovely or life so supreme  
As in those sudden days of leaf and bud,  
Of bird song, and that quickening of the heart

That heralds Great Adventure to the soul.  
There was the night we marched on Neuve Chapelle;

Thousands of shadows in a shadow host.  
Beyond lay German legions, and that zone

Invisible, illusive, moving on  
That men have called “The Front.”

Fancy your heart  
Moving with other shadows all that night,  
Knowing yourself not flesh at all, but one—  
One pulse-beat in the world’s great heart of flame.



Perhaps a whistling youth on days of sun,  
One among shadows on this night of  
nights,  
Moving with other shadows all night long.  
One leaving little lives far, far behind,  
One pressing on with thousands of his  
kind  
To answer that great question life has  
asked  
Each one upon his hilltop back at home.

We three marched near together through  
old France,  
Together trenched those days at Neuve  
Chapelle,  
And saw the heavens open and fires de-  
scend,  
And felt the roar of such a cannonade  
As all the world of battles had not known.  
The French lay close beside us, and near  
them  
The lithe, brown men from India—heroes  
they.  
We felt like children just discarding toys  
In face of those whose souls had long  
known war,  
Whose spirits flashed like rapiers in the  
face  
Of the Great Danger. They were men,  
indeed,  
Whom it was good to look upon and know.

And in those nights they learned of us  
to say,  
When German flares lit up the evening  
skies,  
"Behold the Northern Lights!"

St. Julien came.  
And that wild night in which old Edward  
fell.  
Those hours are hard to speak about at  
all.  
They went by like a flash in which we  
moved  
As one man altogether, and the hours  
Flared up to heaven like a burning torch.

Nigel and I, one night just after Ypres,  
Were struggling with our ancient college-  
French,  
Talking, or stumbling into talk, with one  
Called Rènè Paule, from an adjacent  
trench,  
Who had been wounded in an early fight.  
And he with eloquence and poetry  
Like all his vivid race, made haste to tell  
Of a strange rumor we had heard before;  
How in the depth of plain unvarnished  
hell,  
Quivering with anguish so he could not  
move.  
And waiting for the stretcher-bearers  
call.  
He suddenly felt healing, cool and sweet,  
As you might feel a fan on a hot day  
Swayed by an unseen hand. And softly  
then  
Closing his eyes on blessed, stealing sleep  
He felt a touch and, looking up, beheld  
The kindest, sweetest eyes in all the  
world.  
It was a Comrade in the khaki brown,  
His face was tired, but the eyes were keen  
And tender as a dewy flower at dawn.  
And Rènè, feeling once again the pain,  
Grasped the hand tight, and looked into  
the eyes

For succor, and they held him there,  
serene,  
And slowly, slowly conquered the strong  
pain.  
And Rènè saw the khaki melt away  
Until the Comrade seemed all wrapt in  
white  
As though sheer light had woven a robe  
for him,  
And his strong eyes gleamed like an azure  
flame,  
And he held Rènè through the bitter  
night,  
Until the stretcher-bearers came at dawn.  
"So the White Comrade often comes, my  
friends,"  
He said to us, and smiling, mused awhile.  
"These fields are not so difficult in death;  
Whether live or die it all seems one.  
He has come back to us because we die.  
As he did, long ago, for love of man."  
Often we talked of Edward, and he  
seemed  
To march beside us down the bright  
French roads.  
We moved into the firing line once more.  
So close the German lines, there only lay  
An orchard, in the loveliness of May,  
Between us and the armies of the Huns.

Sometimes I think that Festubert will  
hold  
Rank equal with St. Julien, for those  
Who lived through its abandonment of  
fire.  
It was the Gunners' day. We had to shell  
Those trenches that were fortresses in-  
deed,  
And pouring hell's own native thunder  
out.  
The orchard lay between us, and you see  
We simply had to take that place by  
storm.  
They tried to ditch us with their hedge  
of wire,  
We plunged and made for gaps, and all  
the while.  
They rained on us artillery fire, until  
Ear drums were stilled and nerves quite  
ceased to work.  
Machine gun, shrapnel, rifle-fire as one  
Kept up the deadly dance of death. And  
we  
Dashed at them, through that dance, till  
hand to hand  
We cleared our orchard, or they say we  
did.  
It was the Gunners' Day. I know that  
much.



—Painted by C. Arnold Slade.  
"Come Unto Me."

Some of the fun I missed, for at the height,  
Just when is lost completely every thought  
Of one's own entity, or reason why  
It is not, after all, good sport to die  
In such a whirlwind of emotion, then,  
Out of a little puff of air it came—  
The one shot meant for me.

I fell inert  
And sank into unconsciousness, till one  
Dragging me off made torture of my wound.  
They left me under some small spreading shrubs!  
Surely one needed shelter from the sun  
And hottest air that ever poured on pain.  
I longed for water, looked for human aid,  
But no one came. Only the roar of guns  
And a far distant sound that meant the play  
Of men in action, that and drilling pain  
Met in a hideous duet of war.  
I called to Nigel with my aching mind  
And knew it was in vain. Again I called  
To youth, and to some Force in other worlds  
That might put me to death or ease my pain.  
A thousand swords were running through my brain,  
The blood thumped like an engine in my head.  
If I should faint the Comrade White might come!  
Only in dreams, in dying dreams of pain  
He comes, I thought. Or else it is quite vain  
To trust such fairy tales as Rènè told.  
Oh, for a glass of water! It was noon  
And o'er the grassy plain the sleepy hum  
Of insects moving in a drowsy swoon  
Sang to me through my pain, as if they were  
A near vibration of the guns of war.

"War, war, O hot and hideous and hard,  
The ways you lead, the deaths you make one die!  
I have died fifty times this noon!" So ran  
The anguished brain within me, on and on,  
All the long way of quivering mortal woe.  
The world was gone. I swooning, felt it go.  
Was at the point of nothingness, when there,  
Moving across the grass on hands and knees.  
I saw a brown-clad figure crawling slow  
As if he were a part of the hot plain.  
And wandered if I'd last until he came.

Never that troop of angels in the air  
At Mons showed brighter wings or lovelier light  
Than the worn khaki of that Comrade dear.  
I felt him bind my wounds with tender touch,  
And at his touch the ghosts of pain escaped.  
I saw him smile above me, and I swooned  
For joy of waking up not all alone.  
I begged, "Stay with me till they come!"  
And then  
Looked up into his face for the first time  
And saw it was old Edward who had died  
At Julien. We left him lying there

White in the moonlight as we all rushed on.  
We buried him, Edward the loved and brave,  
And now I stared through pain and saw his face.  
I saw his eyes, shining and lit with love;  
The old eyes, staunch and loyal as they were  
All through our youth together, and these days  
Of the great camaraderie of war.

"Edward," I murmured, and he only smiled  
And waved across the grass right at the guns,  
Whose thunder sounded fainter in my ears  
"How did you come?" I asked him, as I held  
Tight to his hand, that big brown hand of his.  
O, it was good to die and have him back!  
For I had died. That was quite clear to me.  
He only said, "The pain will go, old chap."  
Just the same voice, with the accustomed burr  
Of his Scotch father sounding through its tones.  
And we sat silent in the burning noon.

Then in the distance two small figures moved,  
A third behind them, and I knew the boys  
Bearing the stretchers were quite close at hand,  
And Edward waved them so they came on fast.  
To have him leave me! That were a new death,  
And something told me that he could not stay.  
"I long to die, just now, before they come!"  
This I told Edward with what strength I had.  
And he laughed softly, and I held his hand,  
Looked at him long, until the blinding noon  
Came to bend down between us, and his face,  
Tender and brown and kindly, seemed enwrapped  
In a white light, mysterious and strong,  
Turning the khaki silver. And the hand  
Holding me fast was part of the great light.

I closed my eyes. And now the boys had come,  
Lifted me up, taken me quite away  
To a camp hospital where Nigel lay,  
Wounded as I was, out of all vain hope  
Of further fighting for a long half year.

The stretcher-bearers' story? It was this.  
That a strange glow had rested on the shrubs  
'Neath which I lay. Just a broad patch of light  
To show there was a human being there  
In need of human aid. And so they came.  
"You were half gone, my friend," they said to me.  
"It was a wonder that we saw you there!"

Strange that the sun so centred on that spot!"  
And Nigel, when I told him, said, "I think

You were mistaken, but I dare not say  
What is revealed to any man these days.  
You know the angels that appeared at Mons!

Many have seen bright angels on the field.

I have not seen, but then my eyes are dim.  
My vision turns back home so constantly.  
If I were dying I should think of her,  
She is my Christ, my angel and my hope.  
Before each battle I make prayers to her,  
And so the earthly love is still my goal.  
There are two Comrades Love and Loneliness,  
Perhaps Christ enters when we touch the last.

Loneliness waiteth long, until we give  
The last glad hold we have on life, and I—  
I have not given yet my hold on life."

And now in this green England that we saw

Smiling and happy in our early dreams,  
We two are marking time, looking at hills  
And these small village streets, and playing cards

And telling yarns, and idling in the sun.  
And as we limp about and wait, sing songs,

Exchange the tales of trench and hot assault

And hear again the whistling shrapnel call,

Muse in the firelight, laugh at old alarms,  
And wait impatient to be off again,  
Sometimes we two, amid the comrades here,

Sometimes we two go silent. Then look up

To see if we can find in others' eyes  
A knowledge that has grown with us from out

The fields of France. When in those awful nights

Some of us heard a rumor, saw a Form.

And so, my friends, this word I bring to you

Hot from the hell of conflict whence I come

Where life and death, binding men's spirits close,

Have sealed a certain knowledge on our souls.

Christ has come back to earth in these great days,

I, but a young Canadian, tell you this.

The story of our battles: Neuve Chapelle, St. Julien, Festubert, and all the rest.

They have been told already scores of times—

Sung, written, painted, burned in words of flame,

My words are homely as a tallow dip.  
As crude as that, but just as stoutly true.

Christ has come back to earth in these great days,

He has come back, as in the centuries past  
He suddenly appeared upon the streets

Of old Judean towns. Let churches talk  
Of miracles and mangers as they will

That helps not, hinders not, the vital truth

Continued on page 81.



# Bilingualism — A National Issue

By Professor C. B. Sissons

*EDITOR'S NOTE.*—Canadians are beginning to realize that the bilingual problem is a serious one, but it is probable that the average English-speaking Canadian has no idea how deep-seated and all-pervading is the feeling among the French-speaking part of the population on the question. Nor is the bitterness confined to the French-speaking side. Altogether the situation contains the elements that lead to bitter sectional strife and ultimately even to the disruption of a nation. A remedy must be found, and without delay; and the first step to the finding of a remedy must necessarily be the enlightenment of the public on the broader phases of the situation. In the accompanying article Professor Sissons deals with the bilingual problem from the national standpoint. He tells exactly how Canada as a whole is affected by the war of languages in the schools and he outlines the facts clearly and impartially. He presents an informative article, not a diatribe. He does not take sides. Perhaps no man in Canada is better fitted to speak on this subject than is Professor Sissons. He has gone to all parts of the Dominion and sought out the schools in the various foreign sections where the language equation enters.

SOME five years ago, Sir James Whitney was reported to have said that there were no bilingual schools in Ontario. The statement caused much editorial laughter in certain quarters, but was really easier to deride than to refute. The word "bilingual" did not appear in the statutes; and how could our makers of laws be expected to know it? In another sense, as well, the existence of bilingual schools was open to question. A bilingual school ought to be one in which two languages have a place of comparative equality, and a bilingual teacher one capable of teaching two languages with comparatively equal efficiency. Thus defined it is difficult to find bilingual schools anywhere in Canada and exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to find them within the borders of Ontario. However, the public is not to be convinced that bilingual schools are non-existent at a time when the whole country is keenly alive to the perplexing problems created by their presence.

The purpose of the present article is twofold. It aims in the first place to show that the language question is of national importance; it is not a mere squabble between the French-Canadians of the border counties of Ontario, backed by Quebec nationalists, and the educational authorities in Toronto supported in some sort by such strange yoke-fellows as the Orange order and the Irish Catholics. In the second place it ventures to contend that a solution may be found which will satisfy all but those few irreconcilables who are developed in any quarrel and who must always be disregarded in the final decision. In other words the article is in tone conciliatory rather than dogmatic and in scope national rather than provincial.

OUR great problem here at home in Canada is the welding together into a united whole of the various elements in our population. Not that we can hope soon to become a homogeneous people. That were a long and perhaps impossible task. We must anticipate the survival for generations or even centuries of various types with peculiar characteristics and

interests. But if we are to be a happy and prosperous people, if we are to have a history worthy of pioneers who gave and endured much, and worthy of the great physical resources of our country, we must sink all differences which prevent our working harmoniously together toward common ideals. At the present time language is prominent as a factor making for division. Some of our people set great store by their native speech. Others have not done so. The Highland Scotch, the Scandinavians, most of the Germans and a considerable portion of the Austrians have willingly subordinated their native speech to that of the majority. In their own homes, in their own churches and societies they may have been proud to remember the speech of their fathers, but they have thought it best that their children should be thoroughly familiar with the language of their neighbors. It was not to be expected, however, that this attitude would be universal.

Champlain and Frontenac, those makers of Canada, were of French speech. In 1750 Canada was wholly French. A century later the population was still fairly equally divided between the French and English. In the conferences resulting in Confederation much time and thought was directed to the problems arising out of the presence of the two races. The whole arrangement was admittedly a compromise and a triumph for those who believed that two peoples differing in language and characteristics could still work harmoniously together. Since then, and especially in the last two decades, the difficult problem has been complicated by the advent of a million people of various races which speak neither French nor English and think each in terms of its own nationality. Thus the Canadianizing of the immigrant for the moment diverted attention from the difficulties of maintaining the nice adjustment of the two original races, finally arranged by the Fathers of Confederation. The school boycott at Ottawa, the intervention of the Quebec legislature and the debate in the House of Commons have brought us back to our original problem with a jolt.

HOWEVER, that problem is no longer quite the same. The West has altered the balance, so to speak. The discussion must now be conducted with a knowledge of its wider bearing. Different views from various quarters must be regarded, and a wise policy in each province will be one that does not fail to take into account the general situation.

Certain types of opinion to be reckoned with may be illustrated.

In Winnipeg last January, when changes in the Manitoba school law were pending, a large meeting of Polish citizens was convened to protest against the proposed legislation. The Chairman, Mr. Francis Sedziak, President of the League of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality, rose to speak. He told the audience that they ought to demand their rights; he was convinced that the paramount reason for abolishing bilingualism and the training school for Polish teachers, besides the agitation of English jingoes and Orangemen, was the fear of economic competition on the part of the English-speaking Canadians and the desire to deprive the Polish youth of the opportunity to enter the teaching profession or any positions above digging sewers and cutting timber. Some opposition was manifested to this attitude. Mr. Louis Kon expressed the opinion that the government was closing the training school from a desire to introduce uniform training of teachers. He pointed out that every institution of learning is open to every person without distinction of nationality or religion. He declared that every right-thinking Polish man or woman ought to uphold the government in its desire to stop the meddling of the local Polish clergy in matters of training teachers. Feeling ran so high at the meeting that those who agreed with Mr. Kon were compelled to retire to another building to avoid disturbances, leaving the worshippers of Fraternity and the two other graces to pass their resolutions unanimously. They were visited by a delegation from the Ukrainian meeting which was being held at the same time and for the same purpose in the Grand Opera House. The delegates urged the Polish-Canadians to fight jointly with them to the very end against the attempt to abolish bilingual schools and the training schools for teachers. There are well over 100,000 Ruthenians in the three prairie provinces.

ONE of the smaller groups in the West who hold themselves aloof from the English language and Canadian ways, as nations within a nation, are the Mennonites. They are an industrious and honest people, German in speech — but strongly opposed to war. Principal Oliver in an illuminating pamphlet on the country school in non-English-speaking communities in Saskatchewan describes the attitude of the more conservative of the

Mennonites in refusing to send their children to public schools as merely a matter of religious principle. He quotes Bishop Wienz as saying "I believe that the Church stays better together when the people know simply one language." It should be stated that Bishop Wienz represents the views of only a portion of those Mennonites living in the West. Most of them are in the way of becoming, as those in Ontario have become, most progressive and public-spirited citizens. Indeed, a few years ago a young Mennonite secured the Rhodes Scholarship in Manitoba.

**T**URNING to the French in Ontario we see the same theory regarding the connection of language and religion. It is not always so clearly expressed as it was in the frank words of Bishop Wienz, but it is usually implied. It appears in the strong language of *Le Droit*, the Ottawa daily edited by an Oblate priest, as: "The English language is for French-Canadians approximate occasion for the mortal sin of apostasy." It appears in the deliberations of the French-Canadian Educational Association, as for example: "You cannot open the doors of 223 bilingual separate schools to an inspector who is a stranger in race and religion without considerable sacrifice in all that concerns faith and the preservation of these same schools." This, by the way, although the inspector's duties are concerned mainly with instruction in English, his colleague of the Catholic faith having oversight over other matters. It even appears in the studied argument of that able lawyer, Senator Belcourt. In a recent speech delivered in the City of Quebec he said, with reference to the rights obtained by Roman Catholics by the Act of 1863, which rights were confirmed four years later by the British North America Act: "The first part of the Act gave to Roman Catholics in right to elect trustees to conduct the Catholic separate schools, in other words, the right to fully administer the schools. Other provisions of the statute dealt with the right to determine the kind and description of the schools, in other words to have schools where both languages would be taught, as it had been prior to 1863." As a matter of fact section 26 of the Act brought the Roman Catholic separate schools completely under the control of public regulations and inspection, and not a word was said anywhere in the Act about language. Because certain religious privileges were granted by the Act, Senator Belcourt apparently thinks that language privileges were involved.

**T**HE Irish and Scotch Catholics of Eastern Ontario are unwilling to have the claims of the French language confused with those of the Church. In

fact, no stronger opponents of the contentions of their Ottawa co-religionists exist than such good Catholics as Bishop Fallon, now of London, and Father Whelan, of Ottawa. Their attitude is illustrated by the following excerpt from an editorial in the Catholic Record: "The school is the weapon by which Protestants as well as Catholics and Catholics as well as Protestants are driven out of the 'invaded' territory and effectively kept out of the 'conquered' districts. No one can convince English-speaking parents, whether Protestant or Catholic, who have had experience of such schools (call them French, bilingual or English-French or what you will) that they afford decent facilities for the education in English of their children. Hence they move out and give place to French-Canadians. . . . Those papers which profess to regard the bilingual difficulty as a separate school affair are either wilfully dishonest or woefully incompetent to inform public opinion on a question one of whose obvious consequences is the practical shifting of the boundary line between Ontario and Quebec."

**R**EFERENCE must be made to one other body of opinion, which is illustrated by the following resolution passed in 1912 by the Orange Grand Lodge of Ontario West: "Therefore we protest in the most solemn and emphatic manner against the special privileges which the French are granted by the regulations of the Educational Department in the Province of Ontario, which are being used to drive the English-speaking people out of Ontario, as they were driven out of the Eastern Townships by the same agency, and we respectfully request the Government of the Province of Ontario to enact such laws and make such amendments to the regulations of the Education Department as will make it unlawful and impossible for the French language to be used in any of the public or separate schools of the Province of Ontario." Thus summarily is dismissed the demand of the French-Canadian resident of Ontario that he should be allowed the "natural right" to have his children taught their native speech in the schools he pays for.

**I**S there a course to be followed which will satisfy sections of the population holding such widely divergent views? To what extent can recognition be given to the claims of various peoples to have schools in which their own languages may be taught, without prejudice to the interests of the state and the children themselves? These are

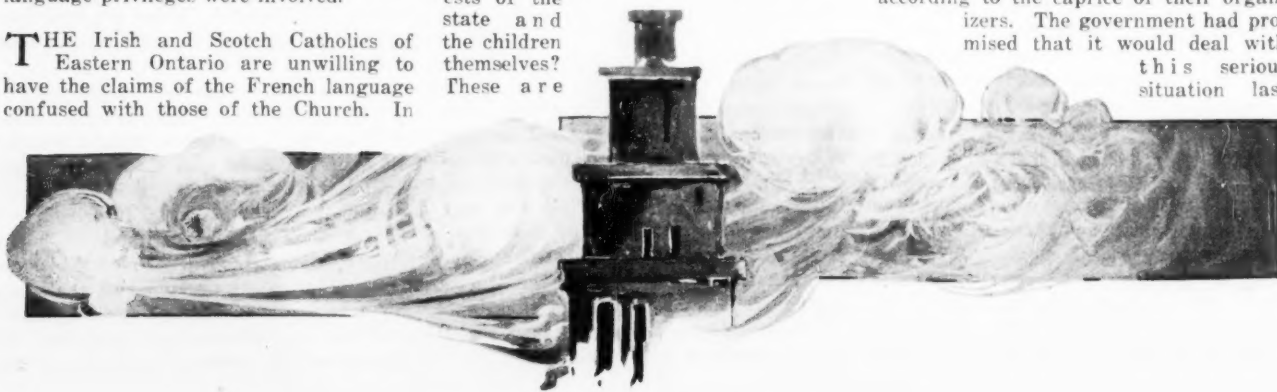
questions which should exercise the minds of all patriots.

Before attempting to answer them it would be well rapidly to survey the attitude adopted by the various provinces.

In British Columbia, English is the language of all the schools. Immigration has been largely English-speaking, but where others have come their languages have received no consideration in the primary schools. The school system is homogeneous; there are no Roman Catholic separate schools, and no demand for them has developed. Religious instruction is left for the Church and the home, and instruction in other languages than English is reserved for secondary schools.

Alberta has a few separate schools, or denominational public schools, but all primary schools use the same text-books, have the same inspectors and are conducted by teachers who have passed the same examinations. The language difficulty has not been entirely avoided. Some few years ago it is said that missionary work was begun in Alberta by St. Boniface and Ottawa. Certain it is that the French-speaking population insisted on having a French inspector appointed. Their request was granted, since a gentleman was found possessing the regular qualifications. He was at first assigned by the Department to an inspectorate containing only two French-speaking school districts. Then the Ukrainian movement assumed an aggressive attitude. Admission to the schools was sought for Ruthenian teachers who had been trained after a fashion in Manitoba. The Department, however, insisted that school boards should appoint only properly qualified teachers. This stand evidently was appreciated, and in the last provincial elections the editor of a Ruthenian paper devoted to the Ukrainian propaganda was defeated in a riding eighty-five per cent. Ruthenian by another Ruthenian who favored dominantly English training in the schools. In Alberta the great importance of administration, as distinct from law, has thus been demonstrated.

**I**N Saskatchewan the school law is similar to that in Alberta. The influx of settlers has been so great that in the past decade schools have been organized at the rate of one a day for every school day. Even so the Department has failed to keep up with its task. In some settled districts public schools have not been opened, and the residents have organized for themselves Ruthenian or German or French schools in which English is used or abused according to the caprice of their organizers. The government had promised that it would deal with this serious situation last





session, but apparently was prevented from doing so by the Bradshaw charges.

With Manitoba conditions the public has become more familiar. The language clause of the agreement of 1897, to the effect that instruction in their mother tongue should be given to any ten children speaking another language than English when such instruction was demanded by their parents, as administered brought chaos into the school system of the province. It was intended as a concession to the French, and possibly also the Germans, but Poles and Ruthenians who came flocking to the country also availed themselves of its privileges. Furthermore, French and Polish and Ruthenian training schools for teachers were sanctioned, and an inferior standard of general knowledge and knowledge of English was accepted for these bilingual teachers. The general inefficiency of the bilingual schools of Manitoba was notorious. One of the first acts of the present government was to repeal the obnoxious bilingual clause. War was also declared on the Polish and Ruthenian training schools, and they were abolished, while the French Normal school was reorganized and put on a different basis.

**T**URNING to Ontario we find considerable French-speaking and German-speaking areas. Other peoples have gravitated towards the cities, where the streets and the schools soon efface language distinctions. The German population can hardly be said to have created an educational problem. Their children have assumed the language of the majority and taken their full share of honors in the secondary schools and in the universities. The French-Canadians on the other hand have always been inclined to insist on the teaching of their own language in the schools. Thirty-five years ago they asked for and received a French inspector. Twenty-seven years ago a special English-French model school was established at Plantagenet. Recently, since 1912, the number of French inspectors has been increased to three and the number of English-French model schools to four. Special grants are made to bilingual teachers, and inducements are offered to encourage students to attend the training schools. Still the supply of teachers for the English-French schools is quite inadequate. Recently the Minister of Education admitted in the House that there were ninety such schools unable to secure qualified teachers. The shortage is explained by the temporary closing of the model schools, by the fact that French girls are inclined to eschew much book-learning and marry young, and by the organized hostility to Regulation 17, which is regarded as setting unfair limits to the study of French. Regulation 17 as published in 1912 in its original form was undoubtedly not calculated to appease the French. In its revised form, as published the following year, it is remarkable chiefly for its indefiniteness. The minister is allowed very large discretionary powers in the designating of English-French schools and the chief inspector in their conduct. The study of French throughout the whole primary school course is permitted

in schools which the Minister chooses to designate as English-French under certain conditions to be determined by the Chief Inspector, but only in schools where French was taught prior to the year 1913. The language of the Regulation admits no other interpretation as it stands by itself. If it is not regarded as replacing Regulation 12, which dates back to 1890 and which "requires instruction to be given in French or German reading, grammar and composition to such pupils as are directed by their parents or guardians to study either of those two languages" in school sections where the French and German language "prevails" then an interpretation more satisfactory to the French is possible. But the law and the regulations are not remarkable for their consistency, and it is high time for a revision of the statutes and regulations which will leave less room for lawyers to quibble and administrators to show discretion, and which will make it all so plain that the wayfaring man on the back concessions, French-speaking or English-speaking, though he be a fool may not err therein.

In Quebec for a century there have been two types of schools separate alike in language and religion. This fact was recognized by the Fathers of Confederation and the rights of each section to conduct its own schools was definitely secured by the British North America Act. Thus between British Columbia with its absolute uniformity on the one hand and Quebec with its well defined duality on the other hand stand the intermediate provinces with language problems of differing degrees of complexity.

**H**AVING surveyed the situation from Quebec Westward we are now in a better position to arrive at some general conclusions.

It has become apparent that the educational problems created by the presence of some 250,000 French-speaking people in Ontario are not different in kind from those arising from their presence and that of other non-English-speaking peoples in the West. It is not contended that the French-Canadian should always be regarded in the same light as the newcomer. The early history of Canada and the equality of French and English in the federal parliament and the federal courts would naturally suggest a position of vantage for French as compared with German or Polish or Ruthenian. Legally, however, it would appear that the French language has no rights in the schools except such as are given it from time to time by the provincial parliaments. In Ontario the courts have so decided; in Manitoba Attorney-General Hudson so argued convincingly last session; the supporters of the Lapointe resolution in the Federal House thought it best to urge their claim on moral, rather than on legal grounds. But the first school established in the Red River valley was a French school opened in 1818 by Father Provencher. In 1857 Egerton Ryerson, the father of the Ontario school system expressed the opinion that, "As the French is the recognized language of this country as well as the English, it is quite proper and lawful for the trustees to allow both languages to be

taught in their schools to children whose parents may desire them to learn both." In Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia the French language has never had a legally recognized place in the schools, and in the new and polyglot provinces, if the governments begin to grant language concessions, it is difficult to know where to stop. Certainly in Ontario, and perhaps in Manitoba, any claim made by the French-Canadians to be taught their native language in the schools should not be lightly rejected. On either of two grounds it might be refused: if it is fundamentally impossible to have efficient primary schools in which two languages are taught, or secondly, if it is known that a movement has been organized to oust English from the schools in certain sections of these provinces.

**N**O attempt has ever been made to check inter-provincial migration. The natural increase of the French people of Quebec is rapid. The Ottawa river is not hard to cross. The bishops of Quebec are also bishops of the border counties of Ontario. Certain religious orders have immense funds at their disposal to assist young people who wish to improve their position by emigration. Nothing is more natural than that settlers should move across the border to open up new country or to take the place of those moving to the great West. It is not necessary to attribute sinister motives to the Church authorities.

Here one may venture to comment on the point of view of Father Whelan as expressed in an open letter to Sir Lomer Gouin: "As long as our schools and our children are not thereby affected either directly or indirectly, the French may teach five hours a day of French in their schools for all we care. That is their business, not ours." In the present state of society none can afford to regard the education of any section of his fellow-citizens as a matter of no concern to him. Fifty years ago the view that one could was comparatively prevalent. Now it is realized that the education of each affects all, indirectly perhaps but none the less vitally. Education has become a concern of the State, indeed its chief concern.

**T**URNING finally to the other condition. Can bilingual schools ever be efficient? In Ontario English-French schools have not been a success. Four years ago Dr. Merchant summed up his arduous investigation with the words: "The English-French schools are on the whole lacking in efficiency. The tests combine to show that a large proportion of the children in the communities concerned leave school to meet the demands of life with an inadequate equipment in education." The spectacular charges made by Bishop Fallon were thus substantiated. But it is not clear that these results are inevitable. Dr. Merchant admits the comparative efficiency of certain schools inspected, rural as well as urban. In Manitoba certain quite efficient German and French bilingual schools are known to exist. It is a matter of agree-

*Continued on page 91.*

# What The Gods Send

## An Incident of Railroad Construction in the Canadian North

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Who wrote "The Years of the Wicked" and "1,000 Per Cent.—Net!"

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

### PART III.

#### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

POMEROY carefully licked back into place a piece of skin on the knuckle of his right thumb—and laughed. But there was an underlying menace in the laugh that checked the angry outburst which Macklin was on the point of launching. He stared at the secretary.

"Congratulations, Svenson! That was rather neatly turned, if I may say so. Don't you think so, Mack? To be perfectly frank, I didn't think you had it in you, Svenson. Valuable man, Mr. Macklin. If we ever do succeed in getting it through his skull that the order-board is out against him, there won't be anything short of a cyclone that'll prevent you getting out of this on the double-quick. Maybe he'll go so far as to carry you on his back! Valuable man, say I. You must admit that our yellow-haired friend here seems to be a clever sort, eh?"

"Svenson, you're a doggone ass!" exploded Macklin in contradiction.

"Oh, now, Mr. Macklin! Tut, tut!" soothed Pomeroy. "Don't be hard on him. He's only obeying orders, you know."

"Disobeying them, you mean!" Macklin's glare of resentment lost fire as he caught Pomeroy's covert wink.

"Got any money?"

Macklin hadn't much money, but he grasped at the whispered suggestion eagerly. Dusting his knees, he walked over to the sectionman with his best smile and held out his hand. He was improving, was Macklin.

"Shake, Svenson. I admire the way you turned the tables on Mr. Pomeroy and so does he. It was pretty slick, if you ask me." He laughed with appreciation. "But look here, old man, you're in bad—awfully bad. In the first place, you fellows hadn't any business locking me up. I belong to Mr. Rutland's party—surveyors, you know. In the second place, there's important business of vital interest to the Canadian Midland Railway that has simply got to be attended to at once. Mr. Pomeroy there has given me a message which I've got to deliver in a hurry to—to President Waring, you see. I've got to get right out of here on that account."

"Ay ban tol' ke'p you faller," said Svenson with sullen insistence.

"But I'm willing to pay for what I want," continued Macklin. "How much is it worth to you to let me out right away? How much?"

He suggestively jingled the coins in his pocket and half drew out a bill; sixty-five cents will jingle if you handle

the coins properly and a dollar bill may be any denomination if the light is uncertain enough!

A flash of understanding illumined the big foreigner's features. But a frown followed it.

"How much?" repeated Macklin. "A dollar? Two? Five, then? Ten? Look here, Svenson, I'll make it twenty dollars if you'll let me out and I'll promise to square you with Halldorson. Come now, that's a pretty fair offer, isn't it?"

It certainly was a sore temptation. Svenson wetted his lips and shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other; twenty dollars seemed a wonderful amount of money to be obtained so easily.

Pomeroy was watching him shrewdly.

"Don't be a fool, Svenson," he interjected. "You won't get into any trouble. I'll personally explain everything to your boss in the morning. Tell you what I'll do. Svenson—I'll just see Mr. Macklin's twenty and raise him to a hundred even and no hard feelings. That's more than you'll make in two months, Svenson."

Again the Swede wet his lips and again his boots scraped on the grit of the flooring.

"I'll go even further than that. I'll use my influence with President Waring to have you promoted to a section of your own. Yes, I'll do that, Svenson—make you foreman of your own gang!—You know, Macklin, this man's too valuable to be working under Halldorson—eh, Svenson? What do you say to the proposition now?"

Svenson grunted. He shook his head, scowling angrily.

"Ay ban tol' ke'p you faller," he persisted stubbornly. He shook his head again more vigorously and it was quite apparent that his mind was made up.

"Well, what d'you know about that!" Macklin gasped.

"Ain't it the limit? Can't you fairly hear old Diogenes scratching to get out of his grave to get a good look at him? He hath the itching palm—not! I'll bet he wouldn't even sell the sole of his boot for drachmas!"

But withal, Pomeroy was angry enough.

"Think we've had just about enough of this nonsense, Macklin," he continued quietly. "Of course we can't let this blockhead jeopardize things, you know. You've got to get down the line to-night by fair means or foul. And you've got to start within five minutes!"

"But how? Just tell me how to get out, then watch me get!"

"There's only one way, I guess, and that's at the point of a gun."

"What? You've got another one?" asked Macklin in suppressed excitement.

"If I had, you'd be a mile or two away by this time."

"If only that lobster, Halldorson, hadn't pocketed that little 22 of mine—!"

"Never mind. We'll take the one he's got away from him. I think—Macklin, I'm really afraid I'm going—to faint—again. (Watch your chance, now!) You see, I feel—a dizziness—coming—on—me—!" He sagged to one side with a groan.

"Svenson! Quick! Great Scott, he's fainted again!" cried Macklin in well-feigned alarm. He fussed frantically with the other's shirt collar and began chafing his wrists. "Here, help me lift him up, Svenson, and for the love of Mike let's have that whisky again!"

The big Swede came forward unsuspiciously reaching for the flask in his hip pocket with one hand, the revolver hanging loosely in the other.

AS he bent over in concern, Pomeroy came to life with a suddenness that took the enemy by surprise and, repeating the sectionman's own tactics, the secretary kicked the revolver spinning.

On tense muscles Macklin whirled and sprang for the door.

There was genuine anger in Svenson's lunge. His big fist caught Macklin square on the shoulder and hurled him sideways to the floor like a ninepin, almost knocking the breath out of him.

He was up instantly, however, but not before the Swede had cut off his escape. Macklin tackled like a maniac. There was no withstanding that rush. His big antagonist lost his balance and they came to the floor with Macklin on top.

He found his legs held fast. His fists were free, though, and in a fury he began raining blows at the Swede's face. He could feel the great muscles of the section hand writhing beneath him and he struggled savagely to retain the advantage which his sudden onslaught had given him.

Pomeroy started to crawl weakly along the floor to where the revolver was lying.

Svenson saw him and let out a bellow of rage.

They were fighting close to the door. Macklin thought he saw a chance for a spring that would carry him to freedom.

But it was ill-timed. The Swede's powerful right arm got away from him.

He saw it drawn back. He struggled



frantically to avoid the blow, but was pinned tight in the tangle.

"Svenson!" he panted hoarsely.

A thousand tons of needles struck him between the eyes!

# VI.

IN WHICH THE FATES PIN ON THE MEDALS.

THE first gray streaks of dawn were in the sky beyond the low-lying hills to the east when Halldorson got back. With him on the "jigger" and doing his share of the pumping came Cranston, railway detective.

They hopped off simultaneously as they rolled alongside the water-tank and there was an eagerness in the section foreman's manner which it was impossible for him to suppress.

Svenson was still on guard. He stood with his broad back against the little door and waited for his superior with a grin of welcome that was as wide as his bruised cheeks would allow.

Halldorson ran up to him, peering anxiously in the uncertain light. There followed an excited dialogue in Scandinavian, terminated only by the gruff command of the detective.

"Open up, Halldorson."

"Yau," muttered the Iclander. "Yau, Mister Cranston."

The lantern was still alight in the store-room, the air heavy with the odor of its burning. Macklin was dozing against the wall. Beside him on the floor with his muddy coat for a pillow lay Pomeroy, his face white and haggard, his eyes closed.

The gust of cool morning air and the noise of their entry awakened both prisoners. Pomeroy propped himself on his sound elbow with an oath.

"Morning, Pom," said Cranston.

"Hello, Bob," said Pomeroy, apathetically.

They looked at each other in silence for a moment.

"Dampfool, Pom."

"Don't preach, Bob."

"What did you do it for?"

"Cut all that!"

"Waring'll be here in half an hour; maybe less."

"You don't say so!" Pomeroy arched his eyebrows mockingly. "How interesting!"

"It'll be interesting enough," growled Cranston. "Where is it?"

"It? Ah, you refer to McGinty's big toe, of course!"

"You can't afford to get gay, Pomeroy," warned the detective flushing. "I want the sealed envelope you stole night before last from the President's car—and I want it quick!"

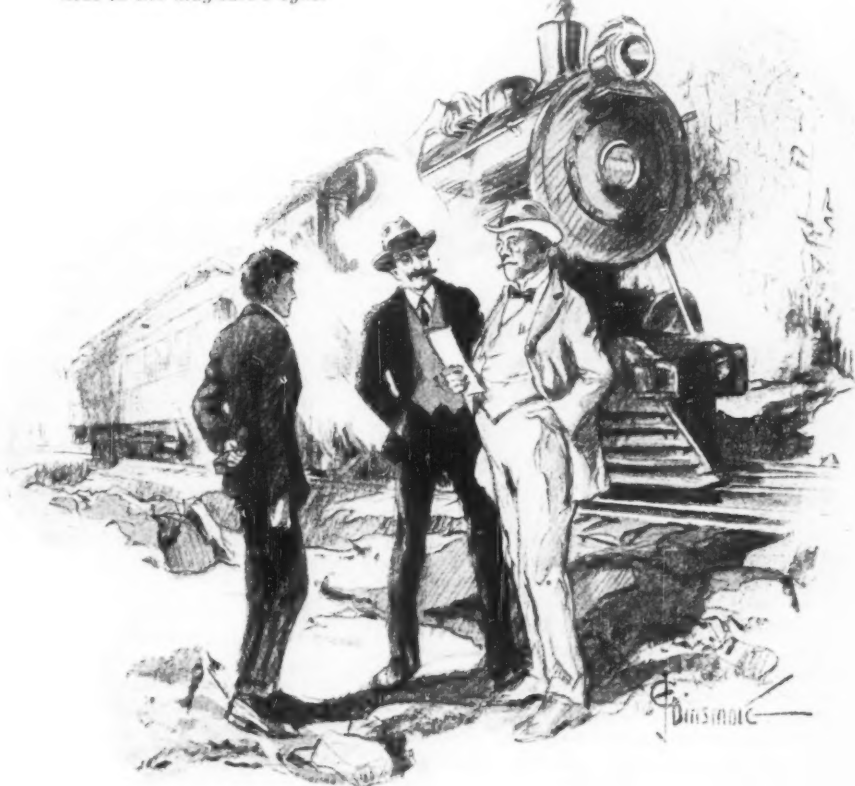
"Oh, sealed envelope. You should learn to be more explicit, Robert." He essayed a laugh, but it fell rather flat in the face of the detective's sudden anger.

"Hand it over and be quick about it!" snapped Cranston.

Pomeroy leered.

"Guess again, Cranston. Can't do it. 'Cause why? Haven't got it. You might give me credit, Bob, for a little—shall we call it foresight? The packet's already in other hands. No con. I'm telling you the truth."

"Well, young man," boomed Waring, heartily, "I thank you." Macklin was conscious of a new friendliness in the magnate's eyes.



CRANSTON grunted and bit at the corner of his moustache. It was what he had feared and he was worried. "Where is it?" he demanded.

"That's for you to find out."

Pomeroy waited till nobody was looking, then shot a meaning glance at Macklin who had been standing in the background, listening to the dialogue with bated breath.

There was a second auditor who seemed to be very much interested, and that was Halldorson. He stared from Pomeroy to Macklin and back again with a puzzled expression, finally slipping outside and renewing the Scandinavian confab with Svenson. Presently he stuck his head inside the door and beckoned mysteriously to Macklin.

Whereat the Fates swept down out of a clear sky and took complete charge of Macklin's affairs. For without a word Halldorson pulled at his coatsleeve till they reached the shanty where he lived, dived quickly inside, came out again almost immediately and after a hurried glance around to see if they were observed, pressed something soft into Macklin's hand. The quickly growing daylight was not needed to identify it as a small roll of bills!

Just so. For had not the President of the Canadian Midland Railway, the President himself, wired Halldorson to be on the lookout for a man so-high, so-broad? Had not Halldorson made a grave mis-

take and captured the wrong man? Had not the right man been found by the wrong man in the tank store-room? Would not the reward be paid just the same? And was not Halldorson going to claim it?

YOU bet he was! But he would share it; yes. One hundred dollars; yes. He would tell Mr. Cranston and the President that Mr. Macklin had helped them to catch the fellow; yes. And nobody would know any different because it was nobody's business; no.

"It is sufficeent? Yau? Wery sorry ve mak' mistak' and wery glad ve catch the right vun—". Queek? Put the money wery queek in the pocket!" broke off Halldorson in alarm.

The staring Macklin obeyed mechanically and turned slowly to follow the direction of the Iclander's gaze.

Came Cranston from the water-tank, met half way by the running section-foreman. They advanced slowly, Halldorson talking volubly.

"Alright, alright, we've got him and that's the main thing. Nothing to get excited about. Chase yourself, now, Halldorson. I want to talk to this young gentleman in private." The detective dismissed the Iclander with a touch of impatience and turned to Macklin with extended hand.

"Merely to congratulate you, Macklin,"

Continued on page 93.

# The Bluewater Prodigal

By A. C. Allenson

Author of "In the House of Rimmon," "Small Profits,"  
"Quick Returns," etc.

With Illustration



**I**T all happened so suddenly and astonishingly. Christine Mayhew had called at the railway station to enquire about trains. It was the twenty-second of December, and she was going to Bluewater the next day to spend Christmas with the Herricks, hence her interest in travelling arrangements. Having received most courteous attention from an affable clerk, for she was very charming, she paused at the news stall to obtain the latest war tidings, then lingered a moment to scan the papers' headlines. The day was grey and chilly, the station grimy and cheerless, but Christine so obviously redeemed the wretchedness of both that a really efficient general manager would have engaged her on the spot for purposes of adornment.

She had been for a long walk, and, in grey walking skirt, crimson-bordered sweater, and crimson Tam o' Shanter, was altogether delightful. So the brown-faced man thought who alighted from the train. Hypercritical people, feminine invariably, said sometimes that, strictly speaking, Christine was not exactly pretty. There was her nose, for instance, it might be—and so forth; and her mouth, well, it was a trifle large, and some—having dark dull hair themselves—thought the reddish tint of her's and the way she arranged it, just the least, teeny bit, for so nice a girl, you know, well—loud. The brown-faced man would have denied these assertions jointly and severally, *seriatim* and *en bloc*, and cheerfully maintained his denial *vi et armis* or any other old way.

Busy with her paper Christine did not see the admiring young man. He was tall, well built, and had an air of fine fitness that made him additionally personable. The hat, tilted the least bit on one side, gave a debonair touch of cavalier gaiety to the decidedly attractive figure. Christine, in the war zone, was oblivious of all this, until she looked up, startled a little by the deep but not disagreeable voice.

"I don't think I can be mistaken," it said at her shoulder. "It must be Christine."

She was a self-possessed little lady, but for an instant surprise took her aback. Then she folded her paper and smiled, very adorably, he thought. He decided on the spot that grey eyes, with just that degree of sparkle in them, were the most absolutely satisfactory eyes imaginable. The smile, he felt, would have amply rewarded the victor of a hard campaign; and he was a mere returning prodigal.

"Dick Herrick!" she exclaimed, giving him her hand. As Dick clasped it, he knew that the fatted calf's slaughter on the classic occasion had been a grossly material business. When last he had seen Christine, eight years before, she had been a girl of fourteen in short skirts and long pigtails.

"**I** WAS sure the minute I saw you," he declared joyously. "Going to Bluewater, of course, for Christmas? Jolly old Christmas! Santa Claus, plum pudding, mistletoe, and things!" He was really enthusiastic.

"Yes, are you?" she enquired with a touch of severity.

"Rather. And if I hadn't been I would be," he replied decidedly.

"Do they expect you?" she pursued, with almost sisterly persistence.

"Expect me?" he repeated. "I scarcely think so. I am going to surprise them, so that Dad won't be able to skip out."

"Dick, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," she reproached him.

"Well, if you say I ought, then I am, thoroughly so," he answered accommodatively. "I say, Christine, how you've grown."

"Quite remarkable is it not?" she said. "I mean it seems queer to find you a real, grown-up woman, you know," he explained.

"It would have been much queerer had I remained eight years at fourteen," she replied evenly. "Whatever one may do later—under stress of necessity—it is not usual on the flapper side of twenty-two."

"I suppose not," he agreed. "And yet you have not changed a great deal. Your eyes happily are about the same, and grey eyes are very wonderful. And I have never seen just that subtly pretty shade of hair, a kind of filmy spun sunlight."

"You are much more polite than you used to be. You used to call it either 'ginger' or 'carrots,'" she said.

"It never could have been possible," he declared incredulously. "There are words and deeds in a misspent past that unhappily abide, permanent, stinging sorrow, but—" he smiled and shook his head sadly.

"It was not only possible but actual," she insisted.

"Even in the callowest, most insensate stage of brutish boyhood, I cannot imagine myself so utterly crass an idiot," he declared.

"I can, with the least imagination," she assured him. "But suppose we cease discussing my personal appearance and your mental defects? I must hurry home to lunch. A long walk, and the arduous duties of this reception committee business have been exhausting."

"Why, of course, what a brute I am to forget it. It is simply the unbelievable luck of meeting you, Christine," he said enthusiastically. "We can talk in a taxi and over a restaurant table much more pleasantly than even here."

"I said 'home,'" she corrected him. "I stay, when in town, with a former governess of mine."

"Of course, quite proper," he commended. "But really, Christine, I wouldn't dream of intruding upon the dear old thing. Besides, the hour of the prodigal's return is not quite the proper occasion for taking the emergency can of soup from the larder shelf. We will leave it there," he declared magnanimously. "You can't leave a prodigal, even on the home stretch, to the perils of a great city. He might lapse, you know, and leave you singing other melodious enquiries about where the wandering boy might be, at a guess, to-night. Really I am hungry enough to demolish the fatted calf, horns, hoof, hide, and all."

**T**HERE was cogeny in his reasoning, and appeal to her kindly instincts. So a few minutes later they were seated at a cosy table in a discreet corner of the restaurant.

"And when do you go home, Dick?" she asked.

"When do you go?" he countered.

"To-morrow, the twenty-third," she said.

"And by a delightful coincidence I go on the twenty-third," he announced. "We can dine together to-night, take in a theatre, and to-morrow hie to the parental home. As you are, or were, father's ward, the term fits both of us in a way."

"I don't want you to go to-morrow," she said firmly.

"I fear I really must," he insisted gently.

"You must not." Her voice was mandatory.

"But, my dearest Christine!" he protested.

"The unnecessary superlative, and the other Christines apart"—she had a de-



lightly firm chin, and the fullest, finest little firm lips, he reflected—"I do not want you to go. Have you no sense of the dramatic values of a situation like this?"

"You mean our meeting like this? I decidedly have. Not merely dramatic, because there's lots of piffing dramatic stuff, but romantic in the finest, tenderest sense," he answered.

"I mean nothing of the kind," she said, stiffly. "I mean the situation provided by the nearness of Christmas and your returning from the far country."

"I am afraid not—if the sense of it bars me from going with you," he shook his head gravely. "And if I had it would be a sense of indignation because of its interference."

"Yet here is a prodigal, a wandering boy, a lost black sheep," she began.

"Baa! Baa!" he murmured. "Don't mind my feelings. Rub it in. When it hurts I'll try to remember it's all for my good. Go on, Christine, please. 'Sheep—Black Sheep' was where you left off."

"And the day after to-morrow is Christmas Eve, when ghosts walk and right-minded prodigals turn homeward," she went on. "It will snow heavily, pitilessly. There will be a fat turkey on the paternal board. The agonized relatives will be eating it with appetite even sorrow cannot destroy. The lights will be ablaze, the blinds up, just to let the hungry outsiders know what they are missing. It would be better if the prodigal had a wife with baby in arms and two more clutching her dress, and all of them knee deep in snow. BR-r-r. I suppose there isn't a Mrs. Prodigal, and Masters and Misses Prodigal?"

"Merciful Moses! No!" grunted Dick.

"A drawback, but not absolutely vital," she commented. "Just as papa plunges the knife into the turkey the prodigal appears at the window, collarless, unshaven, hands elbows deep in pockets, red nose, indicative of fatal weakness, pressed against the window pane."

"Not on a zero night, surely, Christine?" he remonstrated. "That's the worst of realists, they don't know just where to stop."

"Well, that's a detail," she conceded. "The main point is, this situation cannot be wasted."

"Writing for the movies, like the rest of the inky millions?" he enquired. "I suppose there will be the family bulldog and the cinematograph machine simultaneously grinding me up."

"And now all that is fixed," she said with a relieved sigh, "we can talk about where you have been and what you have been doing all this time. It was a great surprise when I came back from school two years ago to find you had vanished from home a month or two before. Really, Dick, I can hardly believe it is eight years ago."

"No, it doesn't seem that time since we were torn apart, youthful but ardent sweethearts, that you might go across the ocean in pursuit of a quite unnecessary education," he mused. "You remember, Christine, how we read of Scotch sweethearts breaking a sixpence at parting. The best we could raise was a nickel and

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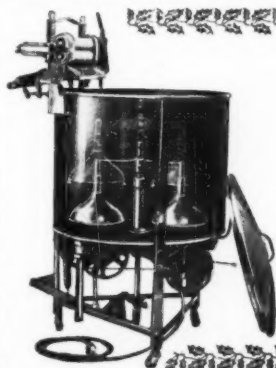
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my knife wouldn't cut it, so we changed it into pennies, taking two apiece, and spending the balance on peanuts? Happy, happy days!"

"Which I ate—the peanuts I mean, not the happy days—like a little pig, while you were sentimental. Really, Dick, it was the funniest thing I ever saw, you being sentimental. I've howled with delight at the recollection of it a hundred times." She laughed.

"Oh! I don't know." And he smiled across into her eyes. "This I do know, though, I've lived on the memory of that kiss through many a tough time." The crimson fled over her laughing face, and her eyes fell for an instant.

"But, tell me, Dick, about the prodigal," she switched off.

"There's not a great deal to tell," he replied. "He was the same as most of the prodigals. Knocked round at all kinds of jobs. The open road, the broad highway kind of thing, you know. A bit of sport, hunting and shooting when things were good, spells of hard work, mining, real work in a real hole with real pick and shovel. In short, you may say that mine has been a chequered career, which means a career without much of the cheque in it."

"Now, remember, not one minute before eight o'clock on Christmas Eve," she admonished him when he put her into the taxi.

"It shall be as my lady commands," he responded. "And at what hour may I call for you this evening?"

"Well, since you are going to be good and do what I ask, you may call at 6.30." He noted the address carefully, and she drove away, leaving him in a state of high satisfaction with a most excellent world. There were points, other than dramatic, about being a prodigal.

## II.

**I**T was the twenty-third of December.

Lovers of old-fashioned Christmas seemed likely to have their heart's desire, for snow beat heavily on the windows, and a howling gale raged about the hills. The dining room at Lakeview was a snug place on such a night. People who like the lighter, more artistic appointments of modern times might have criticized its heavy, mid-Victorian solidity. Dark panelled wainscot, ponderously framed oil paintings, vast mahogany table, heavy substantial furnishings. But this night the most fastidious must have been impressed by the glow and comfort of the room. A great, open fireplace, upon which logs hissed and crackled, gave the final touch of cheery homeliness. The room, as indeed the whole house, expressed the personality of Robert Herrick—solid, affluent, comfortable.

He was a self-made man, and proud of it in a modest way. There were traditions, dating not far back, of his prowess with axe and pick before Bluewater came upon the mining map, and he could still jump into a pit and show a lethargic gang how to tackle a job requiring muscle and nerve. He had been one of the pioneers of mining in the Bluewater country, and had grown rich rapidly. Men said he had



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been lucky — they were those who had been blind to opportunity, and had lacked his vision and courage. He now sat at the head of the table, ruddy, strong, clean-shaven face, crisp, short, greying hair, a big man in every respect, with a temper, report had it, as short and crisp as his hair. Those who knew him best said he was as warm of heart as of temper.

Opposite sat his wife, a slight, pretty woman, quiet, conciliatory, with the just reputation of being able to twist him round her little finger. On his right was Miss Ann Elton, his sister-in-law, an elderly, brusque woman, who, possessed of ample means, travelled much, but generally managed to be at Bluewater for the Christmas holidays. She was reputed to be the only person of whom Mr. Herrick was afraid; and, if that was not quite a true indication of their relations, she was one who would as soon contradict him as not, and consequently he regarded her with very real respect and affection. Facing Miss Elton sat Christine Mayhew who had arrived at noon. She was a daughter of Mr. Herrick's late partner, and had been the hale old gentleman's ward until she came of age.

THE dinner, now approaching its termination, had been a quieter function than usual. Mr. Herrick was decidedly not in holiday mood, and had taken but little part in the conversation. He had, moreover, sniffed rather aggressively at the evergreen decorations the ladies had arranged in the afternoon, complaining that the smell of them gave him a headache, and that they were messy things, dropping leaves and needles all over the place. He had sighed heavily when his wife ran over the list of guests for Christmas Eve.

The Herricks had their great party on that evening, reserving the next day for exclusively family celebrations. Mr. Herrick was a hospitable man, without a shred of newly rich snobbery in his robust composition, but this year he did not anticipate the gathering of the clans with any delight.

He complained that his relatives from the outlying country were not what they used to be. They seemed, since he got into his new house, to fancy they had to be starched before they came nowadays. The men would herd together as if invited to a funeral, and the women would sit about in corners, and whisper as if the corpse was in the middle of the room. It used to be different in the old times, but thank goodness, it would soon be over for another year.

He did not say all this at dinner, but it was in his thought, and wet-blanketed his manner. When addressed directly he would look up absently, and answer briefly. Mrs. Herrick always humored his crankily contemplative mood, knowing it was a temporary ripple on a sea of great good-nature. She had a large gift of sympathetic silence. Christine was undisguisedly cheerful. She never minded Uncle Bob's moods (for thus she named her ex-guardian), and to-night understood his depression. Miss Elton, however, became impatient with irrelevant replies to her observations on large world

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topics in which she was vastly interested. At last, when, in response to some remark of hers about Henry Ford's peace programme, he passed her the mustard, it was more than her kind of flesh, blood, and mind could stand. Bob needed stirring up. He was getting out of sorts, liverish probably. That was the way with these burly athletic men when they gave up physical exercise and were boxed up in offices. He needed a tonic scrap.

"You're grumpy, Bob!" she charged down on him.

"Huh! I beg your pardon, Ann." He snorted as a warhorse is popularly supposed to do at prospect of battle.

"I said you are grumpy!" she repeated with distinctness. "What's the matter—business cutting up badly? You'd better tell me if that is so, for I have quite a number of prospective extravagances in mind." She had a considerable interest in the mines, having invested her small fortune in Herrick's enterprise in the day of small things, to her vast profit. She knew the firm's year ended in mid-December. Perhaps, despite contrary rumors, the year had been discouraging.

"Business!" The word had aroused him. Her suggestion seemed almost a reflection on his managerial abilities. "You are just twenty-five thousand dollars richer than you were this day twelvemonth, Ann. Christine is the same amount ahead, and we are in no danger of the poorhouse." He nodded to his wife.

"Then what on earth are you kicking about?" demanded Miss Ann. She was an arden apostle of woman's wants as well as her rights, and did not see the sense of leaving useful hyperbolic expressions to the feeble sex.

"But isn't that splendid? Twenty-five thousand," interposed Christine, a little indignant at Miss Ann's seeming indifference to the result.

"Of course it is," agreed Ann. "Only an idiot would impugn your business genius, Bob." And Miss Elton, viewing her brother-in-law from the business angle, meant all she said. A man who could conjure with her poor little two thousand dollars, and bring an income of twenty-five thousand out of it was a big, fine, generous wizard, whom she had no thought of disparaging. "What I mean is that with all this success to buck you up, why the deuce should you be grouchy?"

"I am ashamed of my town!" exploded Mr. Herrick all at once. "I am ashamed of all this prosperity. Gad! I wish I were fifteen years younger. Here we are, rolling in money, making it hand over fist out of the war, and this Christmas there is not a single Bluewater boy over yonder in the trenches with the rest of Canada's lads. I've seen this place grow from a gap in the woods to a town with several thousands in it, and there's not one of our men wearing fighting khaki and doing his bit to-day."

"What is the matter with them, milk or water in their veins?" asked Miss Ann aghast. She was a Bluewater woman, but had been out of touch with its life for many years.

"Too proud to fight, I guess, like a lot



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## A Business Man's Christmas

By RICHARD DAWSON.

IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY. It just needed thirty minutes before the time arrived that Mrs. Brent had set for the Brent Family to sit down to their Christmas dinner.

The young children had just finished one of the happiest days of their lives. Olive, Mrs. Brent's eldest daughter, and Helen Lennox, who was Olive's greatest friend, had just seen the last of the young children to bed, and the two girls were now in Olive's room putting the finishing touches on their already perfect toilet, when Mrs. Brent entered, much disturbed that her husband had not returned from town.

"I can't imagine what is keeping him, Olive, that he could not be with his family this one day in the year; I never saw anything like your father's devotion to his business. Of course I know he is just building that new factory, but what other man would go to work on Christmas Day, even if he was putting up ten factories? Even if he does come in right away, he will hardly have time to dress for dinner."

Just at that moment Rod Brent's voice was heard from downstairs, "Here is the Governor, Mother, just coming in the door." Mrs. Brent, now relieved, called back to Rod to tell him to hurry and dress so he would not be late, while she went to his dressing-room to see that everything was in readiness for him.

John Brent was now nearly dressed when his wife again entered the room. "John, whatever has kept you so late? Surely there is no business going on today that would keep a man away from his family all day, on a day like this?"

"Yes I know, Mary. One would think I might be with you this day, but I have had so much trouble down at the new factory; nothing seems to be going right. I don't know whether everybody has as much trouble with their power plant as I have, but if they do, I feel sorry for them. It seems that nothing fits. We buy a steam pump from one company to be connected to a feed water heater that we purchase from another concern, and they do not fit together. Each manufacturer says the other is to blame, then each tell me they supplied exactly what I ordered, and then it is up to me to adjust and modify them until they fit. The header on the boiler does not suit the engine. Everything one can think of seems to go wrong till they drive me nearly mad. If I am not there to attend to these matters things just remain at a standstill and the men sit around doing nothing, drawing the company's pay."

"Well, never mind, John; hurry up and get yourself ready for dinner, as Grace and William Morgan, and a lot of others are coming, and will be here any moment now, and I don't want to be late."

Mrs. Brent's dinner was always good, and the family and their guests had done ample justice to it, the ladies had retired to the drawing room, leaving the men to talk together over their cigars and coffee.

"I hear, John, from your superinten-

dent," William Morgan began, "that you have been having a lot of trouble down at your new factory, with your power plant. He tells me that none of the steam appliances you purchased suit one another, that the pipe connections are all different sizes, and so forth, and that you have had all kinds of trouble fitting them up. I suppose you purchased your equipment from a lot of different manufacturers, and no one is responsible when they are found not to fit. Well, I realized that difficulty some years ago, and with those two last factories I built I bought all the equipment I could from a Montreal concern called "Darling Brothers, Limited," who supply almost everything that is needed for a power plant, and everything went together just like clock work. We had no trouble at all, and besides any little that does occur you can put it right up to them, they can't shift the responsibility on to some one else. If a trap does not work, they can't say it is on account of the separator that was supplied by some other concern. As I used their separators, pumps, heaters, and everything else, I got everything in shape with the least amount of trouble to myself. Besides they make better steam appliances than anyone in Canada. Even if they do cost you a little more money at the time, you will spend more money in the long run fixing things up as you have had to do. My motto is, to pick out a good manufacturer of steam appliances, and give them the contract for everything you require that can be supplied by them, then you have only one concern responsible and can get some satisfaction."

"Well, I expect you are right, William. We all have to learn by experience, and if I was building another factory I would take your advice, even if I had to pay Darling double the amount of money for his goods. It would be money in pocket in the end, with the trouble I have had with this factory. Here, I have been all Christmas Day at the factory just straightening out such difficulty, instead of being with my family. Now that I have learned my lesson, all credit to you, William, let us cut out this business talk and go and join our families in the drawing room."

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and many others.

In fact, the best number yet.

Continued from page 45.

of these hyphenates who are wearing tracks across the border, ever since they found we have got what they want in a mineral way," he answered bitterly. "They come here, eat at our table, fill their pockets, and sneer at Canada and the Empire bond, and tell the boys they are fools to fight and risk their lives, when they can make a war fortune here in a year or two." And he rapped the table sharply with his knuckles.

"And we sent a regiment from this county, when it had only a few farmers to settle it, in the Fenian Raid and Western trouble times," said Miss Ann.

WHERE are some places to which the war has brought privation and sorrow, but here it has been the reverse," Mr. Herrick continued: "Minerals that used to supply the States market no longer come from Southern Europe and Asia Minor. Formerly they were shipped across so cheaply that we could not mine them here profitably, but as soon as war broke out, ours became the only supply available for American markets. There's scarcely a yard of the hills but has been, and is being, ransacked. Old dumps that have lain worthless for years have been sold for tens of thousands, just shovelled as they were into the cars, no expense or cost of any kind. In other places men are enlisting, fighting, dying, and women are sorrowing and suffering to keep the world clean and straight, but here men are cramming their pockets, with eyes and ears for nothing else. And I guess," he went on slowly, "some of the stuff that has helped to buy motor cars here, and fatten lean pockets, went to the same destination as the Canadian nickel. Think of it! Mineral taken from these Canadian hills to help the Hun at Essen to hold down Belgium and kill our boys! Every hyphenate who comes across the border is, behind the smile, an underhand preacher against patriotism, with the popular text, 'Don't be fool enough to fight. Fill your pockets while you have the chance.'"

"Where's the public spirit of the town?" asked Miss Ann. "I remember the time when the place would have been too hot to hold them."

"Public spirit!" he repeated scornfully. "Dollars are killing it in this camp. There's Garston, the next mining town. It hasn't the stuff the hyphenates want, and there are two hundred of their men on the fighting line. In Bluewater you can hear big likely young fellows talk about what Canada's boys are doing, but when it comes to the personal matter they do their fighting by proxy, at moving picture shows, loafing over soda counters, drinking tea at parties. Sometimes they put on bluff khaki, shoulder a gun and start out to shoot rabbits and partridges—anything guaranteed not to fight back."

"We don't mine any of the stuff that goes to Germany, or will be likely to go?" asked Miss Ann.

"Thank God, no, we mine for the British navy," answered her brother-in-law proudly. "If there was any risk of a German grabbing a pound I'd shut the pits to-morrow. If we won't or can't fight, the least we can do is to see that the



boys who can, shall have every kind of backing we can give them."

"I suppose our big profit this year is war money?" asked Christine.

"Yes, my dear, and we are going to have a bit of talk about that later," replied Mr. Herrick. "But when all is said and done we have to put the fighting man into the field. Money will do a lot, but it only helps, it is the men we have to get. Riches are worse than nothing when you haven't the men who'll fight to the finish when the pinch comes. And Canada is sending them—and all the rest of the Empire—its brainiest, its noblest, its richest. But there isn't a Bluewater man there, that's what chokes me. I wish——" he did not finish the sentence, but kicked back his chair and went out of the room.

"He feels it dreadfully, Ann," said Mrs. Herrick, when the door of the den slammed. "Do you know he went off himself, and he's past 60, and tried to get into one of the regiments. He told the most awful lies about his age, too, but it was no use."

"Good old Bob!" said Ann, her eye glistening.

"And you know it makes him fret all the more about Dick," Mrs. Herrick continued, her lip trembling. "He fancies if Dick had been here, there would have been a Bluewater boy fighting. I don't know sometimes whether I am glad or sorry he went away to the States. It is easy to talk about mothers tying boys to their apron strings but, it must be terrible to let them go. The mothers and wives are braver even, I think, than the sons and husbands."

"Where is Dick?" asked Miss Ann.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Herrick. "Now and again a letter comes through the New York office of the firm he went north for, but it is always indefinite. Practically all we know is that he is well. But, oh! I wish he were back, even for a day or two. Robert and he are much alike, proud, independent, more than generous, but quick and impulsive. Robert never seemed to realize that Dick at twenty-two, made much of at College and among other men, was no longer a boy. Dick did not mind staying at the foot of the ladder till he learned about things, but his father seemed to think he ought to remain there till he became grey-headed. Robert knows now that he made a terrible mistake; but there it is. Dick made no fuss but just went away, and his father said some hard things about coming back, that he did not mean. But that hurt Dick, I know."

Christine rose, she felt that if she stayed her secret would escape.

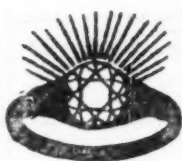
"We promised to help with the Church decorations," she said.

"Yes, I'll be ready in five minutes," answered Mrs. Herrick rising, with a sigh. Miss Elton did not accompany them, but when they had gone, she made her way to the den where her brother-in-law sat brooding over his pipe.

"Hello, Ann, come in," he welcomed her.

For some time they talked business. She was shrewd and practical, and he paid her the compliment of explaining mine matters in detail.

"A great year, Bob!" she said. "Dear



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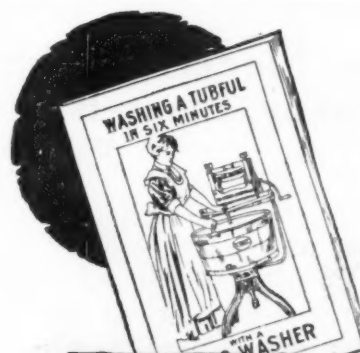
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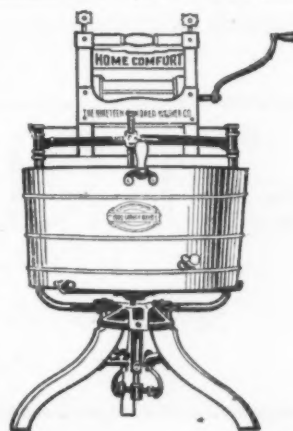
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"1900 ELECTRIC" WASHER AND WRINGER  
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Are you making up your list of gifts for Christmas? Many of your friends have electricity in their homes. Why not give them some useful electrical appliance? Nothing will please them more, nothing will give you greater satisfaction than the giving of a Canadian Beauty iron, stove, toaster or radiator, etc.

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One or more of these appliances will work wonders in the home. It will make work lighter, cleaner, more pleasant in every way. Canadian Beauty Appliances couldn't be excelled for quality, for only the best materials and finest workmanship are employed in their manufacture. They will give years of service. They will be indispensable in your home. We illustrate just four of them here. One, a TOASTER-STOVE-GRILL, an article which will boil, fry, broil and toast. This is very useful for getting a lunch or an ordinary meal ready. The UPRIGHT TOASTER will toast two large slices of bread very quickly. A coffee pot can be placed on the top and the coffee will be kept almost at the boiling point. Our ELECTRIC IRON, which we show here, will give years of service. It is evenly heated so that the greatest efficiency is obtained with the least current consumption. No household should be without the CURLING TONG HEATER. This handy article becomes ready for use a minute or two after the electricity is applied. You should have one or more of these Canadian Beauty appliances in your home.

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Your dealer will be glad to show you the Canadian Beauty line. See him as soon as possible. Ask him for our catalog. If he has not got one we will send one to you on request. This catalog will help you to select your Christmas gifts.

## Renfrew Electric Mfg. Company, Limited

RENFREW - CANADA



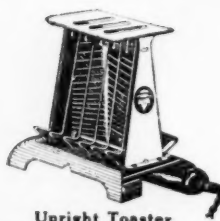
Toaster-Grill



Curling Tong Heater



Iron



Upright Toaster

me! how the years do fly. It seems only the other day last Christmas was here."

"Yes, they go swiftly," he replied. "I'll be glad though, when we get into the New Year, and all this holiday fuss is over. It used to be different when Dick was a little chap. There was fun in it, buying presents, hiding them, and the discovery on Christmas morning. We hadn't much money then, and once or twice, at the big pinches it meant hard figuring, but we always managed."

HE was still talking, for she was a discreet woman, when the other ladies returned. The talk had done him good. Miss Ann had listened, now and again guiding the conversation with a skilful touch. It all came back to the shortcomings of Bluewater in the matter of patriotism, and behind that the absence of Dick. Miss Ann resolved that she would turn the world upside down, if necessary, in her effort to bring back the old gladness to the fine-natured old man.

Christine, noting the change in Mr. Herrick, began to unfold her plans. Mrs. Herrick had entrusted her with the entertainment arrangements, and she had resolved that the reproach of dullness should not be justly laid against her Christmas Eve recreations. She had engaged fiddlers, Bluewater's only orchestral possession, the doors between the big library and drawing rooms had been opened, furniture and rugs removed, and a capital dancing floor provided. A huge Christmas tree had been set up, and was to be loaded with presents for guests and household. Rooms for cards and the more frivolous amusements for young folks were set apart. If Christine's plans did not crumble in some amazing way, Lakeview would have an epochal Christmas Eve.

### III.

UNDER the magic spell of her influence Mr. Herrick abandoned the office at noon, and became an obedient assistant. By four o'clock everything was in order. Mrs. Herrick and her sister had completed the vast kitchen campaign with the aid of a band of extra servants. Great tables were laid in the extended dining room for nearly a hundred guests. The countryside was coming. Uncles and aunts, sisters and brothers, nephews and nieces, and cousins of every degree; the social lights of the vicinity, mine men, bosses, clerks, and foremen, with the lawyer and parson to round them off. Not a very aristocratic gathering maybe, but a solid one, representing the best kind of backbone a country can have. Farmers with carefully brushed, not very modern black broadcloth, garments, and wonderful ties, women in jealously hoarded silks, not of yesterday's loom, fresh colored pretty girls in the fashions of the day, great strapping lads. Just a sociable gathering of prosperous, independent, self-respecting people. Mr. Herrick rose to the pinch as he always did, slapped the men on the shoulder, saluted the elder ladies cordially by Christian name, joked about mistletoe perils with laughing girls. As supper time drew near, everything

Continued on page 53.

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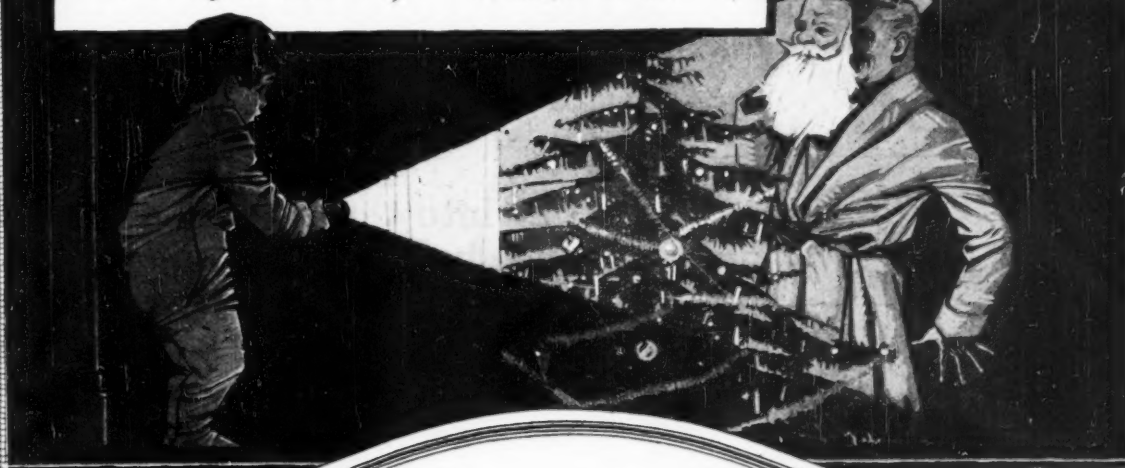
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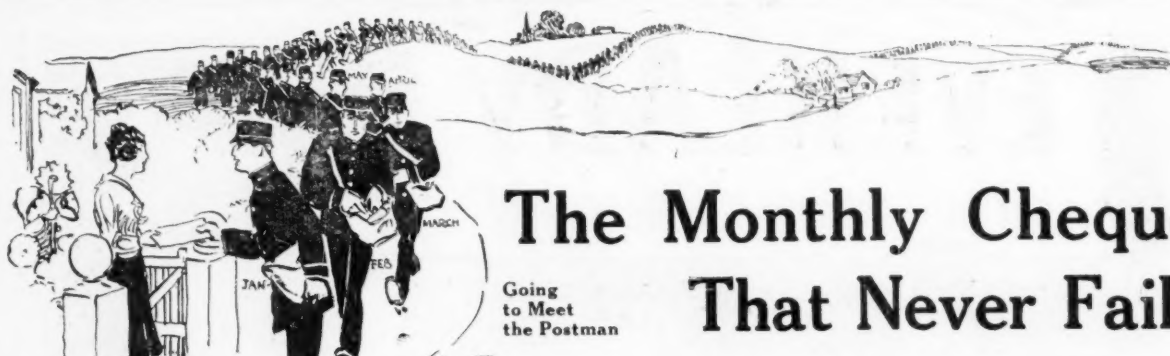
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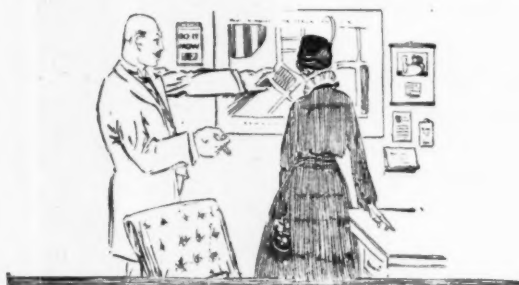
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Ninety per cent. of money paid beneficiaries is lost or spent within seven years.

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No. 4—Her husband's most intimate friend warns her against making a bad investment, but will not take the responsibility of advising her what to do.

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"WHAT WILL SHE DO?" See Next Page



Assuming enough left in cash to pay the immediate obligations of an estate, even a \$25.00 monthly income will pay the rent if necessary, leaving a woman's mind free on that score, at least. (The Canada Life bases its rates on even a \$10.00 monthly income, and welcomes applications for that amount.)



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No. 6—Her uncle has worked out a plan for taking her into partnership in his business.



No. 7—An "old friend of her husband" offers an investment in oil shares paying 20% dividend.



No. 8—Not being familiar with the road before her, she longs for the advice of her husband.

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Out of sixteen legatees under the will of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, only four—men of experience and ability—received outright legacies. The other twelve, women and men of less experience, received "incomes."

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Do not wait. You can use these cars in the dead of winter with just as much pleasure and comfort as you can on the warmest days.

See the Overland dealer now and arrange for one of these moderately priced luxurious cars.

**Willys-Overland, Limited**  
 Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Canada



## The Bluewater Prodigal

Continued from page 48.

was down to a fine, smooth, running basis. The great gong had sounded and the guests were making their way into the dining room, when an unexpected guest turned up—none other than Major Painswick, of Garston, a mining friend of Mr. Herrick, who had been in Flanders until recently and had just arrived home. There was a merry glint in his eye as he greeted Christine, and a whisper that told her he was in the secret and could be trusted. He must have come up on the same train as Dick.

At last all were seated, waiters scurrying hither and thither, knives and forks clattering merrily, conversation brisk, loud and cheerful, when there came a loud peal at the front door bell. Who was late? Not a guest was unaccounted for. Mr. Herrick dropped knife and fork to listen. His wife looked white and shaky. Christine seemed strangely nervous and excited. A wide smile adorned the features of the Major, and he winked unobtrusively at the little figure in white across the table. Magically the noises in the room were stilled. Who could it be?

Mrs. Herrick caught the sound of the voice in the hall first.

"Dick!" she cried, and flew to the door. Mr. Herrick's chair flew back imperilling a smiling servitor. Christine rose and sat down again. She heard the mother's glad, smothered cry, and the father's warm welcome.

THE clamor in the room was at its height when the door opened and in walked Robert Herrick, the proudest and happiest man in Canada, standing at the door to let Dick and his mother enter. They stood a moment at the door, an impressive group, as if halted by the uproarious greeting. Christine looked, amazed as the rest, for her prodigal was arrayed, not in the garments the far country had made havoc of, but a vastly becoming uniform of khaki. And it was not until her hand beneath the table was clasped by a strong big one, and squeezed that she recovered, to some degree, her self-possession. Before she did this, it is to be chronicled that she squeezed back more than once.

When dinner at last was finished, the loyal toasts were honored, for Mr. Herrick was a punctilious man in these respects—King, Country, Empire, Boys in the fighting line, Boys on the fighting ships, and the Mighty, Glorious dead. Then Major Painswick got to his feet.

"I did not know till an hour or two ago that I should have the pleasure of being here with my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Herrick to-night," he began. "Nor did I know until more recently that we should have so pleasant a surprise as that which has come to us in the arrival of their son. You all, I know, are following the mighty struggle in Europe and elsewhere with deepest interest. The Empire is fighting for everything we have been taught to believe in as holy, worth while, vital. It

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exacting methods as all Champion Dependable Spark Plugs. They carry the same sweeping guarantee. Get your set of Champion Dependable Priming Plugs to-day. See that the name 'Champion' is on the porcelain—not merely on the box.

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is fighting not only for King and Empire, but for God, honor, righteousness.

A terrific prideful cheer made the ceiling ring.

"My town, Garston, has written its little paragraph in the big history, and Bluewater's name is there, too. There was a Bluewater boy, away up in Alaska when the drum began to hum, and he came at the summons on the run.

"Dick Herrick went in as a private, and he came out with a commission and a decoration for conspicuous gallantry in action. And since then there has been a lot of tough work holding, getting ready, for the 'Big Push,' and Bluewater has been in the thick of it. A few weeks ago, Captain Herrick, for he had taken another step, received a command to Buckingham Palace, and there the King conferred upon him the Distinguished Service Order. I heard that King George enquired whence Captain Herrick came and, when he heard it was from Bluewater, he said the town and Canada should be proud of its son. My friends, I give you the toast of Mr. and Mrs. Herrick and Captain Richard Herrick, Military Cross, Distinguished Service Order."

IT really seemed as if the roof must lift, for they have lungs at Bluewater. Christine sat with shining eyes and trembling lips. Dick had to reach under the cloth again and hold her hand tight. It is not necessary to describe the glories of that night, of the girls Dick danced with and the lads Christine danced with, the smiling joy of Mrs. Herrick, and the beaming pride of Mr. Herrick. And there were lads who came to Dick and Major Painswick to learn more about the fighting, and how to get into a regiment, and if it would be possible for Bluewater boys to get into a regiment where there was a Bluewater officer.

And when they had all gone, and the old folks were off to bed, there was just a minute at the foot of the stairs. It would be hard to say just how it happened. Anyway the house was very still after the tumult, and there was a sprig of mistletoe hanging suggestively. In that blissful moment Dick's arms went round the charming little white figure. Really, it was a most satisfactory Christmas Eve party, and the Prodigal came home in style.

There was a wedding a few weeks later at Bluewater, for love may not linger when war is afoot. And when Dick sailed again overseas he left a pretty little war bride in Bluewater to keep the home fire burning, and stir the enthusiasm of the countryside afresh. Whether it is the result of Major Painswick's eloquence, or the pride in Dick Herrick and desire to copy his example, or the recruiting zeal of Christine, there are fifty Bluewater men, fine strapping lads from the mines and farms in training for the long trail overseas presently.

And there was a little informal meeting of the mine stockholders, the three of them, a little later, with the result that the profits of the big year were handed to the Government to help "carry on" until the final triumph comes.

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Why wash clothes the old way when the electric way with the "TROJAN" Washer is easier, quicker and only costs 2 cents an hour to operate?

The "TROJAN" is a splendid machine for washing clothes thoroughly, without causing backache or fatigue. It saves health, time, work and clothes.

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works by cylinder motion, which revolves inside the tub, reversing automatically at each turn, thus washing the clothes without bunching or tearing. Clothes done by the "TROJAN" come out ready for the line, thoroughly washed, rinsed and rung, clean and sweet.

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## Roumania and Its Rubicon

*How the Hope of a Greater Roumania and the Fear of a Strangled Homeland Influenced her Decision.*

**F**EW states in history have been called to such momentous decisions as Roumania faced when it plunged boldly into the European flood of blood and carnage. A most interesting article appearing in the *National Geographic Magazine* outlines graphically her position, impelled by both hope and fear to enter the struggle—the hope of a greater Roumania and the fear of a strangled homeland. The writer says in part:

In the whirlpool of racial rivalries of south-eastern Europe—where Roman and Goth, Hun and Slav, Magyar and Mongol, with all their descendant peoples, have run over one another and been run over in their turn—fate left the Roumanians in the majority in a territory of more than 90,000 square miles. It scattered more than 12,000,000 of them over these lands—more than 7,000,000 in Roumania itself and some 5,000,000 elsewhere.

In Bessarabia, a province of 17,000 square miles and 2,600,000 population, belonging to Russia, two-thirds of the people are Roumanian; in Transylvania, the eastern part of Hungary, a land of 21,000 square miles and having a population of 2,500,000, 60 per cent., Roumania claims, are Roumanians; in Bukovina, an Austrian crownland of 4,000 square miles and 1,000,000 population, more than half are said to be Roumanians.

And so 12,000,000 people yearn for a "restored" Roumania—all ethnographic Roumania under the flag of political Roumania. If their country remained neutral, they reasoned, there would be no chance of such a happy result. They might, they felt, get something out of Russia if the Central Powers won with Roumania on their side; but Transylvania and Bukovina would still be beyond their grasp.

On the other hand, they believed Russia would give them Bessarabia as a prize for participation on her side, and the Allies Bukovina and Transylvania on condition of an allied victory.

But if hope of a "reunited" Roumania appealed greatly to the Roumanians, the fear of strangulation, if not extinction, turned the scales positively to the cause of the Allies.

To show what this fear was and how it impressed the people of Roumania, I can do no better than to quote from a booklet issued from the Oxford University Press, whose author is D. Mitrany, a Roumanian advocating intervention. He says:

"But if the Allies win, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy will no doubt be dismembered, and Roumania will find herself in the not very enviable position of being tenderly squashed between the palm of the Slav and the fingers of the Magyar.

"But, further than this, one of the chief aims of Russian policy has always been the possession of the Dardanelles. Russian never was as near to its realization as she is now, when the Turkish Empire is a thing of the past and when she has England as an ally—England, who has always barred her way to the Golden Horn.

"Russia in Constantinople, however, means the strangulation of Roumania. Bulgaria has an outlet on the Aegean, Serbia will no doubt have one to the Adriatic, but Roumania depends entirely upon the Dardanelles. Her splendid position at the mouth of the Danube, her possessions on the Black Sea, will be of little worth with the mighty Empire of the Tsar dominating the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora and the Straits. Not only is the cheap waterway an absolute necessity for the bulky products—corn, petroleum and timber—which form the chief exports of Roumania, but these also form the chief exports of Russia, who by the stroke of the pen, may rule Roumania completely out of competition."

Let us turn from her choice and the trials its making involved and go about among the people, in the hope that we may learn something of their ways, their viewpoint, their relationships, their history.

The country to-day is governed by a king, who is a constitutional monarch, and a Parliament made up of a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. The Senate has 120 members, who are elected for eight years. No man with an income of less than \$1,880 a year can be a senator. The Chamber of Deputies has a membership of 183, and the term of a deputy is four years. The masses can vote for deputies indirectly, but not even indirectly for senators. It takes fifty manhood-suffrage votes to offset one property-owner's or educated-man's vote. The men who get their right to vote on the basis of manhood suffrage and not on the basis of wealth or education simply vote for a man to cast their vote for deputy, and it takes fifty of them to have one vote cast in their behalf.

The electorate is divided into three classes, the value of their respective votes being dependent on the status of the individuals entitled to vote in the several classes. The manhood-suffrage contingent above referred to constitutes the third class. Railroad passes are given by law to all government officials, including both senators and deputies.

Military service is compulsory, and usually every boy has to spend two or three years with the colors upon reaching his majority, after which he goes into the occasionally manoeuvred reserve. During times of peace the ranks were filled in many localities by drawing lots, for army discipline was trying to them after the free and easy life of the peasant home, and the young men seldom liked to serve.

In normal times the receipts and expenditures of the government amounted to approximately \$120,000,000, or one-eighth as much as our own. The king receives half a million dollars a year, and the heir to the throne \$60,000.

One may get a good idea of the relative standing of Roumania and her Balkan neighbors from a few statistical comparisons. She has a population of 141 per square mile, as compared with Serbia's 137, Greece's 94, and Bulgaria's 108. Her imports amount to 15 per capita, as compared to Serbia's \$7.50, Greece's \$7.80, and Bulgaria's \$8.75. Her exports per capita amount to \$18.42, as compared with \$7.63 in the case of Serbia, \$7.21 in the case of Greece, and \$7.87 in the case of Bulgaria. She also spends approximately one and a half times as much per capita for governmental purposes as Greece, Serbia, or Bulgaria in normal times.

Industrially the country is almost entirely given over to agriculture, and, area for area, it produces more cereals than any other great grain-producing nation in the world. Its farm lands are about equally divided between the small farmer and the rich land-owner. There are about a million farms with an average size of eight acres, and then there are 4,471 estates with an average size of 2,200 acres.

The result is that one finds the strangest contrasts in farming methods. Here is a big estate, where every sort of farm machinery that the United States has to offer is to be found—the binder, the mower, the steam gang plow, the riding cultivator, the manure spreader, and even the steam header and thresher. And then hard by are a hundred small farmers who still harvest their grain with the sickle, thresh it with the flail, or tread it out with oxen and winnow it with the home-made fork. They mow their grass



with the scythe, rake it with the hand rake, and haul it in with ox-carts.

But even with the very primitive methods that characterize half of the farming of the country, they manage to coax a rather bountiful crop out of the soil. They produced 89,000,000 bushels of wheat last year, an average of nearly twenty bushels to the acre—a yield almost a third greater than our own. Their corn crop amounted to 110,000,000 bushels, or nearly twenty-two to the acre. They also had a 29,000,000-bushel crop of barley and an oat crop of similar proportions.

The year before, 1914, they experienced the throes of a crop failure, the wheat yield being cut in half and other cereal crops being sadly below normal.

In normal years they have a big surplus, with about 40,000,000 bushels of corn, 50,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 11,000,000 bushels of barley to throw into the world's markets. Heretofore, since the outbreak of the war, the Central Empires had been able to buy the bulk of this surplus, and the blow of Roumania's participation in the war will probably be as heavy from an economic as from a military standpoint.

That they are a fecund folk is revealed by the fact that, although their death rate is high, they still have an annual excess of 118,000 births over deaths. Apply that same ratio of increase to the American people, and without a single immigrant we would grow at the rate of more than a million and a half a year—fifteen million or more between census years. Yet, even with our enormous immigration, between 1904 and 1913, inclusive, we grew only a little more than 14,000,000.

The average Roumanian peasant is not given to the kind of thrift that leads him often to a savings bank. The patrimony of his sons and daughters is more often good will, good health, and an honest mind than it is land, or money, or houses. So narrow is the margin upon which a young couple starts out in life that it has come to be a proverb among them, "Married to-day and out at the elbows to-morrow." For children come apace, and the prices of the things the peasant has to sell are even lower than the prices of those he has to buy, and not until his own labors are supplemented by those of sons and daughters has he much chance to prepare for even the shortest of rainy days.

When a young Roumanian peasant lad's thoughts turn to love and his mind begins to incline toward marriage, he goes to his mother rather than to his sweetheart with his tale. He tells her all about it, but rarely thinks of confiding the happy secret to his father; for Roumanian peasant fathers have faced the stern realities of life so long that they are apt to forget that they were once boys, and, therefore, have little sympathy with love-lorn tales.

But the mother acts as ambassador to the father, and if he can be induced to look with favor upon the lover's choice, he calls in two of his best friends in the village, tells them of the son's dreams, and asks them to accompany the said son to the house of the object of love's young dream. Mayhap the girl herself has not yet received from the youth a single hint of his love; but even so, as he and his spokesmen approach the house she suspects the object of his visit and peeps through any crack or cranny that is convenient.

If it happens to be winter, the father of the girl invites the company in, and, surmising their mission, gives some hint as to his attitude by the way he looks after the fire. If he keeps it burning brightly, they know he is favorable. If he lets it die down a little, they understand he is only of an open mind on the subject. But if he lets it go out entirely, there is no use arguing the question.

It usually happens that the father of the girl is of an open mind, and the boy's spokesmen tell what a fine, husky young fellow he is, what a good brother he is to his sisters, what a good son to his mother, what his patrimony is, how industrious he is, etc.

The Roumanian peasants have a saying that they must dance on Sunday to keep the creak out of their bones on Monday. Most of the dances are at the public houses—dance halls under the blue sky, as it were—and young and old gather there. The old folk spend the day with the tippie, while the young ones dance. There is very little drinking on any



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other day of the week, and a tipsy man except on Sunday is seldom seen.

The national dance is a sort of cross between a jig and the game of ring-around-the-rosie. All the dancers clasp hands and form a ring. They then begin a stepping, swaying motion that never moves them out of their original tracks, and to the music of the Tzigana band they keep it up for hours.

The dances are organized by the boys of the community. They arrange for the music, provide the refreshments, and preside as masters of ceremonies. When the girls reach a marriageable age and have been sufficiently instructed in the household arts, they are allowed to attend these dances, as participants. "She dances at the dance" is the peasant way of saying that a girl has made her debut and is eligible for matrimonial attentions.

"Many hands make light work" is another proverb of the Roumanian peasant, often put into practice. Almost every night there is a neighborhood gathering like the old-fashioned apple-cutting or apple-butter boiling in early American rural history. The houses have their turns at these parties, and there is always a kettle of cornmeal mush and baked pumpkin and potatoes and popcorn ready for the occasion. All hands join in the evening program of combing, carding, and spinning the household supply of wool or flax, the while neighborhood gossip passes current among the elders and occasional words of love or childish jest among the more youthful members of the party.

One-third of the area of the country toward the north and west is inhabited by semi-civilized shepherds. Up in the Carpathians in summer and down in the sheltered valleys in winter they lead their flocks, sleeping in the open with them and despising any other shelter than that which primitive nature and the starry sky afford. They seldom speak; indeed, their solitary lives leave them little opportunity for conversation. They wear their hair and beards long, and have coarse, white woollen shirts and long mantles of wool-covered sheepskin.

Forty years ago Roumania was both as to country and as to capital, one of the most backward nations of Europe; and then it called Prince Charles of Prussia to its throne. Although he had to travel to Bucharest *incognito* in order to escape the secret service of Austria, which was determined to keep him out, he immediately set to work to bring the country up to a higher standard, and the story of his reign, which closed with his death soon after the European war began, is largely the same sort of story of development as that of Germany during the reign of his Hohenzollern kinsman. King Carol, as he was

called, had for his queen Elizabeth, a German princess, better known by her pen name of Carmen Sylva. She, too, was spared the sorrows of Roumania's hours of decision, having died a few months ago. They had one child, but it died in infancy, and Carmen Sylva turned her interest to the poor of the country and to letters and music. It is said that she was perhaps the most talented queen of her generation. She could converse in six languages; she wrote some thirty books; she composed an opera that was staged and praised on the continent, and her symphonies and songs have won a place in the world of music. Likewise she was no mean wielder of the brush, and was an expert needlewoman. Her pride was her work for the blind, for whom she founded an institution in Bucharest.

The present king is a nephew of King Carol. His wife is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and, therefore, a first cousin of most of the reigning heads of Europe.

Under the new era initiated and carried down to the present by the Hohenzollern dynasty, Roumania has gone far ahead of her neighbors of the Balkan region, and the visitor to Bucharest early finds that its people resent the idea of being classed with the Balkan States. They feel that they are the superiors of the Serbs, the Bulgars, the Montenegrins, and the modern Greeks, and that their country is superior, just as the people of A, B, C South America feel that their nations are not to be confounded with the remainder of Latin America.

Let us now turn to Roumanian history and note some of the outstanding events that have been the crossroads on her highway from the past to the present. The early inhabitants were Dacians. Pliny and Herodotus agree that they were the bravest and most honorable of all the barbarian tribes that Rome encountered in her days of expansion. Thucydides praises them as wonderful fighters on horseback.

The Trajan Column in Rome bears the author's story of the great emperor's conquest of this territory. Across the Danube are the ruined piers which once supported a bridge built by Trajan, and some sections of the great military road he constructed still are in use as a part of the national highway system.

Also there are many customs which still proclaim the ancient rule and influence of Rome that have persisted through the centuries since the departure of her glory. For instance, there is the old Pyrrhic dance, the robes with bells on sleeves and girdles. The Roumanians still shout in unison to prevent Saturn from hearing the voice of the infant Jupiter; and even their oxen proclaim the "glory that was Rome" in their names, for

here you may see Caesar and Brutus as yoke-fellows, and there Cassius and Augustus.

But when Rome withdrew, what is now Roumania became the Belgium of a series of Jupiters; and even their oxen proclaim the racial struggles between the East and the West, first this horde and then that over-running the fertile valleys. Invasion became the normal condition of Roumanian territory, and the sturdy descendants of the early Romans and Romanized Dacians learned how to survive even such conditions. When the waves of invasion swept over their valleys simply retired to the mountains and waited for them to recede; nor did they wait in vain. The water of invading humanity in very deed did pass, and the stones of persisting Roumanian life did remain; and, although for many a weary generation their problem was to save themselves from extinction, they survived.

To-day Roumanians are proudest of their Latin descent; so proud, indeed, that although their religion is Greek, and although there are more than 6,000 centers of Eastern influence, in the shape of Orthodox churches with Orthodox priests, they are drawn toward ancient Rome and not toward historic Greece.

When Carol assumed the throne, it became one of his principal aims to free his country from the suzerainty of Turkey. When the conflict between Russia and Turkey was impending in 1875, he first attempted to have the Powers guarantee the neutrality of Roumania during the war; but they were too busy with their own affairs and his efforts failed.

Then Roumania decided to enter an agreement with Russia. This agreement, which is illuminating, in the light of present-day history, granted free passage of Russian troops over Roumanian soil, Russia undertaking to respect the political rights and to defend the integrity of Roumania.

One of the first acts of Roumania after hostilities began was to declare her independence of Turkey. As the war proceeded Russia found herself in sore need of help. Repeated appeals finally brought Roumanian participation, and Prince Carol was given the supreme command of the allied forces before Plevna, where he gained a great but costly victory.

When the war ended and Turkey and Russia entered into the Treaty of San Stefano, it did recognize Roumanian independence, although Roumania was not admitted to the peace conference. But it also provided that Roumania should get the swampy country between the Danube, where it flows north, and the Black Sea. On the other hand, Russia was to have Bessarabia, territory which Roumania claimed and a part of which she had occupied.



SIR GILBERT PARKER

## A New Serial by Sir Gilbert Parker

In the next issue (January), a splendid new serial story by Sir Gilbert Parker will commence. "Jordan is a Hard Road" is a story of the Canadian West—absorbing, gripping, amusing. It gives a graphic picture of conditions in a new community. Bill Minden, reformed train robber, returns to his native town to settle down; he creates a great amount of interest; but he wins the respect of his townsfolk and hews out the way to a very useful career.



## Neglecting Our Children Wisely

*Outside of School the Lasting Influence Comes From Environment—Not From Precept.*

YOUNG twigs, we have heard, are easily bent, but who ever saw any beauty in a bent twig? It is the young shoot given the right conditions of soil and sun and atmosphere and allowed to grow according to its individual nature, that develops into a straight strong tree. What the child with a good home suffers most from to-day, according to a recent article in *The Outlook*, is the lack of a little wholesome neglect. The writer says:

The only preparation for a successful maturity is a successful childhood. Children are not defective adults, ignorant, weak-minded little men and women, whose feeble powers we must spend twelve or fifteen years "bringing out," till they attain the adult ideal. Children are children. They feel differently, react differently, judge differently, from grown-ups. They must pass honestly, eagerly, pugnaciously, through the phases of childhood, and by means of them fight their way naturally to a comprehension of adult standards, or else they will not be the best kind of men and women, because they have not been successful children—children who have found things out at first hand. By the best kind of men and women I mean the kind which does not imitate blindly, but thinks and acts with independence.

Successful children! There is something almost comical to us about the idea. Yet as we ponder it groups of boys and girls, conjured from many memories, rise before us. They are not in a school-room; they are out of doors. They are jumping, wriggling, somersaulting—thinking with their entire bodies, as somebody has said. Eyes are snapping with the joy of really seeing what they are looking at; pockets bulge with fishing-tackle; bare feet lose their grip on the slippery stones of brooks, and there are splashes; skirts flutter in cherry trees and balloon from swings. Why is it that such scenes as these are the response we get when we try to think what is meant by that startling phrase, "successful children"? Why do we not see them in their school groups? I think it is because we know (if only we don't stop to think, and therefore think wrong) that these playing children are splendidly in earnest, that they are very, very busy. Their play does not correspond to the diversion of adults, that relaxation of weary faculties when we seek to do nothing and let some one or something amuse us. Far more, it corresponds to our work. It is a business, an art, a pursuit of ideals. Stanley Hall says that children do not play from excess of energy, any more than Raphael painted from excess of paint. This phrase reveals in a flash the compulsion, the rapture, the seriousness, of free play to a child. The saturation of his entire nature with what he is doing is in itself an inspired preparation for life. The power of saturation is one of the driving forces of success. It makes art; it makes big business; it seizes new relations in science.

Æsop has a fable about a deer which, seeing his reflection in a stream, was greatly fascinated by his antlers, but displeased with his legs. Presently he was pursued by an enemy and fled swiftly. His legs had about rescued him when his antlers caught in the

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underbrush and held him fast, so that, after all, the enemy captured him. I am inclined to think that our home-training system for children is a good deal like the deer. It is proud of its ornamental appendages, its many-branched theories of guidance and development, but inappreciative of the sinewy, common-sense legs given it for progression.

Not long ago I read in a manuscript intended for a pedagogical journal this sentence: "Because of the dangerous diffuseness of our children's imaginations we should discourage their wild and aimless play and guide their activities into paths which lead to definite goals."

This theorist disregarded the power of self-education. By narrower paths are meant, I presume, the activities of the kindergarten, Montessori, and other methods, while the definite goals are nice sense perceptions and muscular adjustments. The excellence of the processes and results is beyond dispute, but they are elementary study, and we should not allow them to substitute for "aimless play" out of school, nor should we pinch and squeeze the free-play instincts into those grooves which we have designed for the neat and timely—or pre-timely—unfolding of special faculties during academic hours. "Most doing," says John Dewey, in his "Schools of Tomorrow," "will lead only to superficial muscle-training if it is dictated to the child and prescribed for him step by step." The function of play is different from this and more vital.

The truth is, we are applying to education so many splendid methods of sense and muscle training, we are watching so many heartening results from organized and supervised play, that mothers are confusing these new expedients with play itself, and are losing respect for those rich fertile hours of freedom before the school age and after school hours when, blissfully neglected, children attain that strength, honesty, and power to think for themselves which result only from undergoing experiences at first hand.

After studying for long years the play of animals and of man, Karl Groos decided that children do not play because they are young, but are kept young for an extended period in order that they may play and thus train themselves for the infinitely complex relations of adult life. Free play, he says, is pre-experience, by means of which are developed those powers of action which are necessary to survival in human society. If it is this, surely no special or precocious attainments can compensate for the lack of it.

Have special accomplishments, indeed, or the attainment of definite goals any value in little childhood? Has the child who "explodes into reading" at six years of age any advantage over the child of equal endowment who does not read till he is eight years old? The probability is that he will not even be ahead of him in school at twelve. And the precocious student will have lost, in the pursuit of his definite goal, time which might have brought him into contact with realities, thus stimulating his imagination and giving balance to his young judgments, instead of merely grafting onto his memory symbols which he is too immature to use. No, in childhood, because it is outside of the economic struggle, we are free to neglect formal standards and the passports of education into the world of employment, and to allow freedom of growth to those qualities of heart and mind which will be the driving powers of mature life and giving vitality at last and speed to formal learning. "It is a good thing," says Pestalozzi, "to make a child read, write, learn, and repeat; but it is still better to make a child think." And Compayre warns us: "Allow the child who is beginning to



think the larger liberty. Do not bend his intelligence to artificial forms."

We need to have a deeper, more steadfast faith in our children and in the laws of childhood. Much of our training, unhappily, is an effort to overcome, to supplant those laws. We are full of zeal to inculcate the rules which are necessary to adult society, and we forget that wisdom is only skin deep when it is acquired by listening to commandments and repeating them, and that to be organic it must be attained by passing through experiences which convince us of the value of those commandments. The habit of facing experiences squarely makes the able man and the able woman. Childhood is a great storage time for experiences, and according as these have been vital, according as they have been real and intense to the child, so will the maturity of that child be. Without this rich background of realities his maturity will lack depth and conviction. Society will have another parrot.

The play experiences of childhood should be lived in the atmosphere of the father's and mother's constant, pervasive sympathy and comprehension. But his world of pre-experience must be explored, conquered, subdued, by the child himself. When the adult steps in to guide, to instruct, to impose mature opinions, she forces the child whom she interrupts to accept facts at second hand, and so mutilates the purpose of free play, pre-experience, and leads him into the pernicious habit, which will impair his value as a citizen, of letting other people make up his mind for him. There is a theory that intervention may be so artfully performed as to leave the child unconscious that it has occurred. This subtle form of instruction has its great value in certain connections, but applied to free play it should be used only as an occasional expedient, not as a guiding principle.

How ignorant we are, after all, we mothers! How little we know of what the future is going to demand from our children, or of what their deepest thoughts and emotions are! How are we justified in breaking into their enchanted world and with our officious hands shattering the enchantment in order to carry them over into our world of common-places, to follow our paths to our goals? Were we omniscient, we might make education definite, and from earliest infancy train Maud to be an actress, and Kate to be a home economist; but we are all in the dark. The best we can do is to make women of both of them. Compared to what there is to know, we are all ignoramuses, and therefore what education should seek to convey is not so much knowledge, in the sense of facts, as the desire and power to pounce down on the sets of facts which specially we need and to make them our instruments. Unguided play must supplement school work if we are to have this vision and this freedom of initiative.

What are the qualities which give men and women control over themselves, their associates, and their business in life?

*Imagination and invention*, that balancing of quick perception and combination with action which is the essence of play.

*Judgment*, the fruit of hard and lonely pre-experience.

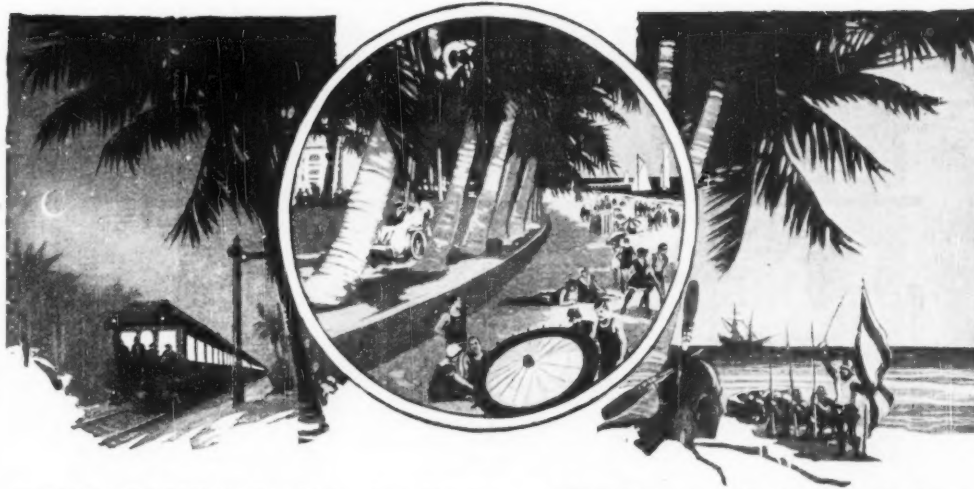
*Courage*, attained by measuring one's self against implacable facts, as children do in their unsupervised adventures.

*Justice*, the Golden Rule of play.

*Loyalty*, which is accorded most freely by youth to youth in leadership.

*The feeling for mass suggestion*, which is born only of wide and democratic associations through early life.

*The power of adjustment*, that grinding down of our egoism on the whetstones of



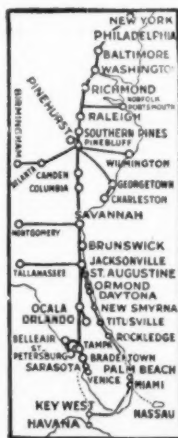
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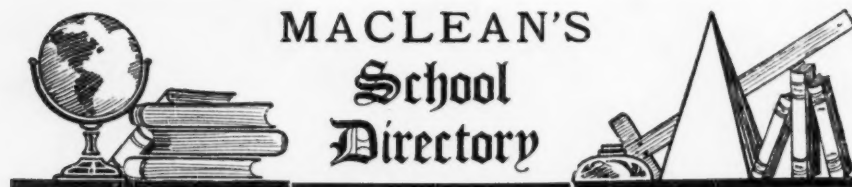
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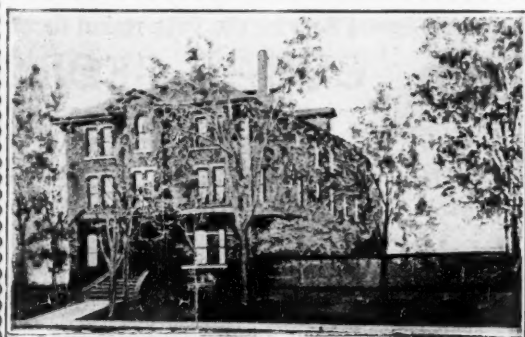
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glimpses of play comradeship.

*Patience*, that "night behind the stars,"  
which abides in hearts that have sensed the  
long processes of nature.

*Idealism*, the adult form of the play spirit.

Mothers in an increasing number are rea-  
lizing that a woman's duty to her children  
is really to them, and not to herself through  
them. I mean that these more imaginative  
mothers perceive the life of the child as a  
thing separate from their own comfort to-day  
or to-morrow, and make every sacrifice to  
grant their boys and girls the powers and the  
training which will prepare them to live their  
own lives. These mothers have no easy or  
peaceful task. The birch rod and its suc-  
cessive modifications, actual and figurative,  
were much simpler instruments than a *wise*  
neglect can ever be. We have learned, how-  
ever (to quote John Dewey again), that "dog-  
matic methods which prescribe and make for  
docility and passivity, not only become in-  
effective in modern society, but they actually  
hinder the development of the largest pos-  
sibilities of society."

The parents of wisely neglected children  
(who are altogether different from selfishly  
or carelessly or ignorantly neglected children)  
sacrifice their own convenience, their own  
culture and friends, perhaps, in order to  
create a natural environment for the young-  
sters. They live in the country. Probably  
the school is not altogether satisfactory, and  
the mother must supplement its work by  
much home training. Wisely neglected chil-  
dren are not bought up for nickels and dimes  
and disposed of at "movies" which are not  
intended for little folks and which are, when  
they become a habit, a menace to the child's  
inventiveness and powers of play. They are  
not sacrificed to the goddesses of shopping  
and elaborate parties; they do not perform  
tricks for admiring relatives. They are given  
an environment in which they grow sponta-  
neously, wherein they live in realities and  
rehearse race history in their play—Stanley  
Hall says that every child is an omnibus in  
which all of his ancestors ride—and so ad-  
vance intelligently to meet us grown-ups on  
our own ground. Children cannot under-  
stand or do what is unrelated to their experi-  
ences, so, if we want them to be efficient,  
we must make their experiences rich and  
various.

## Germany's Luxurious Trenches

*The Elaborate Underground Apartments  
Look Like the Work of Men Who  
Hope or Fear They Will be in  
Them For Years.*

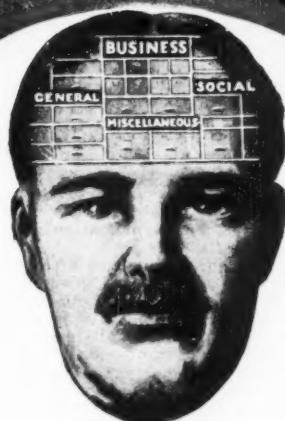
IT is rather interesting to compare the  
underground habitations of the British  
and German soldiers. According to an Eng-  
lish official account of a German trench that  
fell into British hands during the advance  
on the Somme, not only are these trenches  
constructed with solidity that makes them  
capable of offering considerable resistance to  
artillery fire, but the dugouts and other  
shelters in which the soldiers live, have been  
built with a care and finish that almost  
amount to luxury. In the London *Morning*



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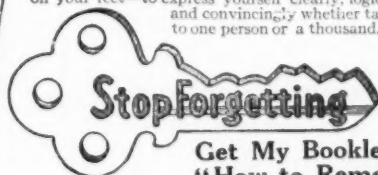
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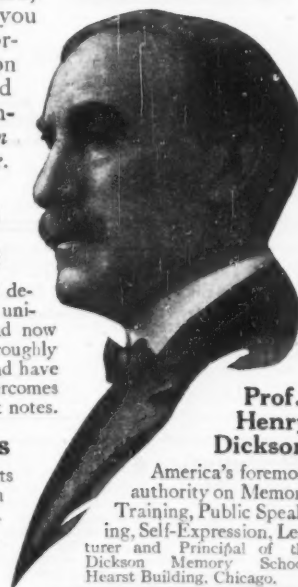
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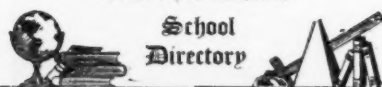
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Post the article first describes the trenches and dugouts as the British build them, and says:

The Allied trench looks in every way like the work of men who hoped and meant to move on before long; the German trench looks like the work of men who hoped or feared that they would be in it for years. Our trench-housing has been much more of a makeshift, a sort of camping-out, with some ingenious provisions for shelter and comfort, but not more than the least that would serve. Most of our dugouts are just roughly delved holes in the earth, with only enough props and rafters to hold the roofs up; their floors are bare ground, with a little straw on it; their doors if they have any, are a few odd pieces of plank with a couple of other pieces nailed across; often the floor is on the trench level, to save burrowing. Lighting is done with candles, mostly bought at the canteen, and if any one owns an armchair or a mirror two feet high, it is the jest of the platoon."

Passing on to describe the German trenches we learn:

The whole German idea of trench-life is different. The German front in the West is like one huge straggling village, built of wood and strung out along a road 300 miles long. Of course, the houses are all underground. Still, they are houses, of one or two floors, built to certain official designs, drawn out in section and plan. The main entrance from the trench-level is, sometimes at any rate, through a steel door, of a pattern apparently standardized, so that hundreds may come from the factory on one order, and missing parts be easily replaced. The profusely timbered doorway is made to their measure. Outside this front door you may find a perforated sheet of metal, to serve for a door-mat or scraper. Inside, a flight of from twelve to thirty-six stairs leads down at an easy angle. The treads of the stairs and the descending roof of the staircase are formed of mining-frames of stout timber, with double-top sills; the walls are of thick planks noticed at the top and bottom to fit the frames and strengthened with iron tie-rods running from top to bottom of the stairs and with thick wooden struts at right angles to these. At the foot of the stairs a tunneled corridor runs straight forward, for anything up to fifty yards, and out of there open rooms and minor passages on each side. In many dugouts a second staircase, or two staircases, lead to a lower floor, which may be thirty or forty feet below the trench-level.

All these staircases, passages, and rooms are, in the best specimens, completely lined with wood and as fully strengthened with it as the entrance staircase already described. In one typical dugout each section of a platoon had its allotted places for messing and sleeping, its own place for parade in a passage, and its own emergency-exit to the trench. In another, used as a dressing-station, there are beds for thirty-two patients, and a fair-sized operating room. A third, near Mametz, was designed to house a whole company of three hundred men, with the needful kitchens, provision and munition store-rooms, a well, a forge riveted with sheets of cast iron, an engine-room, and a motor-room. Many of the captured dugouts were thus lighted by electricity. In the officers' quarters there have been found full-length mirrors, comfortable bedsteads, cushioned armchairs, and some pictures. One room is lined with glazed "sanitary" wallpaper, and the present English occupant is convinced by circumstantial evidence that his predecessor lived there with his wife and child.

The article goes on to describe the elaborate underground works which were constructed in order to countermine a huge shell-crater between the lines which the German engineers suspected of being occupied by British troops.

Other German trench-works show the same lavish use of labor as the dugout. In the old German front trench, south of La Boisselle, an entrance like that of a dugout leads to a flight of twenty-four stairs, all well finished. At their foot a landing three feet square opens on its further side upon a nearly vertical shaft. Descending this by a ladder of thirty-two rungs, you find a second landing like the first, opening on a continuation of the shaft. Down this a ladder of sixty rungs

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brings you to the starting-point of an almost straight level tunnel three feet wide and about five feet high, cut for fifty-six paces through pure hard chalk. It ends in a blank wall. If you take its bearings with the compass, return to the parapet, and step fifty paces in the same direction as the tunnel, you find yourself in a huge crater which had evidently been held, and probably made, by British troops. So that, at the moment of the advance in July, nothing remained, presumably, for the Germans to do but to bring the necessary tons of high explosives to the end of their tunnel and blow the mine under the base of the old crater.

The writer next discusses the value of these elaborate underground works as regards the life and health of their soldier inhabitants. On the whole, he is inclined to consider that the result is not worth the cost. He writes, "in England troops have better health in tents than in huts and better health in huts than in billets." Continuing, he remarks:

Nobody reading this should leap to the conclusion that, simply because German trench-work is more elaborate than ours, it is a better means to its end—the winning of the war. No doubt the size and the overhead strength of German dugouts keep down casualties under bombardment and sometimes enable the Germans to bring up unsuspected forces to harass our troops in the rear with machine-gun and rifle-fire when a charge has carried our men past an uncleared dugout of the kind. On the other hand, if our advance is made good, every German left in such a dugout will be either a dead man or a prisoner. No doubt, again, the German dugout give more protection from very bad weather than ours. But they also remove men more from the open air, and there is nothing to show that the half-buried German army gains more by relative immunity from rheumatism than it loses in the way of general health.

## The Strangle Hold

THE most extraordinary thing about the British blockade of Germany, according to *The London Magazine*, is that it does not exist. Whatever may have been the case in the early months of the war, says the author, Percival A. Hisslam, there is no doubt now as to the full force of the British fleet being employed to sap the industrial, everyday life out of our enemies; but the British Government, for a number of excellent reasons, has found it advisable not to declare a formal blockade of the enemy's coast.

It has to be borne in mind that a blockade is unlike any other operation of war, inasmuch as it is mainly directed against neutrals, and International Law—as well as common decency—demands that a blockade shall, among other things, be perfectly indiscriminate. That is to say, if we were to close both the English Channel and the northern entrance to the North Sea, we should bring about a total cessation of, say, American trade with Germany, while still allowing free German intercourse with Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.

During certain months in the year we are able, by means of our submarines, to lay a heavy hand on German or pro-German trade in the Baltic; but under the circumstances, America, for instance, would have a very good and legal cause of complaint if we put heavier restrictions upon her trade than upon that of the other nations mentioned.

In short, we could not have maintained a proper blockade if it had been declared; so the Government, very wisely, did not declare one. They chose the safer—and probably more effective—course of blockading Germany under Orders-in-Council.

An Order-in-Council is a flexible thing. It can be eased here and stiffened there to meet the needs of the moment, and to adjust our relations with neutral powers on a friendly basis. Under a blockade we should be bound to prevent the importation of, let us say, fancy frocks, into Germany; but under Order-in-Council we may permit the frocks to go in on condition that the corresponding equivalent

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in German gold—not in German goods—comes out. Gold is still the sinews of war, and it is to our advantage that Germany should receive frivolous luxuries, if their receipt bleeds the gold out of her.

That is enough of the legal point of view. How, in practice, are we maintaining the blockade of Germany, which, while it is so effective, does not officially exist? The first step was to drive the enemy's own merchant ships off the seas, and that we very quickly succeeded in doing.

The blockade of Germany began on the first day of the war. Not many months before, a group of old, but fair-sized cruisers had been detailed for the training of youths and ordinary seamen, and based upon Queenstown. Coincident with the outbreak of the war, Rear-Admiral Dudley de Chair—since knighted—who was then Admiral of the Training Service, was directed to take this squadron into the North Sea for patrol work, and he hoisted his flag on the *Crescent*.

Admiral de Chair's flag did not remain long in the *Crescent*, for the ships of her class—of which one, the *Hawke*, was submarined and sunk with heavy loss of life—were not particularly well fitted for the work they had in hand; nor, indeed, had our blockade organization reached the scientific level that it has since attained. The work was too dangerous for modern, effective warships, not only because they had to be preserved for that "Day" which even now is still to come, but because they would have represented a great waste of force; and, on the other hand, ships like the *Crescent* were too slow, and required too large a crew.

Exactly four months from the outbreak of the war, Admiral de Chair transferred his flag to the Allan liner *Alsatian*, and from that day to this the "blockade" of the North Sea has been maintained by ships taken over by the Admiralty from the merchant service, armed with a number of relatively small guns, and manned for the most part by officers and men who, formerly in the mercantile service, patriotically placed their services at the disposal of the navy as soon as war broke on the horizon.

It is literally impossible to do justice to the work which these ships and men have done and are doing for the Empire and the cause in which it is fighting. If you draw one line from the Orkney Islands to Iceland, and another from the Orkneys due east to the coast of Norway, you will, by completing the triangle, have a fair idea of the area in which they operate. The weather, for the most part, is abominable, and in the winter months, during which the night averages from two to three times as long as the day, impenetrable mists, blinding snowstorms, and freezing fogs become a sort of regular routine.

Over these outlets between the North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean our auxiliary cruisers keep watch and ward. Imagine to yourself a ribbed fan, one extreme arm going from the Orkneys to Norway, and the other from those some islands out somewhere in a north-westerly direction; imagine each of those ribs to be dotted at intervals of twenty miles by our auxiliary cruisers, constantly on the move, constantly in danger of attack by a U-boat creeping out on to our trade routes, constantly in danger of striking a mine dropped by an apparently innocent "neutral" ship, and, and, above all, constantly on the watch, and you have a vague idea of the general scheme of things. Each patrol cruiser is at sea for fifty days, and when her relief is ready to take her place in the line, she slips back to make good defects, fill up with fuel and stores, and give a few days' relaxation to her crew.

The work at sea is as monotonous as any other in that great fleet, that has little to do but keep fit and at the top of its form until "The Day" arrives. The disposition of the patrols is such that it is next to impossible for any vessel to get through them without being detected and hauled up. When a ship is sighted, a couple of rounds of blank are fired, and it is rarely indeed that a stranger does not stop his engines at once and wait for the examination party to be put on board. If he ignores the first signal he gets something across his bows that makes an ugly splash the other side of them; and if he pays no respect to that—but in that he never fails!—he has only himself to blame if the next development is a shell bursting in his chart-house.

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## The Future of Belgium

*At the Expense of Germany She Must be Made Stronger than She was When Her Frontier was Violated.*

HAVING destroyed her past—a century of prosperity built up by honorable toil — having made her present a living Hell, the memory of which cannot be obliterated for another generation, Germany now assumes that she will dictate what the future of Belgium is to be. The advocates of "open annexation," "real guarantees" or "the occupation of the Flanders coast," daily air their views in the German press, and Count Reventlow, one of the most violent writers seems to think that only the retention of this state at the conclusion of peace will convince the world that Germany has won the war. We have the other side of the case presented in the *Fortnightly Review*, as follows:

Despite the confident words of German politicians and publicists, the future of Belgium, under God's good dispensation, will not lie in their hands, stained as they are with the blood of so many thousand innocent Belgian victims. It will be assured by the Allies, and it will be their first duty to see that she shall never again be made the sport and plaything of German ambition. The direct consequence of that decision will be that Belgium must emerge from the war a stronger State than she was when the Teutonic hordes violated her frontier on August 4th, 1914. She must be made stronger at the expense of Germany, for it would be no shifting in the balance of power to make her stronger by weakening third and neutral States. This fairly obvious conclusion ought to have prevented the recent Press campaign in Holland misrepresenting Belgian wishes, and to that extent serving the ends of the Germanophiles by alleging that a Greater Belgium was to be created at the expense of the Dutch people. Among Belgians there appears to be a sounder view as to the identity of the interests of the two nations than obtains north of the Moerdyk; but then the one has been through a fiery ordeal and the other has so far escaped it. Still, it may serve a useful purpose to repeat that the Greater Belgium will be formed at the expense not of Holland, but of Germany, for the sound reason that it forms one of the most convenient and effective methods of weakening a formidable and relentless enemy. This statement, if calmly considered in Holland, will carry conviction with it, for it reposes on the most ordinary dictates of common sense. A moment's reflection ought to have disposed of the idea that Belgium, having been the victim of grievous wrongs, would seek in her turn to inflict an injury on a neighbor which, if it has not played a truly heroic part in this struggle of right and wrong, has at least been sympathetic and charitable to many of the sufferers.

The main object before the negotiators, if a lasting peace is to be their reward, must be the permanent weakening of Germany. This can be best effected by the strengthening of her neighbors at her expense. Our present attention is to be given exclusively to the strengthening of Belgium—her first and principal victim—and it is not going too far to say that the attainment of this object is not merely due to Belgium as a measure of reparation, but that it is essential for the preservation of European peace. What has also to be remembered at the same time is that the additions to be made for the purpose of invigorating Belgium must not be of a nature to prove a source of weakness and enfeeblement. It would be no kindness to Belgium, no solution of the European problem, to charge her with the task of ruling and coercing refrac-




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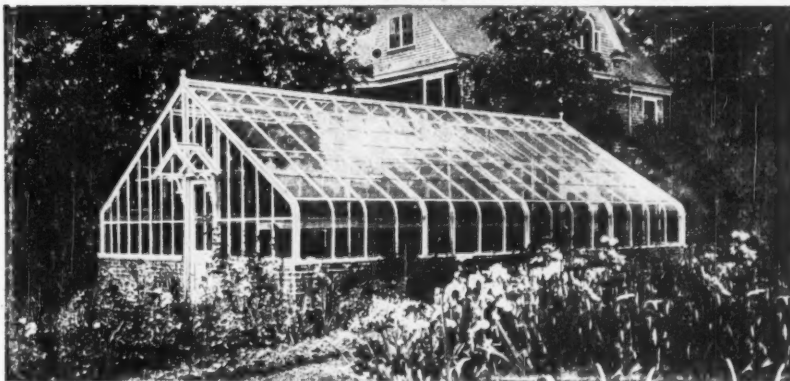
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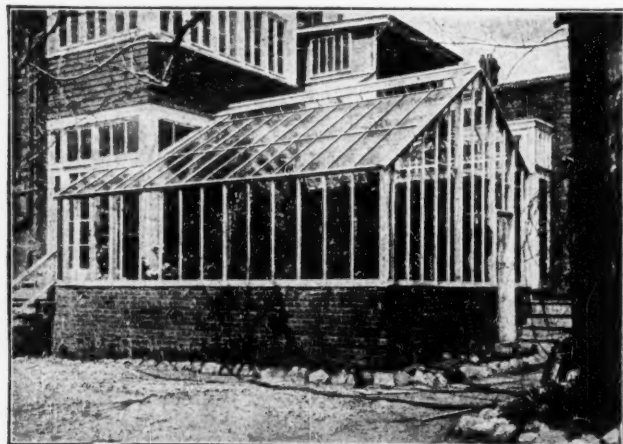


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tory German subjects. Any additions made to Belgium must be sources of real strength, races that can be readily assimilated and speedily merged in the Belgian nation on account of their ethnic affinities or old associations. Germany has held, by theft and superior force, Belgian territory, regarded from the ethnical and geographical point of view, and that Belgium counts among her subjects German-speaking communities, which have been only too glad to enjoy the privileges and freedom of the Belgian Constitution. The case for the extension of the Belgian limits triumphantly resists the first challenge on the ground of its being unnatural and abnormal.

From the first quarter of the tenth century until the French Revolution Malmédy was joined with Stavelot in a single Principality ruled by a Prince-Abbot. It was a copy in miniature of the larger and more important Prince-Bishopric of Liège; but thanks to its lying out of the beaten track of armies it escaped the sufferings of war and the covetousness of conquerors. During the French occupation of the Low Countries from 1794 to 1814 the two towns shared the same administration; but when the Congress of Vienna decided on the experiment of a single Kingdom of the Netherlands, under the House of Orange-Nassau, it agreed to the break-up of the little Principality by leaving Stavelot to the Belgians, and by handing over Malmédy to Prussia. This violent disruption of a Principality occupied by people of the same race, religion, and language—for German was not then spoken at all in this region—ignoring and dissolving the ties of association formed in 900 years of unbroken and harmonious union, was a crime committed out of defence to those feudal pretensions, which it is now essential to destroy for ever, because the Prince-Abbots had been members of the Diet of the old Empire. In the face of that vague dignity devoid of power, the rights, wishes, and interests of the people concerned were not consulted. They were placed arbitrarily and without the smallest consideration of their feelings under two different administrations, and they were confronted with the prospect that these brothers and kinsmen with a common past behind them for thirty generations would, at the bidding of distant sovereigns alien to them in every particular, have to draw the sword upon one another. There have been few more monstrous acts of brutality in history than the violent separation of Malmédy from Stavelot.

We must not leave it to be supposed that the part ceded to Prussia was confined to the little border town of Malmédy. It stretched from a point in the Hohe Venn considerably north of Sourbrodt to St. Vith, and included Weywertz, Weismes, Ligneuville, and Recht. To the south of St. Vith a corresponding encroachment was made at the expense of the old Belgian Duchy of Luxembourg; and, to the north of Sourbrodt, Montjoie and Euen were filched by a corresponding process from Limburg and the Bishopric of Liège. It may, therefore, be said that south of Aix-la-Chapelle to as far as Rosport and the left bank of the Moselle above Treves there is a strip of territory that rightfully belongs to Belgium. The acquisition of this strip would not be onerous for Belgium because it contains a sparse population of non-Germanic origin outside the official class, and much of it is a primitive region where the Teutonizing of the people has made no real progress. The Germanic tendencies of the population are only skin deep. A clearly marked eastern boundary for his region is fortunately provided in the Roer River for the northern half and the Kill for the southern. Although sparsely populated at present there is reason for believing that much of this western half of the Eifel is rich in mineral wealth. In possibilities at least this region would be far from a barren acquisition, and it would strengthen Belgium at the cost exclusively of Germany.

While the recovery of the Malmédian half of the old Principality, as defined on the map of Ferraris in 1777, would only give Belgium the strip north of the Amblève, it must be remembered that the outlying places we have named, both north of Sourbrodt and south of Ligneuville, were all attached to the Belgic provinces represented respectively by Liège, Limburg, and Luxembourg at the time that



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Ferraris traced the limits of the Stavelot Principality. Still, it may be assumed that the question of restoring Malmédy to Belgium is not likely to be treated apart from the larger matter of Luxembourg, and thus the variations that occurred in the respective provincial jurisdictions at different dates do not matter.

In the first place, then, let us state certain irrefutable facts with regard to Luxembourg. This Countdom in the first stage, and Duchy in the second, is, and has always been, as absolutely Belgian from every point of view as Flanders or Hainault. Here, again, there was German intrusion and German abstraction of the same pattern as in Malmédy. By those feudal ties and claims that have been referred to Luxembourg was a fief of the Empire. In modern times the formula was devised of "obligations to the Germanic Confederation," and this phrase became current at the time of the Vienna Congress, and of the London Conference of 1830-9. At Vienna Prussia was allowed to abstract Luxembourg from the rest of Belgium, and to assign it to the family of Nassau as "a family possession" in compensation for the Nassau estates on the Lehn, taken over by Prussia. It is true that the greater part of Luxembourg was left to form part of the new Kingdom of the Netherlands in 1815; and it was not until 1830 that the significance of its being held in a separate and distinct form as a personal possession of King William I. of Orange-Nassau under the style of Duke of Luxembourg was appreciated. As Dutch writers are making some stir in special reference to this archaic point let it be recalled that *this* title of Duke of Luxembourg (invented when the Nassaus lost their German States) has no feudal roots. The historic title merged in the various dignities and honors of the House of Burgundy passed to the Hapsburgs and belongs to the Emperor Francis Joseph. The Duchy of Luxembourg was devised by Prussia in 1815 for the express purpose of installing a German garrison in the then formidable city-fortress of Luxembourg, and it has nothing whatever to do as a fief or as a Duchy with those sold by Elizabeth of Gorlitz to Philip the Good in the middle of the fifteenth century. Yet this historical passage shows how essential is the reform advocated of stripping all feudal pretensions of their validity for the benefit of national as opposed to privileged interests in future diplomatic arrangements.

But when the Belgians revolted against the Dutch in 1830—and no Belgians took a more enthusiastic part in the Revolution than the Luxembourgers—Prussia intervened to assert the rights of the Germanic Confederation in the Duchy. The Belgian leaders and the National Congress held that no one could detach Luxembourg, much less any part of it, from Belgium, but at the same time, to conciliate their German neighbors, they declared from the start their intention to respect "the relations of Luxembourg with the Germanic Confederation." Those relations were apparently confined to the presence of a German garrison in the fortress. But this was not enough for Prussia. The whole of Luxembourg, extending half-way across the Ardennes region towards the Meuse, had been given in 1815 by an outsider, without the assent of the population, without the knowledge of the other Belgian provinces, to another outsider who had absolutely no claims to it as an infeasible private property except in so far as it was subject to the German Imperial law of inheritance. Three hundred thousand people were thus transferred like a piece of land or a house of furniture in complete disregard of the wishes or interests of the chief parties concerned—the Luxembourgers themselves and the State known as Belgium or as the Belgic Provinces. It is true that at the moment the transfer was effected in 1815 the act did not appear so harsh, for the owner of the specially created Duchy was to be the sovereign of the whole territory. It was only in 1830, when the enforced and artificial union of Holland and Belgium was shown to be a failure, that the injustice of the Prussian procedure in 1815 became revealed in glaring colors. The Luxembourgers were sound and enthusiastic Belgians. They had no sympathies with the Dutch, who were absolute strangers to them, and therefore they at once

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participated in the national revolution. In the last few days of August, 1930, not a vestige of Dutch authority remained in Luxembourg except in the fortress where it was upheld by German troops. Neither the people of Belgium nor the people of the province doubted that whatever their fate might be they would share it in common.

But Prussia, speaking for the Germanic Confederation, was determined that the work of 1815 should not be undone, and as she brushed aside the Belgian offer to let her garrison remain undisturbed in the fortress it almost looks as if she anticipated a claim from the House of Nassau for fresh compensation for the lost territory on the Lahn if that originally assigned to it were lost. Whatever her motives, Prussia stood firm in her claim on behalf not of Holland or the Dutch, but of William I. of Orange-Nassau in his personal capacity as Duke—it is very important in the coming discussions to remember this distinction—to Luxembourg. On the other side, Lord Palmerston and King Louis Philippe, the godfathers of Belgian independence, stood not less firm in their contention that to sever the whole of Luxembourg from Belgium would be to leave it a disjointed and truncated State hardly worth creation at all. Consequently the Great Powers, being averse to fight one another at that moment, arrived at a compromise. The Duchy of Luxembourg, except, of course, the portions already abstracted by Prussia for herself in 1815 east of the Sure and the Our, was to be split in two, the northern and western half being assigned to Belgium and the southern and eastern to King William as a family possession. This agreement arrived at in 1831 did not come into effect until 1839, when Holland signed the Treaty of Peace, and during those nine years the Belgians held the whole of the province outside the fortress capital. They held it not by violence or force of arms, but with the free will and hearty co-operation of its inhabitants. It was a bitter pill for the Belgians after such a well-sustained effort to resign themselves to the surrender of the half—and the better half—of a province which under every rule had been part and parcel of themselves. They offered to pay an enormous sum for that age for its redemption, but it was rejected, to the eventual chagrin and loss of the Dutch reigning family itself, which in the end lost both dominion and compensation.

From 1839 down to 1890 the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg remained attached to Holland or the Netherlands by the personal tie of having the same ruler. In that period it passed through one great crisis in 1867, when the Luxembourg difficulty threatened to occasion an European war. The danger was averted by the London Conference, which declared that Luxembourg was to be regarded as a neutral State under the guarantee of the Powers, and at the same time it was agreed that the fortress of Luxembourg should be dismantled and the German garrison withdrawn. On that occasion the Belgian Government, and in particular King Leopold II., hoped that an opportunity might present itself to repurchase what had been lost in 1839, but none offered. The deaths of the sons of the Dutch King William III. in the years following that Conference and the Franco-Prussian War produced a new situation in that the heir to his throne became his daughter Wilhelmina. But the Salic law prevailed in the Duchy of Luxembourg, his personal possession, where Dutch law and practice had no validity. When he died, then, in 1890 his daughter became Queen of Holland, and his cousin, Adolphus of Nassau, Grand Duke of Luxembourg. The altogether artificial and accidental connection between the Dutch and Luxembourg was thus brought to an end, and whatever arrangement may be made in the future, no one would think seriously of reviving one that possessed so little justification.

In 1912 the same position arose with regard to the Grand Duchy itself that had arisen in Holland in 1890. The male line of the Nassaus became extinct, and despite the Salic law the young Duchess Marie succeeded to the sovereignty of the little Principality. At daybreak on August 2nd, 1914, the Germans invaded the Grand Duchy, thus tearing up the first "scrap of paper," or, in precise



language, the guarantee of 1867. Of course, the local Government, without an army or a fortress, was unable to offer any resistance, but the exact circumstances in which the Germans entered and occupied the whole of the Grand Duchy within twenty-four hours have still to be ascertained. An explanation is still more necessary as to how the Grand Ducal authorities permitted in 1913-14 the doubling of the railway from Luxembourg via Ettelbruck and Kautenbach to Trois Vierges, the work being carried on with noticeably feverish haste under German supervision. The Luxembourg authorities had other reasons for forming a shrewd opinion as to what was coming. But whether a charge of complete subservience to Germany on the part of responsible people at Luxembourg can be sustained or not, there cannot be two opinions that the utter helplessness of the people of the Duchy to do anything in self-defence will be considered a strong argument when after the war conditions have to be defined against prolonging a situation full of peril to the Luxembourgers themselves and their neighbors. To all intents and purposes Luxembourg had become a German dependency, and in making fresh arrangements for its administration the Allies will be dispossessing Germany, and not the Grand Duchy, of an advanced position for invading France and taking her at a disadvantage.

Then it will be remembered that Luxembourg is, and always was, an integral and natural part of the Belgic Provinces, that the changes introduced in 1815 and in 1831-9 were due to German guile, that since 1871—for the process began in the Dutch period—and more especially since 1890, the Germanizing of the State and its people has been steadily going on until the nominal independence of the Principality had become an absolute fiction. Were this state of things allowed to continue after the war ends, and to be given as it were a new lease of life, the advantages secured elsewhere would be compromised, and Germany would retain the avenue of attack which enabled her to drive back the French into Champagne and to threaten the line of the Vosages. An end must be put to this intolerable position, and when the necessity of strengthening Belgium at the expense of Germany is admitted, as it must be, the restoration of the severed portion of the old Belgian Duchy and Province of Luxembourg will appear to everyone the most natural and advantageous solution of the problem. Not at the expense of Holland but of Germany will Belgium in Malmedy, along the Eifel, and in her own lost but cherished Province of Luxembourg receive the territorial expansion that will satisfy the requirements of her position. It will be not only a small reward for her sufferings, but it will at the same time, and this is the point that will carry most weight in the councils of the Allies, enable her to play a more useful part in preserving the future peace of Europe, and in averting a fresh outbreak of that brutal and lawless aggression that has developed under our eyes into the most terrible cataclysm of human history since the Mongols and their leaders, who were specially designated "the scourges of God."

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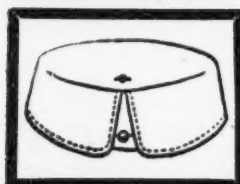
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man author's war book, giving the public its first glimpse of the German air-fleet. Here is part of his account of the swarm of monsters lying in readiness to sweep down on sleeping cities the next dark night:

Somewhere amid the white sand-dunes and the salt-meadow weeds dwell the mariners of the air who have brought some notion to Albion that it is no longer an island. I was taken at evening in an automobile over causeways and dikes to a group of buildings, dark air-ship halls, silhouetted against the sunset clouds in great lines of modern steel construction.

"How many?" I hear the question asked. Quite a confidence-inspiring number.

It was midnight as we approached the dark structure with brightly illuminated windows which, at first broad and red, soon shrank to narrow, shining slits as the whole ball turned on its axis in order to bring the air-ship into line with the wind.

The turning of a single screw on the ochre-yellow body of the air-cruiser filled the giant hall with the roaring and howling of a hurricane.

In front of the almost unbelievably thin steel rods to which were affixed the screw propellers were high wooden platforms on which mechanics cowered and watched the whirling propellers. These wooden propellers, each as tall as a man, soon became visible again, turned awkwardly a few times, then stopped. A mechanic adjusted a few screws, hammered a few bolts, and then the slender, thin wooden blades again roared. The mechanic always notes the faults first with the ear only, but afterward discovers them with the eye.

Now they had caught the right tone. "The ship is clear for sailing," the engineer reported to the commander.

In the front wall a gap opened slowly, like the pulling of a giant stage-curtain in a theatre, only much slower. The motors took seven minutes to slide back the steel wings on the front door. The commander disappeared in the direction of the forward gondola. From the port-holes of the connecting gangway grinned the faces of happy mariners, who called out jokes to those who were staying behind. Then the wondrous monster was led out of the hall with an ease which the eye could hardly credit.

Gas-cells between the ribs of the air-cruiser cheat the laws of gravitation. The ship is weighted to an ounce, no lighter and no heavier than air, so that it swings in space like a great feather. A band of frolicking schoolboys could just as well have led the monster out of its stall.

But outside waited the night-wind. One knew it well from past experience. Therefore, a hundred hard seamen's fists grabbed it outside to prevent capsizing.

A shrill whistle and all the screws began their storm-song. A few men of the landing battalion shook themselves like wet dogs. They had got on their heads a spout of the water with which the air-cruiser lightens itself. Lightly the slender colossus floated upward and it seemed swallowed up by the night, a dark shadow against the Great Dipper.

In the commander's gondola, among all the measuring-instruments and signal-wires, hangs a small, brown-plush teddy-bear, and amid the storm-song of the propellers and the thunder of the motors you seem to hear the shrill laughter of children. The commander's small daughter sent him the teddy-bear as a souvenir when sailing over England.

And so they went flying. The noise of the machinery made conversation impossible, the author tells us, but the commandant showed him by signs the workings of the various parts of the engine, as well as the steering-gear and the method of elevation and descent. Far below, the scenery passed by in an endless panorama. The account goes on to say:

We flew over wood and meadow, and over air-ship halls and barracks, and the canopy of green was soon lost to sight.

Through a small horizontal transparent pane, built like an alcove in the glass wall of the commandant's gondola, your eyes can see straight downward into the depths below.



At 2,000 feet the earth assumed that delightful relief that makes it seem like a giant plaything. In the distance the gray aura of a city appeared, but was soon left behind.

How the heart beat when through the forward windows of the gondola the North Sea was sighted. There lay the battle-fleet, but the ships seemed to hang in clouds, an optical illusion, for when seen from an air-ship the earth seems to sink like a round, flat saucer. Immediately under you lies the lowest point, while round about the horizon seems to rise. Hence came the illusion that battle-cruisers and a dreadnought, steaming far out at sea, were gliding through low clouds.

The barometer showed 3,300 feet. "Now we are in the zone of explosion danger," the commandant said coolly and quietly. I can not deny that this information disturbed the enjoyment of my view over all the world.

The Captain explained further: "At this height the atmosphere is most inclined to creep through the thin skin of the gas-cells, producing that explosive mixture of hydrogen and oxygen which you know from chemistry. If a man with hobnailed boots were to strike a spark on the steel plates now he could blow us all into the air. That is why we now blow off gas. This prevents a dangerous proportion in the mixture of air and hydrogen."

Shrill bells sounded through the air-ship, commands were called through the telephone, and wires were pulled. As we flew back over the land again the commander pointed out to me a large white cross in the midst of a plain. It was a target. Four bombs fell. Not one of them fell outside the circles of which the crossed lines were the diameters.

We descended until biplanes, cruising below us, looked like hawks.

"You must also visit the motor-room," the commandant suggested.

Through the two doors lay the way to the machinists. I could stand it for just two minutes. How men with ear-drums and nerves can hold out hours at a time and half a day long in that mad hell of sound that shakes the whole body to the marrow I do not understand. These men are heroes even though they merely hold out and do their oily work among the motors.

As we circled about our hall the landing-forces quickly caught hold of the lines, and after a few minutes L-X was firmly imprisoned on the wheeled iron-block that runs on the rails to the hall.

Not always is the landing so easy. Many a ship has been held in a storm outside for twenty-four hours, the men taking relief shifts before it could be brought in.

It takes much courage and science to steer such a cruiser through the air. The commanders all laughed when they read in the English papers that the English planned to salvage the framework of L-10, sunk in the waters of England, in order to copy the construction. "We will make them a present of a brand-new one and they would not learn how to sail it in five years," they said.

Down on the water-front everywhere stand new and gigantic air-ship halls. On the day I left the first of some new and splendid monsters came flying from its air-ship yards. They are large enough to lay a fortress in ashes.

Woe to you, Paris! Woe to you, London, when your day comes!

## Von Moltke Retired —Why?

IN December, 1914, it was announced to the German public that Lieutenant-General von Moltke, who had so long had their confidence in military matters was to be retired "on account of his health." But it began to be whispered through the capital that there was another reason why the Government was willing to get rid of the man who had been largely instrumental in the early successes of the Fatherland. It was said, perhaps, without foundation, that he had disagreed with

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the Kaiser on the wisdom of going through Flanders, preferring a drive at Verdun, but a German correspondent, says the *Literary Digest*, gives a different and more picturesque version of the cause. He claims that the general was ousted because of his religious beliefs, and states his views as follows:

Lieutenant-General von Moltke, the retired chief of the German General Staff, who dropped dead in the Reichstag recently, retained the confidence of the German people to the end. When he was first appointed to the post ten years ago, they distrusted and ridiculed him. They thought of him merely as the nephew of a famous general of the last generation, and as a personal favorite of the Kaiser. But the vigorous way he put through his own revolutionary ideas about "preparedness" soon forced them to change their minds. And the rapidity and smoothness of the German mobilization at the beginning of this war are largely credited to him.

The German people do believe the official explanation of his retirement from the head of the General Staff in December, 1914—that it was "on account of health."

Nevertheless, von Moltke just missed being ranked by his country as one of their supermen. But this was because of religious, rather than military, heresies. He was known to be a Christian Scientist—not merely a believer, but one of the leaders of the movement in Germany. This would have been considered a weakness in any prominent German. In the head of the army it was regarded as humiliating.

For, in the first place, Christian Science comes from America. It was known that General von Moltke's political views were not friendly toward the United States—at least not since the beginning of the war. A year ago he expressed himself in an interview very strongly against this country for sending arms and munitions to the Allies. Nevertheless, it was considered most undignified for the head of the German Army to cling to an American form of religious belief.

But the German feeling goes deeper than that. The Germans are convinced that there is an intimate relation between the religion of an army and its fighting qualities. They believe, for example, that the reason why the United States has been "the most non-military great Power which has ever existed"—to quote one of their leading thinkers—is because we "are fundamentally lacking in the mysticism of the State."

German thought has done, the author goes on to say, all that it could to encourage that fanatical "mysticism of the State" which has made, in the past, all great national movements. It made the Crusaders, it made the men of Cromwell invincible, and in the Napoleonic era it led countless Frenchmen to pour out their lives in the solemn belief that their leader was under the special guidance of Heaven. The utterances of the Kaiser, so much ridiculed in the press, are taken seriously, for the most part, by the Army, and the individual belief seems to be that the war-lord is really God's chosen child. The outbreak of the war has had its effect upon theology, as upon everything else, and the emphasis of the Bible has been transferred from the New Testament to the Old. For it is hardly in keeping with the ideals of any of the military nations to preach the peace of the Evangelists. The belief in the God of Battles has been revived. We learn that countless sermons have been preached on the text, "Then the fear of the Lord fell upon the people and they went out to battle as one man." In addition, the author asserts:

I have even seen a German book entitled "What the Bible has to say about the present war," in which some of the most sanguinary and violent passages of the Old Testament are gathered together in an effort to prove the divine origin of war.

The average religious German regards the war as divine retribution on Germany's enemies for their sins: *Gott strafe England!* There are other Germans who regard the war as divine punishment inflicted on Germany—for her materialism and atheism of the past generation. But, whatever the particular variations of their beliefs, all Germans who



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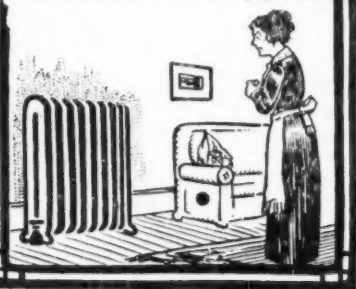
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are in the great current of contemporary German emotion believe in a God who works his will through war.

The Government not only encourages that belief but it discourages all contrary beliefs—those which tend to weaken the soldiers' idea of war as a sort of religious rite.

A few months ago an old woman, seventy-five years, named Reuss, was up before the military courts charged with treason. She was a New Adventist, and had been distributing among the soldiers leaflets pointing out the wickedness of fighting on Sunday. The court found that she was not prompted by any desire to help Germany's enemies, but by a sincere religious belief. In view of this fact, and of her age, it declared that it would be lenient. And it sentenced her to nine months' imprisonment!

The Government has been even more severe against Christian Scientists. And German public opinion has upheld it. A number of Christian Science practitioners were tried and convicted in Berlin last winter for letting one of their patients die without calling in medical aid. And the newspapers published unusually full accounts of the proceedings, in a bitterly satirical vein. German public opinion condemns Christian Science because it is the very opposite of "mysticism of the State."

## JANUARY FEATURES

The January issue of MACLEAN'S will contain a splendid article on the wonderful activity in shipbuilding now manifest in Canada. Other features will be: A description of a part of Canada that is quite unknown to most Canadians—the North-western coast of British Columbia; a story of adventure and mystery, by Alan Sullivan; and other stories and articles by famous Canadian writers.

## The Pride of Pauline

Continued from page 27.

round her, the camp-fire to be lit, and the bed to be made under the friendly trees and stars.

For a half-hour she sat so, and then suddenly she raised her head listening, leaning towards the window, through which the moonlight streamed, mingling with the glow from the chimney. She heard her name called without, distinct and strange: "Pauline! Pauline!"

Starting up, she ran to the door and opened it. All was silent and cruelly cold. Nothing but the wide plain of snow and the steely air. But as she stood intently listening, the red glow from the fire behind her, again came the cry "Pauline!" not far away. Her heart beat hard, and she raised her head and called—why was it she should call out in a language not her own? — "Qu'appelle? Qu'appelle?"

And once again on the still night air came the trembling appeal, "Pauline!" "Qu'appelle? Qu'appelle?" she cried, then, with a gasping murmur of under-

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standing and recognition she ran forward in the frozen night towards the sound of the voice. The same intuitive sense which had made her call out in French, without thought or reason, had revealed to her who it was that called — or was it that even in the one word uttered there was the note of a voice always remembered since those days with Manette at Winnipeg?

NOT far away from the house, on the way to Portage la Proue, but a little distance from the road, was a crevasse, and towards this she sped, for once before an accident had happened there. Again the voice called as she sped — "Pauline!" and she cried out that she was coming. Presently she stood above the declivity and peered over. Almost immediately below her, a few feet down, was a man lying in the snow. He had strayed from the obliterated road, and had fallen down the crevasse, twisting his foot cruelly. Unable to walk, he had crawled several hundred yards in the snow, but his strength had given out, and then he had called to the house, on whose dark windows flickered the flames of the fire, the name of the girl he had come so far to see.

With a cry of joy and pain at once she recognized him now. It was as her heart had said—it was Julien, Manette's brother. In a moment she was beside him, her arm around his shoulder.

"Pauline!" he said feebly and fainted in her arms.

An instant later she was speeding to the house, and rousing her mother and two of the stablemen, she snatched a flask of brandy from a cupboard and hastened back.

An hour later Julien Labrosse lay in the great sitting-room beside the fire, his foot and ankle bandaged, and at ease, his face alight with all that had brought him there. And once again the Indian mother with a sure instinct knew why he had come, and saw that now her girl would have a white woman's home, and, for her man, one of the race like her father's race, white and conquering.

"I'm sorry to give trouble," Julien said, laughing — he had a trick of laughing lightly; "but I'll be able to get back to the Portage to-morrow."

To this the Indian mother said, however, "To please yourself is a great thing, but to please others is better; and so you will stay here till you can walk back to the Portage, M'sieu' Julien."

"Well, I've never been so comfortable," he said, "never so happy. If you don't mind the trouble!"

The Indian woman nodded pleasantly and found excuse to leave the room for quite a quarter of an hour. But before she went she contrived to place near his elbow one of the scraps of paper on which Pauline had drawn his face with that of Manette. It brought a light of hope and happiness into his eyes and he thrust the paper under the fur robes of the couch.

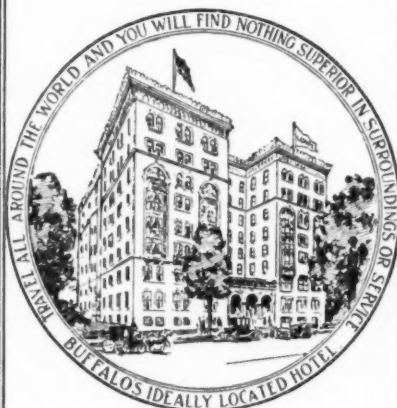
"What are you doing with your life?" Pauline asked him, as his eyes sought hers a few moments later.

"Oh, I have a big piece of work before



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me," he answered eagerly, "a great chance—to build a bridge over the St. Lawrence, and I'm only thirty! I've got my start. Then, I've made over the old Seigneury my father left me, and I'm going to live in it. It will be a fine place, when I've done with it, comfortable and big, with old oak timbers and walls, and deep fireplaces, and carvings done in the time of Louis Quinze, and dark-red velvet curtains for the drawing-room, and skins and furs. Yes, I must have skins and furs like these here." He smoothed the skins with his hand.

"Manette, she will live with you?" Pauline asked.

"Oh, no, her husband wouldn't like that. You see, Manette is to be married. She told me to tell you all about it."

HE told her all there was to tell of Manette's courtship, and added that the wedding would take place in the spring.

"Manette wanted it when the leaves first come out and the birds come back," he said gayly; "and so she's not going to live with me at the Seigneury, you see. No, there it is, as fine a house, good enough for a prince, and I shall be there alone, unless—"

His eyes met hers, and he caught the light that was in them, before the eyelids drooped over them and she turned her head to the fire. "But the spring is two months off yet," he added.

"The spring?" she asked, puzzled, yet half afraid to speak.

"Yes, I'm going into my new house when Manette goes into her new house—in the spring. And I won't go alone if—"

He caught her eyes again, but she rose hurriedly and said "You must sleep now. Good-night." She held out her hand.

"Well, I'll tell you the rest to-morrow—to-morrow night when it's quiet like this, and the stars shine," he answered. "I'm going to have a home of my own like this—ah, *bien sure*, Pauline."

That night the old Indian mother prayed to the Sun. "O great Spirit," she said, "I give thanks for the Medicine poured into my heart. Be good to my white child when she goes with her man to the white man's home far away. O great Spirit, when I return to the lodges of my people, be kind to me, for I shall be lonely; I shall not have my child; I shall not hear my white man's voice. Give me good Medicine, O Sun and great Father, till my dream tells me that my man comes from over the hills for me once more."

## Abdul Aziz Has His

*Continued from page 22.*

noble you swear that within one hour you will fill your mouth with mud and burn yourself alive."

"Just Allah!" cried the Sultan. "Does it say all that?"

"All that," said von der Doppelbauch. "All that within an hour. It is a splendid

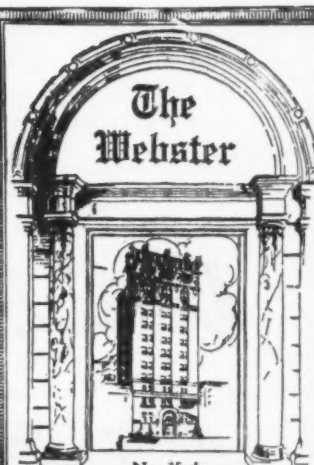
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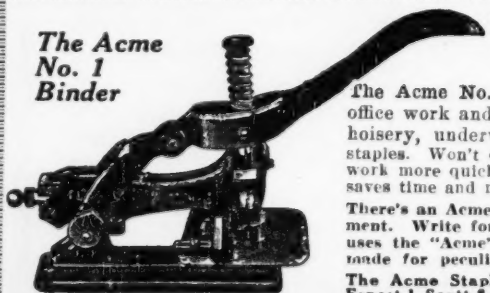
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defiance. The Kaiser himself has seen it and admired it. 'There,' he said, 'are the words of a man!'

"Did he say that?" said Abdul, evidently flattered. "And is he too about to hurl himself off his minaret?"

"For the moment, no," replied von der Doppelbauch, sternly.

"Well, well," said Abdul, and to my surprise he began picking up the pen and making ready. "I suppose if I must sign it, I must"—then he marked the paper and sprinkled it with sand. "For one hour? Well, well," he murmured. "Von der Doppelbauch Pasha," he added with dignity, "you are permitted to withdraw. Commend me to your Imperial Master, my brother. Tell him that when I am gone, he may have Constantinople, provided only"—and a certain slyness appeared in the Sultan's eye—"that he can get it. Farewell."

The Field Marshall, majestic as ever, gathered up the manifesto, clicked his heels together and withdrew.

AS the door closed behind him, I had expected the little Sultan to collapse. Not at all. On the contrary, a look of peculiar cheerfulness spread over his features.

He refilled his narghileh and began quietly smoking at it.

"Toomuch," he said, quite cheerfully. "I fear there is no hope."

"Alas!" said the secretary.

"I have now," went on the Sultan, "apparently but sixty minutes in front of me. I had hoped that the intervention of the United States might have saved me. It has not. Instead of it, I meet my fate. Well, well, it is Kismet. I bow to it."

He smoked away quite cheerfully.

Presently he paused.

"Toomuch," he said. "Kindly go and fetch me a sharp knife, double-edged if possible, but sharp, and a stout bowstring."

Up to this time I had remained a mere spectator of what had happened. But now I feared that I was on the brink of an awful tragedy.

"Good Heavens, Abdul!" I said, "what are you going to do?"

"Do? Why kill myself, of course," the Sultan answered, pausing for a moment in an interval of his cheerful smoking. "What else should I do? What else is there to do? I shall first stab myself in the stomach and then throttle myself with the bowstring. In half an hour I shall be in paradise. Toomuch, summon hither from the inner harem Fatima and Falloola. They shall sit beside me and sing to me at the last hour, for I love them well and later they too shall voyage with me to Paradise. See to it that they are both thrown a little later into the Bosphorus, for my heart yearns towards the two of them."

"And," he added thoughtfully, "especially perhaps towards Fatima, but I have never quite made up my mind."

The Sultan sat back with a little gurgling of contentment, the rose water bubbling soothingly in the bowl of his pipe.

Then he turned to his secretary again.

"Toomuch," he said, "you will at the same time send a bowstring to Codfish





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Pasha, my Chief of War. It is our sign, you know," he added in explanation to me. "It gives Codfish leave to kill himself. And, Toomuch, send a bowstring also to Beefhash Pasha, my Vizier—good fellow, he will expect it—and the Macpherson Effendi, my financial adviser—let them all have bowstrings."

"Stop, stop," I pleaded. "I don't understand."

"Why surely," said the little man, in evident astonishment. "It is plain enough. What would you do in Canada? When your ministers—as I think you call them—fail and no longer enjoy your support—do you not send them bowstrings?"

"Never," I said. "They go out of office but—"

"And they do not disembowel themselves on their retirement? Have they not that privilege?"

"Never!" I said. "What an idea!"

"The ways of the infidel," said the little Sultan, calmly resuming his pipe, "are beyond the compass of the true intelligence of the Faithful. Yet I thought it was so even as here. I had read in your newspapers that after one of your last elections your ministers were buried alive—buried under a landslide, was it not? We thought it—here in Turkey—a noble fate for them."

"They crawled out," I said.

"Ishmillah!" ejaculated Abdul. "But go, Toomuch. And listen—thou also—for, in spite of all, you have served me well—shalt have a bowstring."

"Oh! Master, master!" cried Toomuch, falling on his knees in gratitude and clutching the sole of Abdul's slipper. "It is too kind."

"Nay, nay," said the Sultan. "Thou hast deserved it. And I will go further. This stranger, too, my governess, this professor, bring also for the professor a bowstring, and a two-bladed knife! All Canada shall rejoice to hear of it. The students shall leap up like young lambs at the honor that will be done. Bring the knife, Toomuch, bring the knife!"

"Abdul," I said. "Abdul, this is too much. I refuse. I am not fit. The honor is too great."

"Not so," said Abdul. "I am still Sultan. I insist upon it. For listen, I have long penetrated your disguise and your kind design. I saw it from the first. You knew all and came to die with me. It was kindly meant. But you shall die no common death. Yours shall be the honor of the double knife—let it be extra sharp, Toomuch—and the bowstring."

"Abdul," I urged. "It cannot be. You forget. I have an appointment to be thrown into the Bosphorus."

"The death of a dog! Never!" cried Abdul. "My will is still law. Toomuch, kill him on the spot. Hit him with the stool, throw the coffee at him—"

BUT at this moment there were heard loud cries and shouting as in tones of great gladness, in the outer hall of the palace; doors swinging to and fro and the sound of many running feet. One heard above all the call: "It has come! It has come!"

The Sultan looked up quickly.

"Toomuch," he said eagerly and anxiously,



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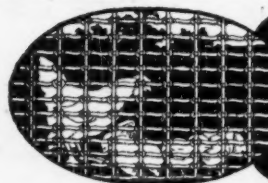
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ously. "quick, see what it is. Hurry! Hurry! Do not stay on ceremony. Drink a cup of coffee, give me five cents—fifty cents, anything—and take leave and see what it is."

But, before Toomuch could reply, a turbaned attendant had already burst in through the door unannounced and thrown himself at Abdul's feet.

"Master! Master!" he cried. "It is here. It has come." As he spoke he held out in one hand a huge envelope, heavy with seals. I could detect in great letters stamped across it the words WASHINGTON and OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

Abdul seized and opened the envelope with trembling hands.

"It is it!" he cried. "It is sent by Smith Pasha, Minister under the Peace of Heaven of the United States. It is the Intervention. I am saved."

Then there was silence among us, breathless and anxious, as he read it.

Abdul glanced down the missive, reading it in silence to himself.

"Oh, noble," he murmured. "Oh, generous! It is too much. Too splendid a lot!"

"What does it say?"

"Look," said the Sultan. "The United States has used its good offices. It has intervened! All is settled. My fate is secure."

"Yes, yes," I said. "But what is it?"

"Is it believable?" exclaimed Abdul. "It appears that none of the belligerents cared about me at all. None had designs upon me. The war was not made, as we understand, Toomuch, as an attempt to seize my person. All they wanted was Constantinople. Not me at all!"

"Powerful Allah!" murmured Toomuch. "Why was it not so said?"

"For me," said the Sultan, still consulting the letter. "great honors are prepared! I am to leave Constantinople—that is the sole condition. It shall then belong to whoever can get it. Nothing could be fairer. It always has. I am to have a safe conduct—is it not noble?—to the United States. No one is to attempt to poison me—is it not generosity itself—neither on land—nor even—mark this especially, Toomuch—on board ship. Nor is anyone to throw me overboard or otherwise transport me to Paradise."

"It passes belief!" murmured Toomuch Koffi. "Allah is indeed good."

"In the United States itself," went on Abdul, "or, I should say, themselves, Toomuch—for are they not innumerable?—I am to have a position of the highest trust, power and responsibility."

"Is it really possible?" I said, greatly surprised.

"It is so written," said the Sultan. "I am to be placed at the head—as the sole head or sovereign of—how is it written?—a Turkish Bath Establishment in New York. There I am to enjoy the same freedom and to exercise just as much—it is so written—exactly as much political power as I do here. Is it not glorious?"

"Allah! Illallah!" cried the Secretary.

"You, Toomuch, shall come with me, for there is a post of great importance placed at my disposal—so it is written—



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under the title of 'Rubber Down.' Too-much, let our preparations be made at once. Notify Fatima and Falloola. Those two alone shall go. For it is a Christian country and I bow to its prejudices. Two, I understand, is the limit. But we must leave at once."

The Sultan paused a moment and then looked at me.

"And our good friend here," he added, "we must leave to get out of this Yildiz Kiosk by whatsoever magic means he came into it."

Which I did.

AND I am assured by those who know that the intervention was made good and that Abdul and Toomuch may be seen to this day, or to any other day, moving to and fro in their slippers and turbans in their Turkish Bath Emporium at the corner of Broadway and—

But stop, that would be saying too much. Especially as Fatima and Falloola occupy the upstairs.

And it is said that Abdul has developed a very special talent for heating up the temperature for his Christian customers.

Moreover, it is the general opinion that whether or not the Kaiser and such people will get their deserts, Abdul Aziz has his.

## The White Comrade

Continued from page 34.

That one young man in his most ardent youth

So loved life, felt life, understood its laws,  
So took pain to his heart, so took great love,

And knew that pain and love are always one,

And knew that death can be lived through to life

Till he commanded death, and death obeyed.

So comes the Comrade White, down silent pain.

He comes to woods and battlefields to-day.  
(Sometimes I think he loves the woods the best.)

And finds free souls flung skyward, glad to go,

Among the lonely and the pain-racked ones

He comes—not death at all, but radiant life.

Comes in the eyes of Comrades, lives in hearts

That give all, taking nothing in return.  
He is a rumor and a far white light,

He is the singing bird, the children's flute  
That called us wooing forth to give our all.

The floating glad things of the buoyant air,

Young earth's warm children, music and delight,

Live in His eyes; those deathless azure eyes,

That smile upon the moment we thought hard,

And turn our sacrifice to kindling light.

They pass through radiant gates on whom He smiles.



### DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS

Soak 1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 2 tablespoonfuls cold water 5 minutes. Mix 2 cups granulated sugar and 1/4 teaspoonful cream of tartar together; add 1/2 cup cold water and boil until syrup is clear. Stir soaked gelatine through syrup quickly and turn in a pan to cool, but do not scrape pan. When partially cool add 1 teaspoonful peppermint (scant measure) or vanilla, and beat until creamy and stiff enough to form in centres. Place small pieces of confectioners dipping chocolate over hot water until melted. Remove and drop centres one at a time into chocolate and place on paraffine paper.

THIS year make candy for home use or put up gift boxes for your friends. Here are two good candy recipes. There are many more in our book, as well as recipes for jellies, Desserts, Salads, and a wholesome, easily digested CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING, which would be a treat for your Christmas dinner.

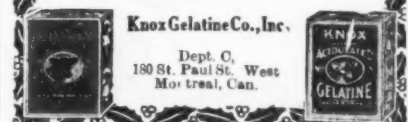
## KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

### CHRISTMAS DAINTIES

Soak 2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1 1/2 cups boiling water. When dissolved, add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled, add to 1 part 1/2 teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope, dissolved in 1 tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add 1/2 teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

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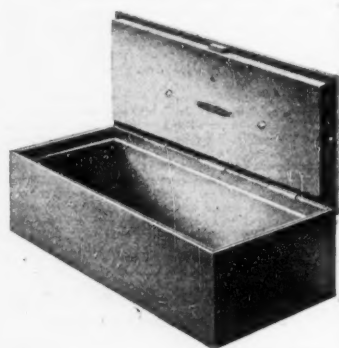
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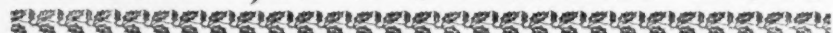
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# The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance



## Prospects for the Future are Brighter

THE world lives in a state of hope that something will happen to hasten the end of the war, a hope that flutters up into high expectations on the word of a neutral observer or the prediction of a Balkan statesman. But it

to \$536,721,000. The balance of trade is, therefore, still very satisfactory despite the increase in imports. The export expansion is found chiefly under the heads of agriculture and manufactures, the increase under the former being from \$11,139,935 in September, 1915, to \$25,164,034. Exports of manufactures in September increased from \$9,244,974 to \$37,801,177. In the six month period these exports were, agriculture, \$206,141,326, a gain of \$146,794,343, and manufactures, \$190,823,240, a gain of \$119,346,421. Exports of forest and fishery products declined slightly during September.

THERE is a growing feeling of optimism with regard to the future. It has been felt that the end of the war would usher in a period of uncertainty of shifting conditions impossible to gauge beforehand on any standards of the past. This is still felt, though perhaps in lesser degree, and our industrial and banking leaders have not abated a jot of their insistence upon economy in the present



—New York American

is now beginning to sink into the minds of all citizens of the British Empire that a long war is ahead. We still talk of peace next spring or a cessation of hostilities next August, but at the backs of our minds we know that it may take, almost certainly will take, longer than that to beat the German to his knees.

This means one thing at least to us at home here in Canada. It means that war orders will continue and that industrial stability can be counted upon for another year at least. The feverish industrial activity of the present, with its concomitants, high wages and high cost of living, will continue. This seems absolutely assured.

Each successive set of figures that comes through tells more forcibly the story of present activity. The September trade report shows that for the first six months of the fiscal year, imports, exclusive of coin and bullion, amounted to \$390,995,000, an increase of \$177,402,000, while exports increased from \$246,392,000



The Advance of the British Tanks

and serious preparation for the future. But that future is now faced with a little less of dread. It is the unexpected which

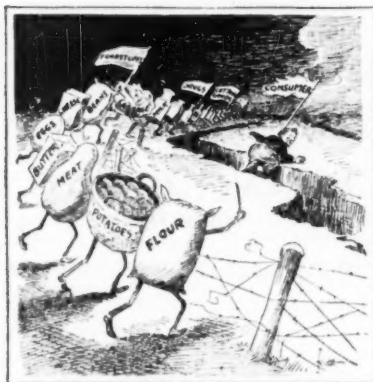


has the most serious effect on business. The war was unexpected and resulted in a most complete disorganization of industry and finance. The end of the war can be carefully prepared for and, when it comes, adequate provision for meeting the new conditions will have been made.

## INVESTMENTS

### Industrial Bonds

**S**PEAKING generally, a basis for a comparison of industrial bonds with bonds of Governments, municipalities, and those of public utility corporations, naturally resolves itself into:—First, security of principal, and, secondly, security of interest. The most ardent champion of industrial bonds would



*The Great Advance*

not, according to *The Financial Post*, go so far as to state that as a whole, industrial bonds provide the same degree of security as a high grade Government or municipal. A greater degree of care must necessarily be exercised in the selection of industrials, but it is purely a matter of degree; the investor in municipalities should use at least ordinary business judgment although he is apt to be lulled into a false sense of security by repeated statements that no loss of either principal or interest has ever been suffered by an investor in Canadian municipalities.

The investor in industrial bonds will demand a larger "margin of security" in his investment—and rightly so—than he will look for in the more favored class of securities. The larger earning power back of industrials as compared with that of public utilities or railroads—based more especially on a comparison of bonded indebtedness—gives the required security as to principal, on top of which Mr. Industrial Bond Investor enjoys an income one or two per cent. greater than the investor in either municipal or public utilities. This higher interest yield and the short-term (not exceeding, on an average, twenty years) preclude the possibility of good industrial bonds falling to a serious discount

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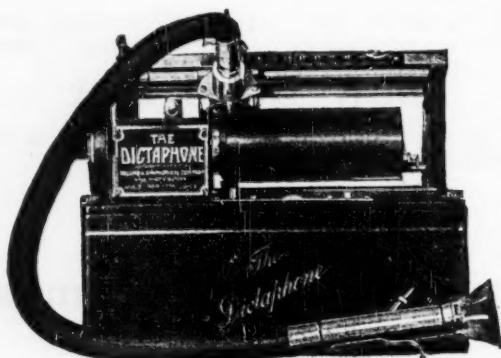
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in a period of high money rates or under such conditions as the present when the constantly increasing cost of living demands a larger return on capital.

It is natural in a period of unsettled business conditions such as followed the outbreak of the war, that investment funds found their way in gradually increasing volume into Government and municipal bonds. At such a time, not only the habitual "municipal" buyers, but also the "industrial" investors, will be found buying the same class of security. But the industrial bond will come—and is coming—into its own again. Slowly but surely the investing public is awakening to a realization of the unprecedented earning power and underlying strength of our industrial securities.

## INSURANCE

### Education Needed

THE great need in insurance to-day is for more education—more education for both the insurance man and for the public. The insurance man, the solicitor, has created difficulties for himself by this lack of education; or rather, the system on which insurance has been sought has resulted in difficulties. Too many men utterly unfitted to sell insurance have been allowed to try it. With jumbles of figures in their heads and persistency and volubility as their sole stock in trade, they have been turned loose with orders to sell. The public has seen so much of the untrained, unscientific salesman that insurance men have become feared. The average man dodges around a corner when he sees an insurance man coming. Plenty of men who need the protection of insurance badly have not taken any on, solely through the tendency to dodge the issue.

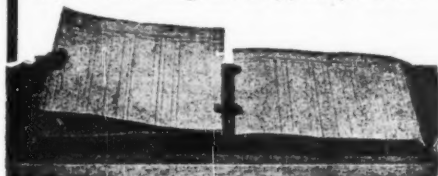
Every man needs insurance and the tendency to dodge is illogical and unreasonable, but in no small degree it is due to the fact that the insurance companies have not been sufficiently discriminating in their cultivation of the field. Had they selected their salesmen more carefully and trained them more thoroughly, the public would not have learned to shrink from insurance. If only trained salesmen had been selling insurance from the start, there would not be the present difficulties to face. The attitude of the prospect would be more sensible and business-like.

And there is great need for education of the public on the score of insurance. It has become one of the essential features of modern life. The taking of risks in business or in any phase of private life has become unnecessary and foolhardy, for to-day it is possible to get insurance on everything. A man insures his life, his health, his wife, his children, his house, and furniture, his business, his employees, his stock. He can get insurance of some kind or other on any kind of

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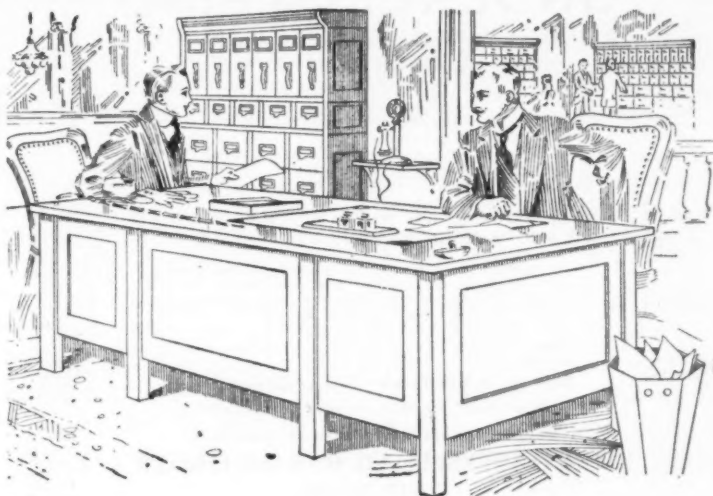
holding capacity and tried out its durability, subjecting it to the wear and tear of a busy Government office for several years. So admirably did the Kalamazoo acquit itself that the Government decided to officially adopt the Kalamazoo as the standard loose-leaf binder for the War Office. The first order was for 500 binders. Since that time they have ordered many thousands.

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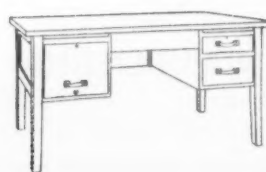
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risk under the sun. The ramifications of insurance are so many that the average man is a little dazed by it all. He does not attempt to understand it; and so probably fails to get as much benefit from insurance as he might. In every community there are business men operating with so frail an anchor to leeward in the shape of insurance that any unexpected squall would bring about a total wreck. Also there are scores of men in every community, with families to look after, carrying not one cent of insurance, either life or accident. This is sheer ignorance. They do not understand insurance or they would not so foolishly risk every thing in this foolhardy way.

And so the great need to-day is for education—education to work both ways. The large companies are doing splendid work along this line, advertising, issuing booklets that explain the great principles behind insurance, approaching the public in various ways and driving home the lesson. But there is still a great deal to be done. The day must come when every man will understand insurance thoroughly; for not until then will the disastrous consequences of laxness and ignorance be entirely overcome.

## How Strong are the Germans?

SINCE the battle of the Marne, the opinion has been expressed rather generally that this is a war of attrition, that the Central Empires are to be defeated by the wearing down of their resources in men and munitions. This makes the estimate of "effectives" the prime consideration of all military forecasts. How many soldiers are left in Hindenburg's command? Arthur Bullard, who has been in Europe during the past year studying the situation sends the following correspondence to *The Outlook*.

From the military point of view, the enigma of the third year of war is the problem of "effectives."

But the beginning of the third year of war saw the lines about the Central Empires fairly complete. And the minimum demand on the Germanic General Staff was to hold this encircling line.

Back of their fighting lines they were certainly hard at work whipping reserves into shape. How large was this new army they were mustering? To come under the word "effectives"—to be more than a "mob"—it would have to be fully organized, properly drilled and officered, fully equipped with all the intricate machinery of modern warfare, and fully supplied with base factories for its steady and ample munitionment. Such a new army, formed behind the fighting lines and not needed for the routine work of their defense, would be technically described as "Strategic Reserve" or the "Mass of Manœuver."

The German soldiers actually under fire on the Somme front, for instance, are of course backed by "tactical reserves," ten to twenty miles in their rear. But these troops are held—or "hooked up," in the picturesque French terminology. They are more than busy where they are. They cannot be used for strategic manœuvre. The future of the war depends—more than on any other consideration—on the strength of this strategic reserve which has been silently forming in the interior of Germany during the recent months. What is the bulk of the Mass of Manœuvre which Hindenburg will be able to throw into the campaign before Christmas?

Before New Year's Day we shall know the answer. For the plans he will make, the

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moves he will attempt, will be determined by the size of his strategic reserve. If his new manoeuvring army is well over a million, he will do this. If it is less than a quarter of a million, he will do that. If it is somewhere between these figures, he will do the other.

It is necessary to emphasize the point that strategic reserve means the surplus over and above what is required to maintain the defence on the existing fronts. The enemy must everywhere be held and the wastage he causes must be steadily replaced. The effectives left after these minimum requirements are met constitute the mass of manoeuvre.

The entrance of Roumania into the war has decreased the choices before the general staffs of the Central Empires, as they debate what to do with their strategic reserve. First of all, it has lengthened the front to be defended. This will "hook up"—remove from the mass of manoeuvre—at least a quarter of a million men.

So this is a minimum. If the strategic reserves of the Central Empires are too small, they will be unable to come to the relief of Bulgaria. The equilibrium in the near east will be definitely broken. If we see the Russians in Sofia by Christmas it will surely indicate that Hindenburg's effectives are exhausted. The end will be in sight.

But now consider the other extreme—the maximum. If, after detaching enough of their mass of manoeuvre to re-establish the equilibrium in the near east—say 300,000 men—the high command of the Central Empires can dispose of a strategic reserve of a million or more, they will surely attack on the western front.

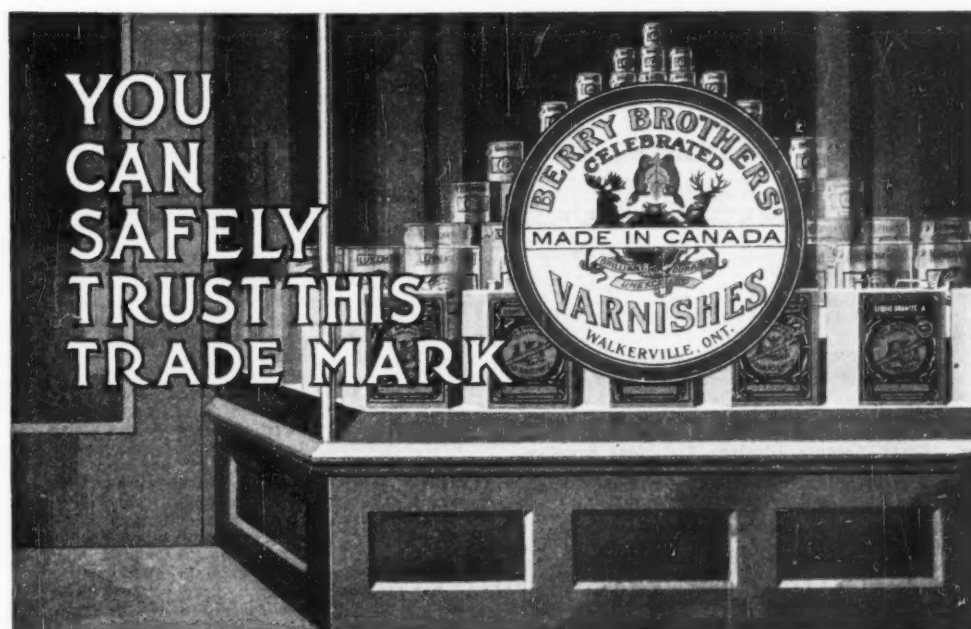
It is just as true to-day as when they began their march through Belgium that the Germans must destroy the French armies before they can hope for an unqualified victory. Now that Great Britain has had time to organize, the destruction of France would be only a first step, but it remains—and always will remain—the *sine qua non* of complete triumph.

The Germans will surely attempt it again if they think they have a fighting chance. It is inherent in the European situation. While the Germans may be ruined on any front, they can triumph only on the French front. If they drove the British into the Channel and the French still held, it would be glorious but not decisive. As long as they hope for victory they will dream of a successful attack on France. In the past they have not erred on the side of undue caution. If they see a gambling chance of smashing France, they will take it.

The six months' battle before Verdun gives us a base for reckoning their chances. The Crown Prince had at his disposal approximately half a million men for this attempt. They were utterly defeated, but they came within an ace of large success. It is idle to speculate on what would have happened if they had broken the French line. At the very least it would have been a grave blow to the Entente.

But that campaign must have persuaded the Germans that they have no chance of smashing France with half a million men. Their army before Verdun was as lavishly equipped as any of their future reserves can be, and the French have strengthened, continually are strengthening, their artillery.

But with a force twice as powerful the situation would be different. If the Germans could make two simultaneous drives—each as formidable as that on Verdun—one on the Champagne front, one near Nancy, the odds against them would certainly be no worse than those they have often accepted before. Every German general and officer would prefer such a campaign.



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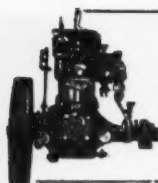
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to any other. The only consideration which will keep them from the attempt is the knowledge that their mass of manoeuvre is too small. If there is no new and more powerful German assault on the French lines before Christmas, we may be sure that their strategic reserves are less than a million.

Obviously it would be easier for the Anglo-French forces to reconquer Belgium than Serbia. Short lines of communication are of immense importance. It is far easier to provision the large British army in Flanders than their relatively small force at Salonika. But of more importance is the political consideration that it is easier for the French and British Governments to keep up the war ardor of their people for campaigns near at home than for distant expeditions in the Balkans. German gains in the east can be more easily held than in the west.

There is an immense popular sentiment throughout the Central Empires which pushes towards the Orient—the *Drang nach Osten*. If the process of attrition has worn down the Teuton effectives to the point which excludes not only the hope of victory, but also the hope of holding all their conquests, they will disgorge in the west rather than in the east.

So it is probable that Hindenburg is planning to throw whatever mass of manoeuvre he can muster against Russia to expand and consolidate the conquests in the near east.

For months now Hindenburg's forces have been holding the armies of Brusiloff in practical equilibrium. If Hindenburg were able to concentrate half a million men south of Lemberg, he could overcome the equilibrium and have a fair fighting chance of breaking through.

Certainly the high command of the Entente has foreseen this probable attack and has actively prepared against it. We have no reliable information on the strength of the armies of Brusiloff. He may have at his disposal forces sufficient to maintain the offensive; but with any mass of manoeuvre too small to threaten France the campaign down the Pruth offers the Central Empires more profit than any other.

So, as soon as the next German move develops, we can estimate their strategic reserves with considerably accuracy. If in the next few months they do not launch new and more stupendous attacks on France, it will be because they cannot muster a mass of manoeuvre large enough to give them any hope. It will mean that their effective reserves are less than a million. If, on the other hand, they do not speedily come to the relief of Bulgaria, it will mean that their reserves are entirely exhausted.

If their attack falls on the southern end of the Russian line and makes any considerable progress, it will indicate that Hindenburg has found a new army of from four to seven hundred thousand men.

If he reaches the Black Sea, so cutting off Roumania from Russia, or if he succeeds in any similarly ambitious project, it will indicate the large figure. If he barely re-establishes an equilibrium in the near east and succeeds only in keeping the Russians too busy at home to invade Bulgaria, it will indicate a strategic reserve of less than half a million.

## Peaches and Lemons

*Continued from page 12.*

**A**FTER the financial question, which is at a modest estimate three-quarters of the whole trouble, is solved, Parliament will probably get round to questions like woman suffrage, knighthood and bilingual schools. Woman suffrage is bound to come, if only not to complicate the federal franchise which takes the provincial voters lists as its ground work. As the Western provinces are adopting woman suffrage it is easier for the Dominion Government to accept the accomplished fact than to make a separate federal franchise which will bar the

women out. How woman suffrage will work out is a moot question. The world will probably be no worse for it—and no better. I am not of those who believe that the angels are all of one sex. On general principles I am disposed to agree with Mr. Kipling, who declares that the female of the species is more deadly than the male. However, let us hope for the best. Woman having won man's right to vote may even assume some of his duties—such as giving up one's seat in the street car.

I feel convinced that one political party or the other, having outgrown or buried its embarrassments, will come out with a policy of no more knighthoods or fewer for Canada—that is to say, no denationalizing our public men with baubles from Downing Street, no interfering with the democratic spirit which is at the root of this country's welfare. There are too many knights in Canada now. One can hardly put foot outdoors without tripping over them. Presently somebody will have the courage to say so. But not just now.

**A**NOTHER thing that will be settled is the bilingual question. This question has always been regarded as the prize lemon of Canadian politics, but handled with real courage it may become the goldenest peach in the whole orchard and make a reputation for some statesman more imperishable than brass. Settling it and settling it right is a very simple matter. Just now the question is bedevilled by Ontario bigots at one end and ultramontane bigots at the other, by double-faced politicians who say one thing in Quebec and another in Ontario, by tricky demagogues who play on the ignorance of the two provinces each of the other's language, by selfish agitators who thrive on mutual misunderstandings and race jealousies.

What about it? Well, the first thing to do is to dwell on the likeness between the French and the English language, a likeness anyone will admit who has studied them even superficially. The Norman influence broods over us yet—nobody has been able to agitate it out of our parts of speech. Go back to Chaucer's time and the King's English is very much like the King's French, as one may see by perusing some of the old edicts. Our language is English bone and French sinew. On this common ground we may argue it out.

What is the solution then? Here is my idea of it. Amend the British North America Act—take education away from the provinces—hand it over to the Dominion—let there be a system of national schools. Let English be made a compulsory subject in the national schools of Quebec and French a compulsory subject in the national schools throughout the rest of Canada. So will our children have two languages with which to fight the battle of life, two instruments which to handle the polylingual trade arrangements arising out of the war, two great literatures with which to enrich their minds and invite their souls. Moreover, it will be the making of Canada. When each man understands what the other man is saying fear will disappear.

But Sir Wilfrid Laurier may not launch this happy thought, nor Henri



Bourassa, nor Armand Lavergne, nor Paul Lamarche. It must come from the English-speaking majority. Where is this brave man? Let him step forward.

## Bilingualism

Continued from page 37.

ment among experts that a second language, far from being an impediment to intellectual progress, is really an advantage. The study of French and Latin by children in the best primary schools of England and their study in our own secondary schools is based on the pedagogic principle that all things are understood only by comparison. It is contended by certain Mennonites of Southern Manitoba that their children at the age of sixteen are more proficient in English because they have studied German, and have also profited in general intellectual development, quite aside from the utilitarian advantage of a second language. And it stands to reason that, just as travel in the study of natural sciences brightens a child's intelligence since he is able to contrast one set of phenomena with another, so in the study of language bilingual training may become of great benefit if properly conducted.

THIS leads us to the real crux of the question. Granted two languages are an advantage if well taught, is it possible to have them well taught in our public schools? In other words can a sufficient supply of capable teachers be secured? It must be admitted that the available supply is quite inadequate. The ordinary primary schools of Ontario and the West teach only one language. Our secondary schools undertake to teach French and German but the sound of any of their pupils from English-speaking homes discouraging readily in any other language than English would astound our ears. Even our University graduates who specialize in modern languages are often surprisingly weak in this respect. In the Union Point dispute in Manitoba and later in the Springer dispute in Northern Ontario the difficulty arose from the assumption on the part of the authorities that a teacher who had studied French in the ordinary way in a university in one case and in a ladies' college in another, was therefore capable of conducting a school in a French district, an assumption angrily combated by a section of the residents.

Nor are the bilingual training-schools for teachers conspicuous for efficiency. The Ruthenian training-school at Brandon, and the Polish training-school at Winnipeg undertook in three years to make competent teachers out of young men often quite ignorant of the English language or Canadian ideals and history. Occasionally they succeeded; usually they turned out nothing better than stop-gaps. The French training-school at St. Boniface and those of Ontario have not been able to require a high standard of scholarship. Special leniency has always been shown to the teachers in training. It is clear that more language fervor must be



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infused into either the English or the French if bilingual schools are to deserve a place in our system. If half the energy used to fan the flames of agitation could be directed to the preparation of young men and young women for efficient work as bilingual teachers, our difficulties would fade away.

**H**OWEVER, before the solution can be reached, certain current fallacies must be abandoned. One has already been dealt with, namely that bilingual schools are necessarily inefficient. Another is that for which Dr. Merchant argued. He contended that for non-English-speaking children the best results are obtained "where the medium of instruction is in the beginning the mother tongue." If Dr. Merchant wishes to learn Italian most rapidly and effectively he leaves all English-speaking friends at home goes to Italy and hears and speaks nothing but Italian. What is true of adults is doubly true of children. They will pick up a new language in an amazingly short time if they hear nothing else in school hours. In a week they will have a considerable vocabulary; in a few months they have learned to speak and think in the new language. The experience of Miss Francis L. Ormond, of Portage la Prairie, as reported last fall in Dr. Thornton's investigation in Manitoba, has been repeated over and over again in various parts of the Dominion. In her room were 39 Ruthenians, 5 Austrians, 3 Germans, 5 Poles, 2 French half-breeds and 2 Canadians. "The 57 children in this class are all in grade I. Those who have attended regularly from Easter (that is for six months) can now form sentences correctly and readily." The Mennonites in Manitoba in places have adopted the best system of securing efficient training in the two languages. From the day the child enters school he hears English in the class room. An hour or so each day is reserved for instruction in his native tongue. Thus the pupil learns to think in both languages and the division of time enables the teachers to keep the two languages on a basis of equality. That is a scientific method, though doubtless too heroic for many French-Canadians of Ontario, at least in the present mood. The other method, namely, that of teaching a child English though his own language is unsound pedagogically and difficult of operation by teachers with a natural bias toward the other language. It is possible, however, to obtain good results from this system. In the Provencher school in St. Boniface under the able principalship of Brother Joseph Fink about thirty pupils, all of whom are French, successfully take the entrance examination in English every year, the amount of English being gradually increased from Grade I. up. This is the method apparently contemplated under Regulation Seventeen in its revised form.

**M**ETHODS and minutiae cannot be overlooked. Many a good law has failed of effect because the legislators forgot to inquire as to ways and means of enforcing it. But it is fatal not to get beyond minutiae, it is fatal to overlook

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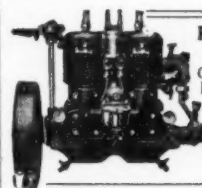
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the wider issues involved in such a question. Our great Canadian problems are the assimilation of immigrants and the maintenance of a spirit of good fellowship between those of different races and religions. We cannot afford to have a second Irish question on our hands. We must endeavor to avoid antagonizing any minority. However, it is clearly unwise as a general policy to allow newcomers to separate themselves in the schools. Consequently bilingual schools for Ruthenians or Poles or Germans would be a misfortune even were it possible to secure an adequate supply of efficient teachers. With our French compatriots the situation is somewhat different. When they migrate to Ontario or the West they must be prepared to submit to the laws governing education in the province in which they settle. To do less would be to violate the very spirit of Confederation and the subsequent provincial acts. We are a federation not a union. Further to be unwilling to learn English thoroughly in their new homes would be to bar the door of opportunity in the faces of their children. On the other hand instruction in French, at any rate in Ontario and perhaps also in Manitoba, cannot in wisdom be denied those who desire it and are prepared to bend every effort to secure teachers truly bilingual. In this effort English-speaking patriots who look to a United Canada can greatly assist by co-operation and greater attention to French in the secondary schools and universities. Above all we must look more to the present and future and less to the past.

The publication of the papal encyclical and the announcement of the decision of the Privy Council on the Ottawa School Case have come with this article already on the press. As a result the air is considerably cleared. Each concedes, what the article has taken for granted, the legal right of the province to regulate the teaching of language in the public and separate schools. That is something. There still remained, however, those vital questions, moral, educational and administrative. Can the state afford to disregard what any section of the people regard as its natural right?

Is not all wise legislation based on public reason and the consent of the governed? How can Regulation 17, or some other regulation which is couched in less obscure language be enforced? If the Government could not legally appoint the Ottawa School Commission, can it provide for the official trustee who has proved so useful in Alberta and more recently in Manitoba? These are matters which demand the attention of all good citizens.

## What the Gods Send

*Continued from page 39*

he began heartily, "both personally and on behalf of the Company. The Old Man himself'll be along in a few minutes to speak for himself. He'll be some tickled. Guess the boys back in that old freight van'll be some tickled, too. Dropped in on Rutland last night, not long after you left. Rutland didn't say much, but I



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knew he knew about this thing and I figured it out for myself as you were doing a little scouting on your own on the off chance of having the laugh on 'em. And by golly, you've got it on 'em proper! It's a medal for your's and I'd like to pin it on you myself. Shake."

Macklin shook—limply.

"A leather medal for mine!" he ventured with the sickly smile of one who feels his way without undue enthusiasm in the process.

CRANSTON laughed approval of what he evidently considered a young man's modesty.

"Not for a minute! Gold an' silver an' precious stones for yours! It was great, I tell you!" He fastened an admiring eye upon the black-and-blue lump which lent to the other's forehead the bulge of exceptional brain-power. "Some scrap, eh?"

"Some scrap," echoed Macklin tonelessly. He felt his forehead gingerly. "It—it's—sore," he announced foolishly. (What was it again Pomeroy had told him?)

"I'll bet it is," chuckled Cranston. "An' one o' them Norwegians has got a swell sore nose; his brother's bitten a chunk out o' his tongue; even the big duffer's got a pair o' prize eyes; you got it in the headlight an' him——." He jerked his head toward the tank—. "Well, say, he's just naturally wrecked from engine to caboose! Some scrap, believe me, kid!"

Macklin said nothing—merely stared, uncomprehending, while the detective rattled on in genial mood:

"Halldorson's told me all about it. Pom must've been some desperate, 'cordin' to all accounts. Son-of-a-gun had reason to be. He's 'bout as slick as they get, but I wouldn't 've give him credit for bein' so handy with his dukes. Glad to see you were Johnny-Wise to him, too, an' had sense enough to freeze right to him all night after you did locate him. I tell you, Macklin, you've done the Old Man a service to-night he ain't likely to forget in a hurry. Politics mixed up in it, you know."

"I—I want to do what's right, Mr. Cranston," Macklin managed to murmur.

"Sure you do. An' 'nother thing I like 'bout the way you've handled this thing is you had sense enough to keep your mouth shut an' stall off them foreigners. They don't know the reason we was after our friend over there an' it ain't none o' their business. That discretion o' your's is goin' to please the Old Man more'n a little, believe me."

Cranston winked.

"You're savin' the envelope to hand to him yourself in person, eh? Nothin' very remarkable 'bout me divin' that, though; for it's exactly what I'd do myself if I was in your place. I ain't wantin' to butt in on that end of it, Macklin. The credit of this whole thing belongs to you an' I'll see that it's comin' to you. That's the kind o' man I am."

HE held up his hand for silence—though Macklin couldn't have said a word if he'd been paid for it—and listened to a low rumble that was grow-

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ing over behind the rock ridges westward. "There he comes now," he resumed. "He come up behind Number 1 last night. Grabbed the engine up at Wardlow an' 's runnin' back light. He—" Cranston's face grew suddenly grave. "Say," he said blankly, "I wonder if that son-of-a-gun—! Here, let me see that envelope for a second, Macklin!" he commanded sharply. "Jumpin' Jupiter! If Pomeroy's gone an'—! Quick, let's have a look! I'll give it right back to you."

He held out his hand for it and there was a concern in his manner that he took no pains to conceal. Startled, Macklin had mechanically unbuttoned his coat before he remembered. He hesitated, flushing with embarrassment which the detective did not see for the reason that he was already picking the packet from the inner pocket of Macklin's coat. He had it in his hands before its custodian could utter a word of protest.

One glance at the red seals and Cranston returned it with a laugh of relief.

"Y'aint never sure where you're at when you're dealin' with the likes o' Hughey Pomeroy!" he explained. "I thought mebbe he'd tampered with it before you searched him."

The corners of Macklin's mouth rose in a weak grin. He found himself nodding his head entirely without volition, and from the vacuity of his stare Cranston chose to pluck a bouquet of silent admiration, boyish admiration of his ability.

FOR Cranston was very well pleased with himself, with Macklin, with the envelope. Pomeroy's defiance had worried him not a little until he had figured that Macklin must have the packet. The boy had done well and the detective mentally resolved to see that the President heard of it. Men who knew how to keep a close mouth like this were scarce—and valuable. The Chief couldn't come too soon.

HE was coming. The rumble of the special was loud in their ears by this time. The smoke of the locomotive could be seen now and presently the engine rounded into sight through the rock-cut, up the track. A moment later it had steamed in and Cranston hurried forward to meet a thick-set, powerfully built man in a gray tweed suit—a gentleman who swung to the ground while the wheels were yet revolving and whom Macklin knew at once must be the President.

They did not talk long, but were making for where he stood before the bewildered youngster had been able to make up his mind to anything more definite than that he liked Cranston's genial cock-sureness. There was a solidity about the detective that would not be denied. One quick look into the piercing eyes which Waring turned upon him from beneath grizzled brows as the two approached and Macklin stepped forward eagerly.

For the Fates were testing Macklin—were giving him his chance. And he proceeded to do the one thing they asked of him.

"I believe this belongs to you, sir," he began as soon as Cranston had introduced

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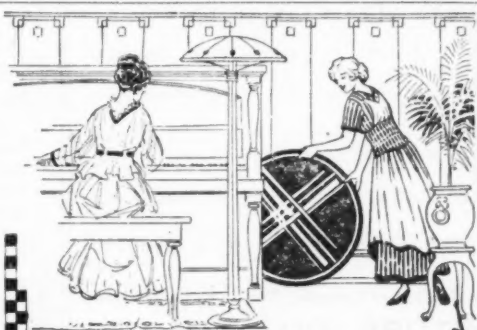
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him. "I am very glad to be able to restore it to its rightful owner."

He extended the envelope as he spoke and if he had not fully appreciated the matter as one of grave importance Waring's subdued excitement now must have convinced him.

Without a word the President snatched the packet from his hand, ripped it open at one end and hurriedly thumbed over the papers it contained, every line in his rugged face eloquent of nervous tension.

The quick change which that eager inventory wrought was a sight worth while. The set expression relaxed, the little wrinkles about the eyes gathered for geniality and with a grunt of relief the President of the Canadian Midland Railway jerked away the ragged stub of his cigar and all at once laughed like a boy.

MACKLIN was conscious of a new friendliness in the magnate's eyes and he thrilled with inward satisfaction that he had done the right thing.

"Well, young man," boomed Waring heartily, "I thank you. Cranston here has told me a little of my indebtedness to you for the recovery of this damn budget. Now, what's your name?"

"Macklin, sir—Horace P. Macklin."

"Any relation to Macklin, of the Supreme Court?"

"No, sir."

"What's the 'P' stand for?"

"I'm named after my uncle, William J. Power—. Perhaps I ought to say the Honorable William J. Power, Mr. Waring," added Macklin with some diffidence.

"What's that? You don't mean the Chairman of the Waterways Commission, do you?"

"The same, sir."

President Waring turned with a chuckle.

"Hear that, Cranston? He's the nephew of the Hon. Bill!"

"Horse-Power Macklin," paraphrased the detective with twinkling eyes, and the thing seemed to be very funny, for they both laughed so heartily that Macklin began to wonder if they were making fun of him.

He could not know, of course, that the envelope contained the very secret advance proofs of the Waterway Commission's report anent matters of grave political import, entrusted for the time being to the personal care of President Waring, and that the fate of a government, as well as the President's political honor, hung in the balance!—that under the reaction both gentlemen would have laughed with equal heartiness had someone told them that the real reason a hen crossed the road was to get to the other side!

"Run a typewriter?"

The big man rounded on Macklin unexpectedly and fairly shot the question at him, scowling ferociously for no apparent reason at all.

"Yes, sir," answered Macklin readily.

"Shorthand?"

"Yes, sir—over a hundred words a minute," said Macklin modestly.

"Great! Understand you're up the line with Rutland. We'll send for your nightie, if you don't mind, and you'll



move into my car over there and pound the typewriter you'll find there till every damn bit of correspondence is cleaned up! If you make good, you'll have the option of staying on as my private secretary—eighteen hundred to start. If you're the man I take you for, you'll be worth more than that before long. Is it a bet?"

Macklin simply couldn't speak. But one can always nod one's head. Macklin nodded.

"That's the stuff! We'll get another man for Rutland, then."

HE held out one big hand and for a moment after he had turned back towards the car Macklin stood perfectly still, stupidly watching the white marks disappear from his squeezed fingers, while Cranston was on his way to the water-tank to transfer his prisoner.

Slowly, very slowly—for it was pretty well submerged—Macklin's self-confidence returned to the surface. He became aware that Svenson was standing not far away and strolled over to the big Swede with his hands in his pockets.

"Morning, Svenson," he said cheerfully. "Fine morning. We'll be pulling out presently and I just wanted you to know I don't bear you any hard feelings for our little affair last night. Thought perhaps you'd like to know who I am. I'm the Private Secretary of the President of this road! But, as I said before, no hard feelings, Svenson. Only this: You take a good look at me now and the next time you see me you'll know who I am and that whatever I say goes. See?"

The big fellow grinned.

"I see I beat you up pretty badly last night. It won't be a patch on what I'll do to you next time, though, if you don't obey me. However, we'll say no more about it, Svenson. I shall not report you this time; so unless you go telling all around what a fool you made of yourself last night, nobody will know it. Understand? You're not to say a word about what happened—never! Keep your mouth shut! Keep your eyes an' ears open! Saw wood! Get me? Succeed I'm sure you will, Svenson."

"And just to show you that there's no hard feelings on my side—Here—here's a ten-spot." Macklin peeled it off the roll of bills in his pocket—Halldorson's bills. "Next time you're where you can line up—why, have one on me."

Svenson's grin widened without regard to bruised cheeks. He plucked at a forelock of yellow hair with a respect that was very gratifying in its profundity.

"Ay buy him, sar, y'batcha!"

The chest of the Private Secretary to the President of the Canadian Midland Railway protruded as he threw back his head and breathed deeply of the pure morning air. Smoke was curling up from the galley end of the president's private car where the steward was busy, preparing breakfast; there was an aroma of coffee.

The Private Secretary of the President of the Canadian Midland Railway sniffed. With hands clasped behind his back he swaggered towards the car.

For "Horse-Power" Macklin was hungry.

THE END.

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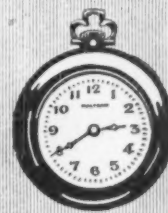
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# How to be a Giant in Health *and* Mind

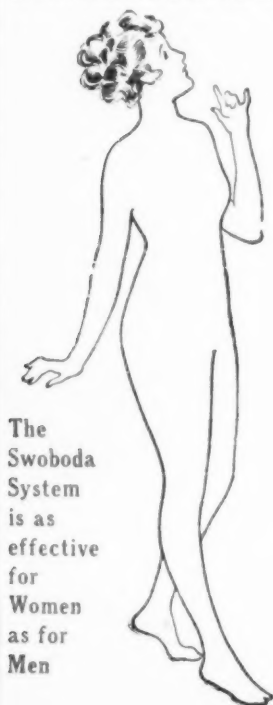
Unless your body, in every department, including the mind, is capable of withstanding abuse without distress, you have no real health, living, vital, and mental power. You have but negative health. You are well by mere accident. Real health and real success can only come through the possession of the power to live and to succeed. The Swoboda character of health, vitality and energy will enable you to enjoy conditions that now distress you. A unique, new and wonderful discovery that furnishes the body and brain cells with a degree of energy that surpasses imagination.

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